SUE ME in SOSÚA

By Richard Klojgaard

November 25, 1997.

Although this semi-erotic novel is a work of fiction, it is based on the author's true life and Gay experiences in the hotel business in Sosúa. Although the characters and experiences are based on real people and events, names may have been changed to protect the guilty. It should not be assumed that the vast majority of Dominicans and exPats in Sosúa of whom I have very fond memories are anything other than honest and helpful, it is the author's opinion that although The Dominican Republic may be a third world country the majority of residents are first class.
Richard Klojgaard

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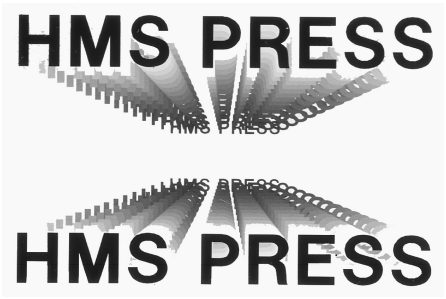

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THE FIRING

Walter J. Morrison was, to say the very least, a little concerned. He was always concerned when he was summoned to John Filbert Jr's office. Only six months had passed since John Filbert Senior, founder and president of Filbert's Gallery of Fine Furniture for the Home and Office had turned the company over to John Filbert Junior and began his retirement. So now, here it was 2p.m. on a stormy Friday in March, and Walter was cooling his heels in the outer office waiting to see Junior. As was his custom for many years Walter had had a liquid lunch with some of the buyers who had bought office furniture from him for years, and now, he started to perspire profusely as he waited for his meeting. His shirt and tie were too tight; his suit too heavy and dated; his palms sweaty; he knew his breath smelled of beer.

In the old days, when John Filbert Senior ran the company, a few drinks at lunch were no big deal, in fact, if there was anything to discuss, Walter and Senior would do so over a few drinks, at Finnegan's Pub, just across the street from the office, never in the office. Junior was a different kettle of fish all together; a preppy type, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, or as one of the other salesmen had said, born with it where the sun doesn't shine. The old man was self—made; all John Filbert Junior ever made, were mistakes; this guy was a nothing. By an accident of birth, though, he controlled Walter J. Morrison, and the other 75 employees of the firm. For all these reasons, Walter was getting more nervous the longer he waited.

Finally, Jr.'s secretary, B.B. Barnes appeared. Also known as "Big Boobs" Barnes, if office gossip was believed, she had got the job for reasons other than her secretarial skills. She acknowledged Walter's presence, with a curt nod of her head. Seniors' secretary, Dorothy had been a fussy old bird, with a face like a battleship, and a body to match, had been Senior's secretary for 25 years, and always gave the sales staff the time of day; this broad probably couldn't even tell the time, even with a digital watch. Dorothy lasted three weeks under Junior's leadership before parting company. B.B. took time off from her telephone call discussing weekend plans with her boyfriend and with a casual wave gestured Walter into the executive office. Walter pulled himself to his feet, popped a few mints into his mouth, straightened his tie, walked the few feet to the double oak doors of Jr.'s office, and tried to walk in with as positive a step as he could muster. Junior, smartly dressed in a blue pin stripe suit, button—down shirt, and a fancy tie which Walter figured was worth a weeks pay, was sitting at his massive desk.

The office was garish and lavish; opulent, with heavy drapes, thick carpets, huge oak furniture; oil paintings of Junior, his perfect lovely wife and their two perfect lovely children; luxurious, but tasteless. To Walter's way of thinking, it looked like it had been decorated by a conquistador. It was far beyond the understated elegance Senior had cared for. Junior, his arms folded over his chest, chair tilted back, his feet on the desk, gave Walter the cursory once—over then indicated that Walter take a seat.

"Sit down Morrison, take that big load off your feet, we've got something to discuss." His tone, brusque and unfriendly, was just about what Walter expected. Walter sat down, grateful for the break, and then fished in his shirt pocket for his Marlboro and lighter. Nervously he lit the cigarette, inhaled deeply, then sat back, trying to get comfortable, and exhaled, blowing the smoke upward, and as far from Junior's face as possible.

"You know something Morrison, that's one of the many things I don't like about you. You march in here like you own the joint, light up one of those stinking cigarettes, even though you know I don't like smoking, you persist in doing so, right here in my office!

"Look Junior. It never bothered your father."

"Morrison, a lot of things never bothered my old man, but he's lying on a beach in Miami now; things change!"

"Yeah, not always for the better," Walter muttered under his breath. I heard that Morrison, but it doesn't

matter anyhow. Here's a little something for you to think about for the next few days." With that, he tossed an envelope on the desk, in front of Walter.

"What's that Junior?"

"That my good man is your walking papers. There's a couple of months, and severance pay, and something else you should be very thankful for, a letter of reference. You're done, terminated, redundant, we're downsizing and, I'm pleased to say, you're the first to go! In a word, Morrison, you're fired, kaput, unemployed, as of now!" You've got an attitude problem, you're not part of the team, and I don't think you ever will be, so you're history Morrison; you're out! You're a dinosaur; part of a bygone era. You take too many liquid lunches; you still try and make deals on the golf course and in the bars. Those days are over, we're moving with the times; you haven't, and you won't. You smoke too much, drink too much, and eat too much. Look at your gut hanging over your belt; your face is always red as a beet; you're fifty pounds over weight; it's a wonder you haven't had a heart attack by now."

"You're everything I don't want in this company! Times changed, but you didn't!"

"Walter flinched; he felt the color draining from his face. He felt faint and nauseated.

"Wait a minute Mr. Filbert, I've got a wife, kids, a mortgage, what am I going to do? How will I ever get a job at my age? For Christ sakes, I'm forty—eight years old, I've been here for twenty—five years and given this company the best years of my life. I'm still putting out your biggest volume. Doesn't that count for something?"

Junior continued. "Sure, biggest volume and also biggest loss. Your personal problems aren't my concern; young Henderson puts out half your sales, and makes us double the profit!" Walter had had enough.

"Look Junior, I'll save you the trouble, I don't have to listen to this, I quit, right as of now!"

"Morrison, that's even better then I don't have to give you any severance pay!"

"Now you wait a minute Junior, I'll sue you and your miserable company, you'll be sorry you ever treated me this way!

"No, Junior said, it's you who should wait a minute, for years I know you've been screwing the company, stealing inventory whenever you had the chance; you think I didn't know that all those vacation trips you took weren't paid for by suppliers who inflated the bill to my company? You know it as well as I do! You're best to take the money and just get out, quietly!" Walter slouched in his chair; he knew Junior was right, and he certainly wouldn't try to pursue the issue. Junior lifted the phone. "Bertha, get Morgan from security up here, right away." Five minutes later, there was a knock at the door and in walked Morgan. Walter slouched further in his chair.

"Morrison is no longer employed with us, Escort him back to his desk, let him clear it out, and then get him off the premises; I don't want him to take so much as a paper clip if it doesn't belong to him. Now Morrison, get your fat ass out of here, pronto!" Walter J. Morrison left Junior's office and shuffled slowly, head bowed, back down the hall to his desk, aware of the stares and whispers from what until five minutes before were his fellow employees. He was ready to throw up, but that could wait, right at the moment he only wanted to get out of the building as fast as his legs could carry him. Under the close scrutiny of Morgan, Walter emptied his desk of his personal effects, photos of Marion, his wife, his teenage twin's Jamie and Jennifer, his unused business cards and his name plate, putting them in a small shoe box which Morgan conveniently provided for that purpose. Walter took his heavy winter coat from the office rack, shrugged it on; pulled on his heavy galoshes, and headed out to the parking lot.

His head was spinning; his eyes were glazed over; he didn't want to say good bye so he avoided making eye contact with the friends and colleagues he had worked with for so many years. Right now, he just wanted out and a stiff drink in his gut. He still couldn't believe that twenty—five years had gone up in smoke in less than half an hour. Walter wanted to be alone with his thoughts and fast!

In the parking lot, his 1979 Monte Carlo was buried under a foot of snow and Ice, thanks to the blizzard which was still raging. For the best part of an hour he scraped and shoveled to get his car out of its familiar

space. Finally he got in, crossed his fingers and turned the ignition 'on.' It was the first bit of luck, Walter had had all day. With a groan, the car started first try, and Walter edged it from the parking lot into the slowly moving traffic caught up in the continuing blizzard. He headed toward the interstate which would take him to his suburban home, under normal conditions a half hour drive. Today, it would take at least two hours to get home. He drove slowly, white—knuckled, trying to stay on the road and out of the ditch, cursing slow drivers, fast drivers, Junior, the weather, his life and anything else which crossed his mind which was in complete turmoil. Almost two hours later, he saw the sign: Oak Ridge, Home of 60,000 Happy Souls, and One Grouch. "Well today, he mused, "there are two grouches!"

Minutes after he took the off ramp he pulled into his favorite watering hole, The Horse and Hound. It was a typical small town bar; a pool table, giant screen TV. tuned to a sports channel. a juke box playing country and western; a small dance floor. Walter's kind of place. Over the years he usually stopped here on the way home. Walter tapped a cigarette from the package, stuck it in his mouth put the pack on the bar in front of him, then heaved his considerable bulk onto his regular bar stool, the one with the engraved brass plate, "reserved for Walter J Morrison". Ernie, the bartender was quickly there to take his order.

"Hey Walter, you're early today, the lunch crowd is gone; the next gang isn't here yet. What'll it be, the usual? Geez, you look like the cat shit in your corn flakes, what's the matter, lose your job or something?" Seeing the pained look on Walters face, he hurriedly added,"Geez, you did, didn't you, God, Walter, I'm sorry, but you know it's happening all over, isn't it?"

"Yeah Ernie, it sure is, give me a double martini, dry really dry." Walter downed his drink in one gulp and signaled for another. This one, he started to nurse, looking around the almost empty bar; it was still early, so patrons were few and far between. "Gee, Walter thought, how many times have I been in here over the last twenty years, five hundred, a thousand? Probably!" In one of the booths a couple in their late teens, wearing sweat tops with obscene messages on them was pawing each other, periodically letting loose with squeals and moans. A forty something bleached blonde and her hoody—looking boyfriend were arguing over a game of pool.

Walter thought about his own family, and decided he had lucked out. Jamie and Jennifer were eighteen-year-old twins, who to the best of his knowledge were still virgins and didn't even drink, much less hang out at a bar. Both were involved with sports, hobbies and school. Marion was still attractive after all the years of getting involved with school, volunteer groups and her own hobbles. They had bought the three bedroom house on Elm Street two years after they were married. Over the years it had been a Mecca for the neighborhood kids, starting with a sand box, then a jungle gym, then a swimming pool. There was always something going on at that house, usually organized by Marion who seemed to have the stamina of a hundred women. Walter earned the pay check; Marion looked after everything else, at least it seemed that way. When Walter looked at the others in the bar, he knew he had had it made, but now, everything was gone, or going down the drain, if he didn't come up with something fast. Walter pulled out his wallet and started fishing through a deck of business cards he had been carrying for what seemed forever. As he shuffled through the cards, he stopped at one:' Gerard Willems, Island Real Estate, S.A. residential, land, businesses for sale or lease, Sosúa, Dominican Republic, telephone 809 571—8891.' Walter turned the dog—eared card over and over again, many thoughts going through his mind. One of Jamie's favorite expressions, "Just do it!" came to mind. He downed his drink, got up and walked to the pay phone near the entrance. He picked up the phone, "Operator, credit card call," then gave her the numbers.

THE MOVERS AND SHAKERS

Sosúa is a town of about 2,000 people nestled on the North coast of the Dominican Republic about five miles from the Puerto Plata international airport. It's recent history dates back to the early 1940's, when the Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo trying to win friends with the League of Nations invited German and Austrian Jews fleeing Nazi persecution to settle in the Dominican Republic. The families that came to Sosúa eventually turned to dairy farming as a means of survival, and today in the 1990's, Sosúa is still the major dairy center of the Dominican Republic. In the 1960's with the dawning of cheap charter flights, tourism started. First came the Canadians escaping the harshness of Northern winters; then the Germans, English and other Europeans, all looking for an inexpensive getaway in a hot climate. Many of the visitors stayed, opening hotels, bars and other tourist oriented businesses. disgorged at the airport, and fifteen minutes later after a short and often hair—raising taxi ride, they're checking into their hotels in Sosúa.

Over the years, the Dominican Republic has gained, deservedly so, a reputation for beautiful women, and the fact that many are engaged in prostitution. Many work in European brothels, while still more practice the trade at home, indeed, most small towns and villages in the D.R. have at least one or two brothels. Since there is little employment in the countryside, girls gravitate to the capital, Santo Domingo, and tourist towns like Sosúa to engage in the trade, with no stigma attached. It's a given, that. If you see a young Dominican woman on the street after dark unaccompanied by her father or other male relative, she's a prostitute; after all, a girl can probably make more money in a week as a 'puta', then she would make in a year doing almost anything else in the D.R.

In keeping with equal opportunity for men, not to be outdone, young attractive Dominican men, known as 'Sanki Pankis'(acrobats) provide the same service for women and other men. Many German tour companies sell Sosúa as a sex destination on a par with Thailand, and every day of the week bring plane loads of horny Germans, young and old alike to the D.R.

Gerard Willems was a Dutchman via Montreal who stayed. He had arrived in 1979 with a wife and a modest amount of capital. Word on the street was that he had robbed a bank, a story Gerard didn't try to dispel, enjoying the notoriety that went with the rumor. He liked the 'mañana' way of life and since he was having a few tax problems at home, decided to stay. This was a place where no one knew your last name or your background, and cared less. Sosúa also did not have a reputation for being good for partnerships or relationships, but certainly did have a reputation for attracting an unsavory international population. Even the locals referred to it, in jest as 'Sosewer,' and in reasonably short order, the wife left.

She was a rather naive farm girl from Northern Quebec who found rather quickly that she couldn't cope with the abject poverty and blatant sexuality of Sosúa

Over the next few years Gerard engaged in several businesses, some not entirely reputable by North American standards, such as a bordello, then a gambling joint known as "Fritzies, finally ending up in the Real Estate business, which was somewhat under regulated, a condition which suited Gerard quite nicely. In time, 'Fritzie' as he was known to some of the locals who followed the Caribbean custom of calling someone by the name of their business, or if he was a boat skipper by the name of his boat, paid his dues, and became regarded as somewhat of the unofficial mayor of Sosúa among the permanent ex—Patriot population which had grown considerably over the years, to include a motley bunch of Canadians, Brits, French, the occasional Yank and who knows what else.

It certainly wasn't that 'Fritzie' was affluent, far from it, but he did speak seven languages, not including profanity and he seemed to have the right connections, so whenever anyone required a translation or encountered legal problems 'Fritzie' could usually help out; albeit for a token amount of 'real money', that's 'in God we Trust', U.S. dollars thank you, no pesos 'por favor.

The real estate office of Island Real Estate encompassed three areas, the first being the actual office on the main street of Sosúa, where Gerard never spent any time, since each morning or to be more accurate,

whenever he staggered into the office, he set up sign boards on the sidewalk with photos of his listings for passing tourists to mull over. Gerard sat across the street at his usual table at Tijuana a sidewalk café owned by Sven Svenson a Swede, who was foolish enough to extend credit to the locals. Tijuana wasn't much, a small standup bar, eight tables next to the sidewalk, thatched roof overhead, a few paddle fans, whipping the air and a couple of parrots cackling in their cage.

Siren didn't bother with the likes of pina coladas, banana mamas or other fruity drinks served with little umbrellas in pretty colors. Here, the height of mixology was Cuba libres in plastic glasses or Presidente the national beer served directly from the freezer tastefully wrapped in a serviette, delicately garnished with a lime. So as not to offend anyone's sensitivities Sven flew the flags of a dozen different nations from sidewalk masts at the front of the café. Here is where Gerard and the other movers and shakers of Sosúa affectionately known as 'the boys, hung out during the day and most evenings, planning their latest get—rich quick schemes and other pursuits of the idle poor in Sosúa.

Siren kept the joint open six days a week, closing only on Sundays to give himself some rest and relaxation, and some distance from the antics of the regular drunks, local and tourist alike who hung out at his bar. It was here, that Gerard could keep an eye on the shop, enjoying the benefits of a day long happy hour. Deals were closed here, over a few drinks, of course. The third area of Gerard's office, in a manner of speaking was Sosúa Office Services directly across the street from Tijuana, next door to the Real Estate office. They offered a phone, secretarial and mailing service, primarily for ex—Pats, since Dominican mail service to use a little understatement tended to be horrendous. There was a post office in Sosúa for mailing and picking up letters and packages but it was common knowledge that using its services was a complete waste of time and money. A couple of years previous, an old friend of Gerard's had shown up, proceeded to run up a long distance bill of about 60,000 Pesos on the business line, then abruptly left the country, leaving Gerard with the bill.

When Gerard couldn't pay the bill, CODETEL, the Dominican Phone Company, promptly cut off service resulting in Gerard having to make and receive all his phone calls and faxes at Sosúa Office Services, a minor inconvenience. During the daytime, life in El Batey, the tourist part of Sosúa, revolved around the beach, a half mile of bars, cheap souvenir shops, and fast food joints. On the other side of the beach is Los Charamicos, the native area, a bustling commercial area catering primarily to the Dominican population. Pedro Clisante the palm lined main street of El Batey, is wall to wall bars and cafes like Tijuana which provide round the clock food and booze for tourists and locals alike. Many also provide small rooms for rent to the prostitutes by the hour or the night, usually the same price, $15.OOU.S.

When the sun goes down, the sleepy little town comprising both El Batey and Charamicos becomes a bee hive of activity. The pulsating incessant rhythms of merengue and smells of corner hot dog stands assault the senses. Young women, dressed provocatively to leave no doubt as to their occupation, breasts thrust out and up, high leather boots shining, strut the narrow streets, accosting male tourists even if they are accompanied by wives or girl friends, reaching to feel their private parts. Given any sign of interest, they invite the men to feel their bodies to sample the merchandise they offer for sale. They speak the international language of the sex trade, " happy hour two for one." The constant throb of idling motorcycle taxis, the moto conchos and their roar when they cruise the streets fills the air deafening everyone within earshot. Shoeshine boys pester tourists asking to shine their sneakers or sandals. As the evening wears on, the boys reappear selling roses. The discos blare out non—stop merengue and rock music to the streets. There is unavoidable sexual electricity in the air.

When the phone rang late that March afternoon in Sosúa at Sosúa Office Services, it was answered by the owner, Donna Douglas, a woman in her forties, a transplant from Toronto who had lived in Sosúa for ten years, and considered herself the official Sosúa Welcome Wagon, at least for any newly arrived male Ex-Pat. As far as Donna was concerned, the women could look after themselves, there were more than enough sankis around town ready and more than willing to look after and fill their sexual needs. Donna did her best to sleep with each new man as soon as humanly possible, just to make him feel at home. Since there was a

constant stream of new arrivals wanting to live in paradise, this little hobby kept Donna's robust matronly body which was normally covered in flowered mums fairly busy, especially since she was living full time with a young Dominican boy ostensibly in her employ as a messenger whom she had taken under her wing or more to the point, her bed sheets when he was a fourteen year old shoeshine boy.

After a bit of confusion with Walter as to whom he was really calling, Donna put Walter on hold, and hurried across the street, muumuu billowing in her wake, to get Gerard who was sitting at his usual table shooting the breeze and watching a hockey game on cable and doing what he did best every day, getting thoroughly drunk, with a couple of buddies, Tuba Taylor, a down at the heels developer from Tampa, and Juanito Ramirez a scuba instructor, exotic dancer, part-time Sanki and dabbler in whatever other occupation it took to make a peso, legal or otherwise.

Tuba, a nick-name derived from his body shape, had blown onto the local scene a few years earlier with a partner, a French-Canadian known as Johnnie Honda because he drove a Honda 1100, which differentiated him from Johnnie Big Time, a disreputable American who had fortunately for his health returned to the U.S. before becoming a permanent resident of the Dominican prison system for several well deserved reasons and who used that expression to describe almost everything. Johnnie Honda, and Tuba built a fifty room hotel, unfortunately neglecting to pay the bills as they went along. Then, with the aid of a crooked lawyer who eventually fled to Miami, they sold each room on an individual basis, issued phony deeds and proceeded to drink the proceeds away, still not paying any bills. One evening Johnnie Honda, barreling down the highway at Dominican speed, which is to say wide open, had an unfortunate collision with an unlit cow walking across the highway. Johnnie made the major mistake of trying to drive around the front of the cow instead of the rear, the result being, he totaled his bike and almost totaled himself.

After that occurrence with several broken bones to show for it, Johnnie spent a few days in a local clinic, closely watched by the cow's owner, who sat, machete in hand at the clinic's door waiting for Johnnie to pay him for the dead cow. Early one morning, when the farmer had dozed off, Johnnie followed the old Sosúa adage, 'get a scratch get a band aid, get sick, get a plane' and he also took off for Miami post haste, never to be seen around Sosúa again, leaving Tuba to contend with the mob looking for blood. Juanito on the other hand was a twenty year old local boy. Blessed with a winning smile, dark movie-star good looks and a perfect, defined, muscular body, he arrived in Sosúa from the country at the tender age of eight. First he worked as a shoeshine boy, and then graduated to being a secretary on the beach, which meant he ran errands, getting beer pizza and other goodies for the relaxing tourists.

Next, he starred in a few home videos, blue type, for the tourists which were shot in the privacy of their hotel rooms. In due course, Juanito learned enough about scuba diving to teach it to the tourists, and then he drifted into selling tours and working as a male stripper, or to use the more polite term an exotic dancer. In the evenings he augmented his income entertaining men and women who wanted the other services Juanito provided, which for a few bucks, pesos or marks included a considerable variety of talents. Juanito may very well have had the face of an angel, but if one thing was for sure, he was a far cry from that.

Fritzie get your skinny ass over here, pronto!" Donna had recently won a contest at Tia Juana to pick the most vulgar woman in Sosúa, and wasn't one to mince words. "There's a call for you, someone from the States, says his name is Walter J. Morrison." Donna could see the blank, annoyed look on Gerard's face for being interrupted but he excused himself from the table and hustled across the street to take the call. As was common with many ex—Pats who live in the tropics, Gerard was white as a ghost, since he did his best to avoid the sun at all costs, confining his tanning to the bars. He was tall, a rather dissipated fifty year old man, about 6'6" 160 lbs, the result of a diet consisting of little food, but mainly rum, coffee and cigarettes. Gerard got up from the table, inadvertently kicking Snickers, the resident Dominican mutt who had been minding his own business, sleeping at Gerard's feet and sending Snickers who was related to half the dogs in Sosúa, howling down the street, tail between his legs. Gerard cursed snicker' sancestry and with Donna trailing behind, was at the office in almost record time.

"God Donna what the hell are you doing bothering me, can't you see I'm busy, who the hell Is this Walter

J. Morrison anyway?" He demanded. Gerard certainly didn't remember any Walter J. Morrison. He spoke to hundreds of dreaming North Americans every year, most of whom never to be heard from again after they returned home from their two week vacations. Experience showed if he ever sold anything to a tourist, he had to get their money before they left the island, but although Gerard would have much preferred to keep on drinking with Juanito and Tuba, if someone spent real money calling from state side, Gerard could smell, at least a remote possibility of money in the offing, so best to take the call and check it out.

Gerard picked up the phone."Gerard here, speak to me."

"Gerard, it's Walter *J.* Morrison here in Michigan, remember me, my wife and I were in Sosúa five years ago, and we spent a lot of time drinking with you at Tijuana? How are you and the boys, and how's the weather down there these days?"

"Sure Walter I remember you," he lied "and how's the wife, what was her name anyhow? I've just forgotten for the minute. To answer your question, It's just another shitty day in paradise, you know, 80 degrees, sunny blue skies, you know, same old shit, different day." Gerard liked that line, and chuckled to himself every time he used it, even though it was as old as Columbus. "I see on CNN you're having another blizzard, now that's something I don't miss, how the hell do you put up with it anyhow old buddy? But to answer your last question everyone here's o.k., when the hell are you coming back?"~

Walter was a little hesitant. "Well Gerard, that's really why I'm calling, I'm afraid my job's dried up, so, if you remember when I was in Sosúa, We talked about how Marion and I might be interested in operating a hotel down there some day." Walter was talking faster now, his nerves starting to push him along. He wanted to say a lot, before he lost his courage. " Gerard, I wondered, have you got anything that might fill the bill, you know a small hotel that Marion and I and the kids could operate? I've got an eighteen year old boy and girl twins finishing high school this year who could work at a Mom and Pop type of place." Walter took a deep breath, thinking, there, I've said it. He almost didn't want Gerard to say yes.

"Hey look old bud, sorry to hear about your job, but I don't think it could have happened at a better time. Listen up."

"I've got just the place right here in Sosúa, Hibiscus Heights, fifty rooms, three years old, pool, Jacuzzi, sauna, lounge, dining room, two bars 135K diesel generator, ten acres of fantastic landscaped gardens; a short walk to the beach; its high up on Bella Vista hill, so there's a breathtaking ocean view; in fact, the best view in all of Sosúa. It's fully equipped and furnished, in great shape, there's even a pickup truck for doing errands; it's all ready to go. Best of all, the owners want out fast. They're on the Island right now, but they'll be out of here on Monday. You've got to make a decision fast, 'cause there's also some Germans poking around who are really hot to trot."

Here's the scoop Walter old bud, I know you'd do real well down here, I'd like to see you do it, you can lease the place for only five grand a month, with first option to buy at only $300,000.00 You need a fifteen thou security deposit, first and last months' rent, and bingo bango you're an inn keeper. Trust me Walter, you know I wouldn't lead you astray, you can't lose on this, it's the opportunity of a lifetime."

"You know I'll help you all I can, I'll even get the extra staff, good staff, you'll need to run the place right, after all, your success is my success, right?

"Yeah look Gerard that sounds all fine and good, what about Immigration, can we live there legally? What about my German Shepherd Maxwell, can I bring him in with no problems?"

"No problem old bud, he'll be great security, Dominicans are afraid of dogs, something going back to the old days when they hunted down escaped slaves with dogs, so the bigger the better. As long as you've got his papers and he's had his shots. We've got a great American vet here, Doctor Joe, In fact, he's probably a better people doctor than some of the Dominican ones we've got around here, if you know what I mean. As for you, just get off the plane and stay, no problem at all." Walter wasn't sure what Gerard meant, but said uh huh anyway.

"Hey Gerard, I don't speak Spanish."

"Walter, believe me that's absolutely the least of any problems you'll ever have around here, most Ex-

pats speak Spanglish, you know a combination of English and Spanish, not only that, most Dominicans you'll deal with in the hospitality industry speak American anyhow. Hell when I first came here, I could hardly say' Buenos today us' now I speak Spanish like one of Sven's parrots, hah, hah." By now, Gerard was speaking as fast as he could, almost losing Walter as he extolled the virtues of West Indies life.

"So look Walter, send me down two grand by Western Union, real fast, just to show that you're genuine, not just a tire—kicker. A good friend of mine is a lawyer, he'll draw up a lease; I'll make sure it protects your interests; after all, we might as well do things right, o.k.? Send it to me 'in trust', that will protect yourself of course."

"Like they say, all the pirates never left the Caribbean, there's still lots of them around here."

"Remember Julio Fortunato, the real estate agent with all the signs around town, you know something Walter, at last count there's over a hundred lawsuits against him, can you believe that? Not only that, but civil cases down here take forever before they ever get to court.

"I'll do all the negotiations for you Walter, you could take possession in July, after the kids are out of school, that would give you a few months of getting the kinks out before the real winter season starts."

"Believe me Walter this place will pay for itself, even with 30 percent occupancy. Not only that, Walter, here's the real bonus, there's word on the street even as we speak, that a German tour company wants to book twenty-five rooms for every week of the season."

"You'll have a great lifestyle, it's about as close to ideal as you'll ever get. Give me your address, fax, and phone number old bud. I'll fire off some brochures right away, and you can start promoting the place with your friends back home and then start packing; we'll stay in touch, and before you know it you'll be out of the rat race and enjoying yourself in the year round summer of Sosúa. Walter your biggest question right now should be, what took you so long to do this, believe me "bud, you'll never regret making this phone call. Adios amigo, see you soon, old bud!" Behind Gerard, Donna was taking in every word, periodically rolling her eyes as she listened to Gerard's spiel, she had heard it so often, she practically knew it by heart.

"O.K. Gerard" Walter mumbled. "As long as you're sure, I trust you. I'll go to Western Union, before the weekend is over, and get the money on its way real fast." With that, Gerard hung up the phone and turned to face a scowling Donna, who had been taking in the whole conversation.

"Gerard, I don't know how you can sleep at night or how come you've lived so long. You know damn well getting a contract for that hotel with all its problems is damn near impossible, it hasn't got a snowballs chance in hell never mind the D.R. to break even, much less make a profit!"

"Donna, give me a break, you know as well as I do, this is Sosúa and it's buyer beware, besides, Morrison is a big boy, he's well over twenty—one, and quite capable of making his own decisions, and look Donna, if you want to make a few pesos out of this deal just keep your mouth shut about what I told Morrison."

"Not only that, you got to admit the potential is there for the right person to make a great living out of Hibiscus Heights." Gerard headed back across the street, Donna trailing close behind, she knew by the glint in Gerard's eye and the smile on his face, that he would probably be good for buying a couple of rounds. When they got back to the table, another ex-Pat of dubious reputation was sitting with Juanito and Tuba.

Michael Crowfoot a thirty-something Canadian ne'er—do—well showed he had the right qualifications for Sosúa society by announcing on arrival that he was a professional chef, although his only qualification had been a six month stint as a line cook in a fast food joint. No one in town bothered to check out his references, so he had managed to work at several restaurants, totally destroying the taste buds of their patrons until the owners caught on to his capabilities, and fired him. No problem, when he ran out of cash he could always find another job. He was a bald ape—like man whose bathing habits left something to be desired, with a penchant for hookers. Although big in stature, he possessed a small man complex which drove him to try and bed a different prostitute every night, certainly no problem in Sosúa considering the number of available hookers and his willingness to pay more than the going rate.

He also liked to take polaroids of his conquests, to prove how macho he was, and made no bones about broadcasting to anyone who would listen what a great lover he was and hung the photos of his sexual partners on the walls of his bedroom, like notches on a gun slingers six-gun. Unfortunately these nightly activities made it difficult for Michael to show up for work on a regular basis, which combined with his lack of culinary skills resulted in the owners often having to do the breakfast shift when Michael couldn't get out of bed before noon, which certainly didn't help his reputation around Sosúa, nor endear him to most hotel owners. Back at Tijuana, Gerard and Donna pulled up chairs as far from Michael Crowfoot as possible, and sat down; Gerard signaled to Lindo, the waiter for service.

"Double Cuba libres for everyone in the house Lindo, and put it on Tuba's bill, by the way does anyone know where Phil Jones is these days?" Lindo a nickname which meant 'beautiful boy' did a little merengue step to Gerard's side.

"Sure Fritzie, "but are you sure Tuba will pay?" That was a moot point since they all ran tabs at Tijuana and there was little likelihood any of them would be paying for anything in the foreseeable future.

"Last I heard about Jonesy, he was operating a whore house in the capital." replied Donna.

"Donna do you keep records on everyone you go to bed with? Besides, that asshole should be in jail!" said Crowfoot, who was none too fond of Phil Jones.

Only the good ones Michael, which leaves your ass out of my book when we finally get you out of here!" Donna answered.

"You're not so great in the sack yourself honey!" Crowfoot shot back. For a few long seconds the table fell silent.

"Yeah Gerard," Tuba finally spoke, "what's the matter with your bill, why should I pay?"

"Tuba, when I tell you what's just happened, you'll be more than happy to pay, in fact you'll be buying me drinks for the next year, you know what I mean?" Gerard leaned over to whisper in Tuba's ear, although he knew that within a day Donna would open her mouth and the whole town would know about the deal."Here's the scoop, I just got your hotel rented, $10,000.00 security deposit, then $3,000.00 per month, with an option to buy in a year, for $275,000.00 real money."You know as well as I do, that's a great deal, more than you'll ever get in a hundred years, right?"

"Did you tell him about the road, the electric or the water problems Gerard?"

"No, but I will in due time, no sense in screwing up a deal at this stage of the game.

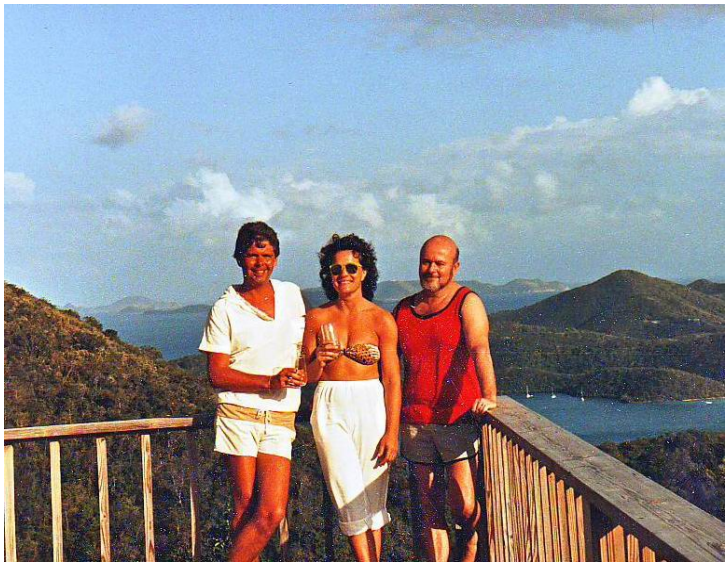
"O.K. so far Gerard, but I'll believe it when I see some dough; these things have a habit of going wrong, more often than right, right?"

"Tuba this deal is going to fly, I can practically smell the money right now, and that's 'seguro'(for sure)!"

"Hey Gerard, a day in Sosúa without problems is a day without sunshine, and you know that just doesn't happen, now that's 'seguro!' They put in the next couple of hours drinking and teasing the 'putas' (hookers) who were starting to congregate for their nightly business, and planning on how they would celebrate their unexpected good fortune. Gerard especially was trying to figure out how to carry off the deal, screwing Tuba discreetly without destroying what little reputation he still possessed in the sunny streets of Sosúa. Although his scruples or lack of them were well known, he did consider Tuba to be a close friend, as far as

friends go, so he wanted to protect his name as best he could. It was all fine and good to stick it to someone 2,000 miles away, but doing it to someone you saw every day of the week was a little different.

BOOK TWO
THE FAMILY



Walter hung up the phone, took a deep breath, drew his shoulders back and walked briskly back to his barstool. The bar was noisier and smokier now, filling up with the regulars stopping in for a few drinks before heading home for dinner. Walter nodded hellos to several of his buddies then heaved himself back on his stool. His conversation with Gerard reminded him of his favorite drink in the D.R.

"Ernie, give me a pinacolada will you?"

"Hey Walter, that's a little more exotic than what I can fix you, you gotta go a lot further South for one of those!"

"Yeah you're absolutely right Ernie, and that's just what I'm gonna do, just make it a Cuba Libre, you know, a rum and coke." He sat at the bar, nursing the drink for a few minutes. He knew he wasn't really committed to anything, after all, he hadn't signed anything; no money had changed hands, but he also knew that since his word had always been his bond, he would go ahead with the deal. During his sales career he had made hundreds of deals over the telephone, or with a handshake in a bar and he had a reputation that he always stuck by his word, so he knew this time wouldn't be any different. He finished his drink with one gulp, and headed for the parking lot. It was actually a beautiful winter evening, thousands of stars, the snow lightly falling, creating a typical Michigan winter wonderland. He quickly dusted off his car, and drove silently home, not entirely sure of what he would say to Marion and the kids. When be pulled into the driveway of the house on Elm Street, it was completely cleared of snow. He drove through the open doors of the garage to park the car for the night, thinking to himself, those kids really are great, they've already been out shoveling, without having been asked. When he walked into the laundry and mud room, Maxwell was there, tail wagging, giving Walter a big sloppy wet lick on his extended hand to welcome him home. The aroma of a roast in the oven and the crackle of logs in the fireplace told him he was home, where he belonged.

"Honey, I'm home, I've got some news you might not be too fussy about." Marion came out of nowhere into the little room and gave Walter a hug, holding her finger over her lips giving a shit, and an affectionate peck on the cheek. "Yes dear, I already know, Bill Armstrong called from the office, and I spoke to Ernie at the 'Hound', they both filled me in, now, let's have a good stiff drink in the family room, then we can talk about what's going on, O.K'~"

Walter felt relieved, just knowing he didn't have to tell Marion about losing his job would make telling Marion and the kids the rest of his thoughts about their future that much easier. Hand in hand they walked through the house to the family room. Maxwell followed, his tail wagging. Jamie and Jennifer were slouched in their chairs, the fire place was ablaze and crackling, the *t.v.* tuned to a talk show. It was a typical

early evening for the Morrison family, with one exception, Walter was unemployed. He was bursting to tell everyone his plans, except he was apprehensive about what they hey would think about hotel operators and moving to the third world. Walter slouched down in his big leather lazy boy, propped his feet up on the ottoman. Marion brought the usual before dinner drink, a vodka and tonic with lime. After Marion sat down, he lit a cigarette, softly and took a long, slow sip on his drink. He his kids gratefully ,then quietly started to speak.

"You kids know what's going on these days, you read it in the papers and see it on the news every day; you know I thought my job would always be safe but it's not. Today, Junior gave me the boot, so your Dad has joined the ranks of the unemployed. But here's what I've done, I called a real estate agent in the Dominican Republic, and I think we could make a move which we all might enjoy, running a hotel in Sosúa; what do you think of that?" Walter said it so fast, he was surprised he got it all out so easily. Marion gasped.

"Cool Pop, there's probably going to be lots of babes right?" Jamie asked. Jennifer just sat silently, an amazed look on her face, then mumbled, "Daddy what's Sosúa?" Then, Marion looked straight at Walter, a puzzled look on her face.

Waiter, are you sure you want to do something like that; all our friends and family are here, the kids have got school, we've got the house, our clubs, everything!"

"Yeah that's all true hon, but we all know the kids aren't rocket scientists, they aren't planning on going to university, which of course we can't afford anyhow; and this is their Senior year, so it would be a great experience for them to live in a foreign country, and learn another language too! Not only that it, would be good for us; it's never too late to try something new. We talked about doing this after I retire anyhow. This just speeds things up a bit. Bill Armstrong has always wanted to live out here, I'm sure he would lease the house from us at a good price; not only that, if someone wants to visit in Sosúa, it's only a two hour flight from Miami!"

"Look dear," Marion interrupted,"we don't know anything about running a hotel."

"I know that honey, but we'll learn, it's the perfect family business; there'll be something for all of us to do; you can look after the tours and social activities; Jamie can do the pool and bars; Jennifer can work the dining room and reception. I'll do the sales and books. It's perfect!" By this time, the whole family was getting excited. Walter's enthusiasm was catching; before long both Jennifer and Jamie were excitedly asking questions about the hotel and Sosúa. Walter told them about the beaches, the climate, and how they could play tennis year round, learn scuba diving, and ride scooters and motorcycles. Walter told them what financial details Gerard had told him, although he had planned on doing that later. He also promised to get more information the next day from Gerard and the library.

The family talked well into the evening. Even Maxwell appeared to understand something big was happening. The roast beef that night was well done, but the more they talked, the more psyched up they became over the adventures which they knew lay ahead, and a well done roast was at the bottom of their priorities. It was well into the wee small hours when the Morrison family finally got to bed, each with his or her own private thoughts of what was looming on the horizon in the West Indies. Walter was overjoyed that the whole family was excited and didn't seem to have reservations about his plans; Marion was enthused, Jamie and Jennifer were almost ecstatic, so maybe this change in their lives was just what the doctor ordered for the Morrison family. He hoped with all his heart he was right, and they wouldn't regret making such a move.

When Walter got up about 7a.m. Marion was already up and at it. He slipped on his robe, and wandered through to the kitchen where he poured himself a large cup of strong black coffee. He could hear the kids and Marion talking in the family room, so he walked through and again sat down in his chair. Then as if on cue, Marion and the kids stood up; Jennifer put a hula tape on the stereo, they all slid out of their robes and started doing a comic hula together. Walter couldn't stop laughing out loud; they were all dressed in bathing suits and sandals. Come on Daddy, get your bathing suit on, get with it." Jennifer said pulling Walter from

his chair. He hustled back to the bedroom and changed into an old boxer type bathing suit. When he returned, Marion was pouring him a rum and orange juice, exhorting him to join them in the dancing.

"Come on Honey, live it up, let's have some fun." Someone had changed the music to the limbo, and now the family was dancing under the broomstick, dragging Walter along with them. Next on the dance card was the twist, then the Salsa. Walter marveled at the lithe sexual dancing of his teenagers and wife. Seeing them dance so passionately, he envied them for their beautiful thin bodies, regretting the shape he had let himself become. "You know something, first thing this afternoon, I'm going to join that gym on River Road, and get myself back in shape; this whole family is going to look great, not just you guys.

"This is going to be a new life in more ways than one!" Walter said with conviction. He was ready for the new challenge.

"Atta boy, Pop, you'll be my competition for all the choice babes in Sosúa." Jamie chirped.

"He's already got the best." Marion quickly added. After that, the family settled down in the kitchen celebrating their new plans with a huge breakfast of pancakes, bacon and eggs, with all the trimmings, a rare family event during the last few years, when it seemed, everyone always had their own plans for Saturday mornings. Breakfast was interrupted around 10a.m., by the ring of the FAX machine, in the little home office. Walter took the fax from the machine, returned to the table and read it to the family:

"Good morning Walter, sorry to burst your bubble, but I had to let you know those Germans are really interested in Hibiscus Heights. They're arranging to have the money sent today from Germany via American Express Moneygram. You've got to get some real money, like about 10 Grand, you know, first and last, down here to show you're sincere, real fast 2 G's just won't cut it. I've spoken to the owners, they definitely want you to have it, but you know Walter, it's first come first served, and I can only do so much. Send me the money today by Western Union,'in trust' of course; it's faster than American Express old bud, and we can get everything in gear." Walter flinched at the thought of 10 thousand, it was such a far cry from the original 2,000.00 Gerard had talked about last night. It continued, "If there's a problem, Walter, FAX me back real fast!" Jamie and Jennifer jumped to their feet. Both had alarmed looks on their faces.

"Pop, you've got to do it now, or we're going to lose the hotel!" Jamie said excitedly.

"Yeah Daddy, we can do it, you know we can do it!" Jennifer said. She sounded as upset as her brother.

"Honey let's do it, it's time for us to get on with our lives," Marion added

"O.K. O.K. I'll FAX him back right now, then I'll head out to the bank and Western Union; that's one hotel that's going to be American-owned not German. The Krauts can own the rest of the world, but the Morrison's are going to own Hibiscus Heights!"

FIRST PREPARATIONS

With that, the family gave a collective sigh of relief, Walter included. Quickly he drafted and sent a short FAX: "Gerard, everything A.O.K. money will be sent within two hours, we're looking forward to being your newest residents in Sosúa. On receipt of transfer, please confirm and send as much more info as you can get your hands on. Kindest personal regards. Walter, Marion, Jamie and Jennifer Morrison." That out of the way, Walter and Jamie quickly dressed and five minutes later they were out the door. Jamie started the big car, then respectfully let Walter get behind the wheel. Walter backed carefully out of the garage, and headed for his bank. At the bank he obtained a cashier's check for $10,000.00 drawn on his savings account. Jayne Anderson the teller, and a member of Marion's bridge club looked at Walter with an inquiring stare.

"What are you doing Walter, taking a trip?" She asked. Walter suppressed a laugh, he knew he might just as well tell her.

"As a matter of fact Jayne, you're absolutely right, we're moving to the West Indies, Marion will fill you in later." Next stop was Western Union. Walter didn't hesitate when he gave the check to the clerk with

instructions as to where and to whom the funds were to be sent. He had no qualms about what he was doing, as a matter of fact, he was rather proud of himself. He had just taken a major step for the whole family's future, and was looking forward to whatever life held in store for the Morrison clan. He felt confident with Jamie beside him, that everything was going the way It should.

"Come on Jamie, let's get me signed up for some exercise classes, I want to lose some of this gut!" In Walter's mind, Jamie was no longer a kid, he was now his partner and a big part of his future. At the fitness club, a muscular young jock wearing only shorts a muscle shirt and sneakers enthusiastically greeted them with a bone-crunching hand shake then gave them a quick tour of the facilities and a well—rehearsed sales pitch. After stripping down to his shorts Walter was poked, prodded, weighed and measured.

"Well we've certainly got a lot to work with, haven't we?" The instructor commented sarcastically. When Walter bought a short term membership, the jock also couldn't resist making another smart remark that although they couldn't perform miracles in four months, they would do their best to turn his body into something somewhat presentable in a bathing suit, but don't expect them to undo in four months what had taken forty years of abuse to create. After the health club, Walter turned to Jamie.

"Come on, we'll celebrate with a few drinks at the 'Hound' it'll put some hair on your chest." It was the first time he had ever thought of having a drink with his son in a bar.

"Hey Pop, Arnold doesn't have hair on his chest, why should I, it just hides the perfect body, right?" They both laughed. It was shortly past noon when they arrived at the 'Horse and Hound.' The 'Horsey Set' as the afternoon drinkers were known, had just started to gather. Ernie was setting up for the afternoon.

"Hey Walter, what's happening?" He sang out.

"Lots Ernie, a whole lot, this is my son Jamie, give us a couple of beers, then, remembering his vow to lose weight, added, "make them lite beers, it's Miller time, we're here to celebrate, we're moving to Sosúa in the Dominican Republic."

"The Morrison family is through shoveling snow and freezing their butts off. We're going to operate a hotel in the West Indies; pretty soon, we'll be through with this winter crap for good, it's going to be sun, sand and fun!"

"Walter you gotta be kiddin'. That's great! Shit, last night you were crying in your beer about losing your job; you sure moved fast! But you know something, I can't serve Jamie, he's underage isn't he?"

Jamie spoke up. "No sweat Pop, just like every guy in my class, I've got proof I'm twenty-one, what the heck, it's right here in my wallet beside my condom." Seeing the disapproving look on his fathers face, he quickly added, "It's not that I ever use them Pop, but you know, these days, with all those nasty diseases floating around, a guy's always got to be prepared, just like a boy scout." Walter didn't disagree, be wasn't going to spoil the moment by worrying about Jamie's age, or his sex life.

"Sure he's twenty-one Ernie, I guarantee it." Ernie didn't want to cause any problems either, so, legal preliminaries out of the way, he plunked four beers down in front of them.

"There you go Walter, they're on the house, might as well have a few, saves me a trip; gee that's great news, sure hope you'll have special rates for your friends; I ain't got the foggiest idea wherever or whatever that Sosúa is, but as long as it's a long ways South from here I'll be first in line when the blizzards start." Word passed quickly through the bar what Walter was doing, and round after round started coming to Walter and Jamie, courtesy of not only Walters friends, but also complete strangers who joined them or stopped at their table to ply them with beer and ask questions about Sosúa and the hotel.

For the next couple of hours, Walter and Jamie shot some pool; they filled up on wings and beer, told each other dirty jokes, ,and got into some serious male bonding, which until this Saturday afternoon in March, was something Walter had never really considered as being necessary to do with Jamie; now however he was discovering just how much he had in common with Jamie, and how much he was enjoying spending quality time with his son, proudly introducing him to his drinking buddies from the"Hound," and treating Jamie as his peer. Although it was a little premature, Walter and Jamie both enjoyed playing the roll of innkeepers, promising everyone that the best room rates in the West Indies would be theirs , their

families and friends, just for the asking. It was almost six o'clock when they headed out for the car and made their way home. Walter, mindful of how much he had drank and that Jamie was underage drove slowly taking his time, not wanting any problems which would ruin a perfect day.

When they arrived home, the house was lit up like a Christmas tree. They let themselves quietly into the mud room, where Maxwell met them tail wagging, with his customary greeting. The music of the islands was echoing loudly through the house. Marion and Jennifer met them, both looking like they were in a partying mood.

"Well it's great to see you guys are back," Marion said. called the 'Hound' and Ernie told me you were enjoying yourselves; the phones been ringing off the hook; when you told Jayne Anderson you might as well have put it on the INTERNET so Jennifer and I decided we weren't going to be left out, there's a big pitcher of "pina coladas in the blender, so dig in, let's party!" Walter was dumbfounded, it was so out of character for Marion and Jennifer to act this way, but he was also pleased to see the whole family letting its hair down. At that moment they all heard the familiar ring of the fax machine. All four went to the office en masse and waited with bated breath for Walter to read the message which was just arriving.

It was from Gerard: "Dear Walter, funds arrived safely, congratulations to you and the family, you beat out the Germans, Hibiscus Heights is going to be yours. I'll start everything on Monday and send brochures and more info by post, best personal regards. your amigo in Sosúa, Gerard." Together they gave a massive sigh of relief and a cheer. They headed for the fridge, then the family room where the Morrison's relaxed for the rest of the evening with drinks and munchies. They ordered in pizza and feasted on a big chocolate cake which Jennifer had baked that afternoon, Walter deciding that his diet could wait until the next day. Lettered on the top of the cake were the words, "Sosúa here we come." For the next week, Walter and his family discussed how best they could operate their new business enterprise. Marion pulled out the surplus winter clothes which she then sent to the Goodwill, and the Salvation Army.

Walter started a crash diet and daily exercise program at the gym; Jennifer and Jamie made daily trips to the library trying to learn all they could about Sosúa and the D.R. The more they learned, the more excited and enthused they became. Walter made arrangements with Bill Armstrong who leapt at the chance to lease the house fully furnished for $600.00 per month, an amount which suited the Morrison's quite nicely since it more than covered their mortgage payments and taxes. Possession to be as soon as they made the move to Sosúa. Two weeks later a large parcel arrived via courier. Inside were photos, rate sheets and brochures of Hibiscus Heights. Enclosed financial projections showed that 20% occupancy was the break even point, while at 40% they'd be rolling in dinero. Photos showed Hibiscus Heights to be everything the family expected and wanted,—the Jacuzzi beside a crystal—clear pool with athletic sun-bronzed people playing water—volleyball, others lying tanning on the deck, a badminton court on a sweeping lawn, colorful gardens; an attractive well—decorated reception and bar/lounge. A dining room on a large terrace commanded a fantastic view of the ocean.

Jamie said it first, "Look Pop, most of those women are topless, that's cool."

"Yeah, I see that Jamie, I only need my glasses for reading, most of them are probably European. It's no big deal for European women to go topless, you'll get used to it, you'll probably see a lot of that in Sosúa."

"Well I think it's gross, you won't catch me parading around with no top on." Jennifer muttered.

"I certainly hope not." Walter quickly agreed. Marion nodded silently in agreement with Walter. They continued to look at all the info. There was also a lease, application forms for 'residence' and a letter from Gerard. Dear Walter, there's a few things need doing. Unfortunately, the Immigration Director, Senor Gomzalez, is in town from the Capital . He's deporting everybody who doesn't have residence. Not to worry, I know him well, we had dinner together, and I gave him a hundred dollar bribe, its what we call a 'propina' and its the usual way of doing business in these here parts. You can settle up with me later. I made a special arrangement with him, that as long as your application is on file with my lawyer he'll overlook the problem, but on the upside Walter, when you read the lease you'll see just how hard I've been working on your behalf. I've got you your first month free, that's like nada, zero, and now I've got you the option to renew for a second year at exactly the same rent, $5,000.000 per month, no increase. That's of course if you decide not to buy Hibiscus Heights, which is a steal right now, and will be even more so in another year, what with the natural increase in property va1ues.

If you do decide to buy, half your rental payments will be applied towards the purchase price, and the owners will take back the mortgage at the New York prime rate. Walter, that's unheard of down here; it's a win win situation for you; you can't lose renting or buying. You've got a full year operating the hotel finding out whether or not you like the business making muchos dinero all the while, and then you can make up your mind one way or the other. It's a hell of a deal old bud, you just can't go wrong unless of course you're a complete idiot, which I know you aren't!

"I've enclosed the forms. Usually a lawyer charges $1,000.00 per application, but I've made a deal with my lawyer, and since there's four of you, and I spoke for you, he'll do all four of you for only $2,500.00 total, sort of a volume discount, if you know what I mean.

Fill in the application forms ASAP ; return them to my Miami mailing address with a cashiers check for the $2,500.00. When you send everything by certified mail to my Miami post office box, that way I receive it by courier at Sosúa Office Services three days after Its in Miami. To keep things absolutely legit and above board, be sure the check is made out to me "in trust" of course. Include police certificates from your local police chief, and FBI clearance showing that none of you have any felony convictions plus you'll need blood tests for HIV from your doctor; copies of your bank statements for the last six months, and photo-copies of your passports. Sign the lease, have your signatures notarized, and we'll do the formalities when you take possession, which isn't that far from now. Send everything by return if possible, and start packing! Don't forget to get Maxwell's papers in order too. Everything else down here is just fine, a sunny 80 degree day in paradise just like yesterday, and tomorrow. Adios amigo, Gerard.'

"What do you guys think?" Walter questioned. "I sure hope we aren't being scammed by this guy.

"Yeah Honey, I know what you're thinking," Marion said,"but everything he asks for really does make sense, doesn't it?"

"Yeah Pop, we've gone this far, not much point in getting cold feet at this point let's keep going and make it happen." Jamie agreed.

"Yeah Daddy, why not?" Jennifer asked.

"Yeah, we wanted to do this, I'm sure Gerard's honest, or he wouldn't be asking for everything to be 'in trust,' and sending us all this info, would he? The lease even has a lawyer's stamp and seal on it."

Walter wasn't so sure, but he wanted to look confident for the benefit of the rest of the family. The Morrison's spent the next few days getting their blood tests, police certificates and passports in order. It was another two weeks before Walter had put the whole package together that Gerard had asked for, and shipped it complete with the check to Miami via courier. Always aware of the benefits of advertising Walter had another thousand brochures printed and business cards for every member of the family. With Jamie and Jennifer in tow he started making the rounds of every travel agent be could find within a fifty mile radius of Oak Ridge. At each agency he gave an enthusiastic in-depth presentation about Hibiscus Heights, Sosúa and the Dominican Republic. When questions were asked about anything he was unfamiliar with, Walter had no problem. His days as a salesman left him with no hang-ups when a little exaggeration was necessary.

He was from the old school which believed that when selling something, any answer, even if incorrect was better than no answer at all. As Walter motored around the country, hoping to drum up future business, his confidence returned. At every travel agency, staff and management alike, encouraged him with promises of support in that they would be more than pleased to send clients to a local man and his family who were familiar with the likes and dislikes of the neighboring population. The Morrison's were well—known throughout the area thanks to Jamie and Jennifer's participation in high school sports, and Marion and Walter's membership in numerous charitable organizations and service clubs. Most important they were American and Americans always want to support the home team, which in this case was going to be the Morrison's.

NEW TERMS

The Morrison's waited anxiously for a reply from Gerard, and they were not to be disappointed. Two weeks later another FAX arrived. It was longer, and in some ways encouraging. "Walter, received everything, lawyer is proceeding with 'residence' applications; everything else A.O.K. More great news.'Tours in Paradise' a German wholesaler, catering to a small but affluent market, toured Hibiscus Heights and liked what they saw. They've signed for a minimum 15 rooms per week. It's not what they originally said, but you can fill the rest of the place real easy, I know you can. I signed all the papers for you, They'll pay $25.00 per night single or double, and, I made a great deal for you to buy the pickup truck. Only $2.000.00. That's a steal. I knew you wouldn't want to pass it up. Be sure to send it to me by Western Union real soon,'in trust' of course, or they'll let it go to someone else."

"Things look real good; all indications are that next winter will be the best tourist season ever in Sosúa. We're still figuring on possession July 1st. FAX me back to confirm. Also, here's how to save some big bucks. Fly charter out of Toronto. Buy two week air—only tickets; you can sell the return portions for $100.00 per ticket, there's always a bunch of Canucks wanting to get back to the 'real world' for a holiday, it's their cheapest way, and it works well for you too." At the thought of sending more money to Sosúa, Walter felt his blood pressure rising. He was starting to smell a scam, but in his heart he didn't want to believe that was possible. He picked up the phone and called Sosúa Office Services. A few minutes after Donna answered Gerard picked up the receiver.

"Gerard here, speak to me!"

"What the hell Is going on down there? When this thing started out all I had to do was put up $2,000.00. Now every time I turn around you're looking for more money. Not only that, originally that truck was supposed to be included in the deal, now you tell me they want another $2,000.00 for it and how the hell can we make a living renting rooms for only $25.00 a night?"

"Hey look old bud, you're new In the hotel business, you're going to find out rooms are the smallest part of your income; It's the bar and restaurant where you make your dough, room rents are just the icing on the cake. It's the little things that put big bucks in your pocket, as for the truck, come on Walter you weren't born yesterday, you must have misunderstood me, no one gives anything away, you know that for Christ's sake! I got you such a sweetheart deal on the hotel, no—ones going to give you a truck!"

"Not only that, I got you such a hell of a deal on this vehicle, I should have bought it myself. It's an 89 Jimmy in great shape. In the D.R. trucks usually go for three times what you pay in the States, you should be thanking me not giving me a hassle!"

"Walter cooled down, he really had no choice he was so committed by this point.

"O.K. Gerard, I'll get the other money off to you, but that's got to be the end of any money until I see Hibiscus Heights! Enough already." With trepidation, Walter sent Gerard the money for the truck, and life

settled back to more or less normalcy, in fact, as they got closer to the big day, the Morrison's enthusiasm increased to a fever point. Although there were more FAXES from Gerard none of them asked for additional money which at least made the Morrison's feel more confident.

Walter grunted and groaned at the gym, watched his diet and was pleased to see his waistline shrink and pounds come off. Marion took a crash course in hotel management at the local community college; Jamie enrolled in a SCUBA certification course at the YMCA, and Jennifer took merengue and aerobic dance lessons at Arthur Murray. All the Morrison's took refresher courses in conversational Spanish from Senora Rosa, a Mexican lady who operated 'the Volcano' a local Mexican restaurant. Since they had all taken a few years of Spanish in high school, they quickly picked up the basics, and although they were always speaking in the present tense, the Morrison's started to enjoy trying to carry on conversations in Spanish. They were determined to do better than the wit whose Spanish after one year in Mexico was limited to: "una cervesa" and after two years, "dos cervesa'". In June, Jamie and Jennifer graduated from high school. Since they were not the world's greatest scholars neither of them were unhappy at the thought of leaving the world of academia behind.

The Morrison's purchased airline tickets on a Canadian charter airline CANAIR for Friday June 29th from a Toronto travel agency with the help of Marion's sister Nancy who lived in Toronto, and was thrilled to participate, knowing that she would now be able to take annual winter vacations in the D.R. at a substantially reduced cost. Bill Armstrong who owned a passenger van offered to drive the Morrison family to the Toronto airport when the time came. and since the flight was scheduled for departure at 9a.m., and Toronto was a six hour drive, they knew it would be necessary to leave for the airport by 1a.m., the day of departure, hardly a welcome thought for any of the family. Walter also put a lock on one of the bedrooms where they could store any possessions they didn't want the Armstrong's to use.

In another FAX Gerard reminded Walter in no uncertain terms that the lease demanded that the rent be paid into a U.S. dollar account in Miami, so he should maintain an account Stateside where they could deposit the U.S. Canadian, Sterling and the German Marks they would receive from the guests at Hibiscus Heights. Since there was no deposit insurance in Dominican banks, if a Dominican bank went belly up they lose any funds they had on deposit, it would be best to keep their surplus cash in an American bank. Since any deposits made to a bank in Sosúa would be changed into Pesos they would be unable to transfer the funds Stateside, he suggested that vacationing friends or trusted guests could act as couriers to take their cash back to the States. All they had to keep on hand would be sufficient Pesos for day to day expenses such as supples and payroll. Gerard also told them that most Ex—pats didn't even bother with a local bank account. It was a cash society, had been that way for years, and there was no point in trying to change the system. Why leave a paper trail if the I.R.S ever came knocking?

Walter's saddest chore was selling his loyal and trusted friend, his old Monte Carlo, and which now since he was more or less desperate to sell had next to no value at all. Tearfully he agreed to part with the old bus to a neighbor for a paltry $200.00, with the proviso he could keep it until they left Oak Ridge. A constant barrage of FAXES arrived almost daily from Gerard. All were read enthusiastically since they were so upbeat about the great lifestyle the Morrison's were about to embark upon. In one, he suggested they purchase a new stereo system and v.c.r. for movie nights, and bring them down since the current equipment was on its last legs, and purchasing audio-video equipment in the D.R. tended to be a rather expensive proposition.

He also suggested that Jamie and Jennifer might like to bring their own tapes and CDs with them, just to make sure they had their' music'. He offered the opinion that when they arrived in the D.R., they should just mark on the tourist card they would be required to fill in, that they were only visiting for a two—week vacation, and to say nothing about the business. Gerard told Walter to be sure he had some loose $1.00 bills in one of his pockets, and in the other pocket some loose $5.00 bills, just in case some 'propinas' were necessary to grease a few palms when going through Customs and Immigration formalities; not that there would be any problems of course, but just to be on the safe side, and possibly save some time.

Gerard assured Walter that he would be waiting for them when they arrived which would be at about noon local time and, he would quickly drive them to the hotel. All things going well, they would be in their new digs, relaxing pool side with their first pina colada and Jamie and Jennifer would be splashing in the pool by 2p.m. It would be best after a long trip just to take some quality relaxation time. The next day when the Morrison's were rested they could tour the property, meet the staff, and get into the swing of operating such a fine resort property like Hibiscus Heights. The pace picked up at the middle of June, when the action got rather frantic for the Morrison's.

Walter and Marion withdrew $35,000.00 from their retirement funds, an amount they calculated would be sufficient to cover the security deposit on the hotel and provide two months of operating capital. Jennifer and Jamie purchased a new V.C.R., stereo, tapes and C.D.s which they hoped would suit the clientele of the hotel. The family started the rounds of going—away parties hosted by neighbors, relatives and the social clubs they had actively participated in for years. Even the local high school put on a giant going away party for Jamie and Jennifer. The Morrison's who loved entertaining hosted a pool party and barbeque with a West Indies theme for upwards of two hundred people. It was so successful, that it reassured Marion and Walter that with the help of their children they had all the qualities necessary to operate a facility where providing entertainment would be of prime importance. The day after the party, Marion commented to Walter.

"You know dear, if even half the people from our circle of friends who say they'll vacation at Hibiscus Heights show up, even with us giving them a hell of a discount, We're going to do real well aren't we?"

"Yeah hon, that's for sure, but, we all know talk is cheap. I'll believe it when the time comes; let's just hope they mean what they say. in any case, we're due for this, it's going to be our island in the sun, lord knows, we've worked hard enough for this, we deserve it!" The Morrison's spent the day of Thursday June 28th calling relatives and friends to bid them goodbye, •and storing valuables that weren't included with the house rental. A steady stream of friends and relatives stopped by the house where Marion and Jennifer entertained everyone who visited with drinks and snacks which they had prepared especially for that purpose. Walter and Jamie were on the go all day driving all over Oak Ridge tidying up last minute personal details. At their bank they deposited $10,000.00 in a business account

Bill Armstrong met them at the bank where he was given signing authority. He had agreed to administer any financial dealings and look after funds which would arrive from Sosúa, plus pay their existing mortgage and other expenses which might arise while the Morrison's were in Sosúa. Walter even squeezed in one last visit to the gym for a final workout. He was more than happy to let the sarcastic trainer see what dedication had done for his body, which although one would hardly consider it as svelt, at least he was now in reasonable shape. Walter was pleased with the results. He had lost over forty-five pounds, had firmed up and toned up, he felt fit as a fiddle.

Earlier that week his doctor confirmed that he was now in fine shape, although he should do his best to give up the Marlboro and cut back on his alcohol intake. Walter had made a solemn promise to do his best, although he knew from past experience the West Indies was the last place on earth that a drinker and a smoker would be able to cut back, much less quit. They stopped at the 'Hound' for a few farewell drinks. A large crowd had gathered and when they presented Walter with a certificate making Walter the honorary lifetime 'Chief Horseman' of the 'Horsey Set' it took Walter all his will power to keep the tears from running down his cheeks. In a unanimous vote they also agreed to hold the first annual 'Horsey Set' Convention in December at Hibiscus Heights. Last stop was Maxwell's veterinarian where they picked up a travel cage meeting airline spec and the vet provided a sedative to be given to Maxwell just before departure on the aircraft. It was almost six when Walter and Jamie arrived back home. Marion and Jennifer were waiting for them; it had been agreed that for the 'last supper' as Marion had dubbed it, they would go to the 'Volcano' for a farewell celebration. At the restaurant, Senorita Rosa with great theatrics showed them to a reserved table. A sign on the table read:

"Reserved for the Oak Ridge Sosúa Connection." When the waitress approached, order book in hand, Jennifer started.

"Camarara, (waitress), una cervesa por favor" (one beer p1 ease)".

"No, dos cervesa, por favor (two beers please)". Jamie spoke up.

Walter quickly added. "'Quatro cervesa, muy rapicio por favor' (four beers, please, quickly)". The words were no sooner out of his mouth than Marion burst out laughing. Soon they were all hooting and giggling, trying to order from the menu In their best Spanish, using heavily exaggerated accents. Two hours and many cervesas and 'Cuba Libres' later, the cuba libres, on the house courtesy of Senorita Rosa, the Morrison's finished their dinner. The Morrison's exited the restaurant the complete staff, ~rvers, bus boys, Senorita Rosa and chefs lined up at the door.

Buenos Suertes Morrison's." (Good Luck) they called out in riison. The Morrison's drove noisily home, each more than a little tipsy. They were all travelling on cloud nine knowing the biggest ~1venture of their lives was about to begin. Walter parked tie Monte Carlo in the neighbor's driveway and left the keys rider the floor mat. They each gave it a fond kiss goodbye Lien let themselves Into the house. Maxwell greeted them, ail wagging; even he seemed to sense something was up. hey spent the rest of the evening finishing their packing rid enjoying a few drinks together in the family room.

Although the twins had never shown much Interest in drinking before the family started making plans for the move to Sosúa, Walter and Marion didn't mind if the twins enjoyed a few drinks. They knew that in the D.R. the only requirement for drinking was having the pesos to buy alcohol, and as long as their drinking was in moderation they were not going to be concerned. They felt there were bound to be more serious problems to worry about, so why get upset with what was a normal activity for healthy teenagers. This evening no-one was interested in sleeping they were too excited. Everyone was taking two suitcases plus a carryon. Included in their cases were several large bottles of HP sauce and cartons of Philadelphia Cream Cheese, Morrison family favorites which Gerard had told them weren't available in Sosúa. One case held the V.C.R., another their FAX machine, both cushioned by other clothes. Jamle was also carrying the stereo on his shoulder.

In Maxwell's cage was his favorite blanket, toys and a large rawhide. At midnight they heard the sound of a car and saw lights in the driveway. A minute later Bill Armstrong knocked at the door. There was little small talk. They loaded everything into the van, turned out most of the lights and 12:30 the Walter J. Morrison's were driving towards the border at Port Huron. They kept themselves awake with lions of hot coffee which Marion had brought with them. an hour they were at the border. They crossed the St. air River arriving at Canada Customs in Sarnia, Ontario. 11 Armstrong pulled up to Canadian Customs. An inspector opened the van door and spoke to Walter and his family. 11 American citizens, are you coming to Canada for pleasure or business; let me see the papers for the dog and Walter handed him their papers.

"We're all Americans and we're heading to Toronto Airport then flying to Puerto Piata in the Dominican Republic later this morning."

"The D.R. eh, great spot." The customs man replied. "I vacation there every winter; if you go to Sosúa, a little place about 5 miles from the airport, look up an old buddy of mine, his names Gerard, he's in real estate and hangs out at a bar called Tijuana right on the main drag you can't miss it. Everyone knows Gerard, just ask for him, tell him Harry from Canada Customs at Sarnia said hello, he's a great guy!"

"No kidding, you won't believe this; we're heading to Sosúa to operate a hotel. Gerard's our real estate agent."

"Here's my card and a brochure, give us a call when you want to come down; we'll give you the friends and family rate, that's a 25% discount." The Customs man returned the passports to Waiter and gave them a nod to drive on. The Morrison's were flabbergasted, they couldn't believe what had just happened, it was such a coincidence. From Sarnia it was another three hours to Toronto airport a journey they completed, dozing, drinking coffee and quietly discussing their future, which was now. It was 7a.m. when they arrived at the airport. Marion's sister greeted them with hugs and kisses as they left the van. After handing the Morrison their tickets, they toted their bags to the long lineup in front of a sign which said CANAIR Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Plata.

"Look Daddy this flights going to Santiago de Cuba, We're Americans, We can't go to Cuba!" Jennifer said excitedly.

"Don't panic Jennifer, this is a charter flight, it'll drop a bunch of Canadians off in Cuba, they can still go there then it'll keep on going to Puerto Plata, We can't get off the plane in Cuba even If we wanted to." They waited In the long line and finally got their seat alignments. Although they were well over their weight allowances, Marion explained the situation to the check—in clerk and additional charges were waived. A half hour before flight time, Waiter fed Maxwell his sedative hidden In a piece of cheese, and checked Maxwell in for the flight. After that it was clear sailing. The Morrison's, completely exhausted slept through the entire flight. Walter was right, it stopped in Cuba, disgorged half the passengers and after a half hour lay—over flew on to Puerto Plata arriving right on schedule at noon Dominican time, actually one p.m. in Oak Ridge.

PUERTO PLATA AIRPORT

As the aircraft taxied up to the terminal and stopped, the Morrison's stood up, gave a big cheer then joined the other passengers retrieving their personal belongings from the overhead bins. After a portable gangway was wheeled up to the doors the passengers began exiting the aircraft.

The Morrison's walked down the stairway and joined the parade of tourists being led across the tarmac by airline officials to the terminal. Inside the terminal a combo was entertaining the new arrivals with merengue music as they waited in line at the immigration kiosk. The Morrison's could recognize Spanish, English and French as some of the languages being spoken by the horde of new arrivals. Following Gerard's instructions they handed in their passports and the tourist cards they had filled In on the airplane to the immigration officials, and were quickly processed. The VISA stamped in their passports gave them permission to remain in the D.R. for a period not exceeding sixty days. The line now moved to the baggage area where a conveyor belt was already in motion bringing bags Into the terminal. Passengers were claiming their luggage and heading for the Customs lines, one of which had a sign"DOMINICAN RESIDENTS." Another had a sign "VISITORS"

Walter noticed that the line for Dominicans was moving at a snails pace. It appeared that every Dominican returning home was bringing huge bags filled with pampers, stereos and C.D.'s Every bag placed on the long table in front of the Customs officials was being ripped apart by the inspectors, as the Dominicans patiently waited, their belongings scattered the length of the table. A very few well—dressed

Dominicans seemed to be getting royal treatment. They were being ushered quickly through customs with much hand-shaking and smiles on both sides of the table. Those new arrivals were discreetly passing what appeared to be U.S. dollars to the officials.

"Look dear, there's direct taxation at work right here and now." Walter said, giving Marion a nudge.

"Walter, keep quiet, I don't even want to see it, that's those "propinas" Gerard told us about, let's just mind our own business and get out of here!" They also noticed that the tourists were being quickly directed to the other lines where porters were grabbing their bags and leading them out of the terminal building, with no bags being examined. In due time, the Morrison's baggage appeared, yet after twenty minutes there was still no Maxwell, and they started to wonder if maybe he had missed the plane, and was still in Toronto. Finally, Jamie crawled through the door where the conveyer belt opened to the outside and started walking back to their aircraft which was parked about fifty yards from the building. An official ran up to Jamie.

"Senor, Senor, que passe?"(What's going on?)

"It's my dog." Jamie answered, pointing up into the open cargo hold. "He's up there in this plane!" Sure enough, when they looked up there was Maxwell, all by himself looking very forlorn.

"Oh Senor, very dangerous animal, you must pay "propina" then we will unload your dog."
Jamie fished in his pocket for some dollar bills. The man quickly rounded up four other men and with the payment of one dollar to each man and with Jamies help, Maxwell was welcomed none the worse for wear to the D.R. by four very nervous Dominicans. They rejoined the others in the terminal building and lined up for customs. Walter was now carrying the stereo on his shoulder. A stern-faced official looked at Walter and the stereo.

"No, No Senor," he said, waving his finger in Walters face "not allowed in Dominican Republic without paying customs duty." Walter drew a dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the official who gave it a fast once over, then gave a contemptuous sniff. Walter reached In his other pocket and pulled out a five dollar bill which be passed, palm closed to the man, who discreetly checked the bill before putting it in his own pocket, with a big smile. Formalities looked after, the Morrison's were taken in tow by two porters who without being asked roughly grabbed their bags and ushered them through a pair of doors into the sizzling afternoon sun. They bullied their way through the crowd waiting for arrivals, then led them about sixty feet to the edge of a parking lot where, unceremoniously they dropped the bags to the pavement. Walter handed one Dominican a five dollar bill. He looked at the bill then turned to Walter.

"Christ you only carried them 50 feet." Walter shot back, visibly annoyed. To avoid a confrontation he handed him another five, which seemed to satisfy them since they quickly headed back into the terminal, no doubt looking for other clients. Walter and Marion scanned the crowd waiting for arrivals. Although it had been a few years they were certain they would recognize Gerard, but there was no Gerard. Walter saw a trailer with a sign "Cambio".(Change). He walked over with the intention of changing some dollars into pesos. There was a sign in the window "siesta, closed until two p.m." At that moment a poorly dressed Dominican man approached, clutching a fistful of Pesos.

"Change Senor, good rate?" Although Walter knew it was against the law, and he bad no idea as to what the proper exchange rate was, on the spur of the moment he decided to change a hundred dollars.

"No, no Senor, no esta bueno, esta necesito a banco!" Shit," Walter muttered aloud, although mostly to himself. "I've only just got here, at the rate I'm going I'll probably spend the night in jail." Walter was not to be worried for long, grasping the moment he discreetly passed the cop two fives. The cop smiled and beckoned him to move on. Walter was rather proud of himself. "Maybe this isn't such a bad way to do business after all." He said to himself. By the time he got back to the parking lot, uniformed destination reps holding little signs with names like 'Sun Tours' and 'Paradise Holidays' were loading tourists onto busses to take them to various resorts. The family was getting very nervous. It had been almost an hour and still no Gerard in sight. Jamie and Jennifer who had changed into shorts and tank tops were enjoying the sun and checking out the different aircraft parked near the terminal.

JONESY

There were aircraft with names like CONDOR and L.T.U. from Germany, Martinair from Holland, American Eagle and Canada 3000, most of them names they had never heard of in their part of the world. Finally, at least two hours after their arrival a tired looking beige
pickup truck, black smoke belching from the rear, horn blowing, came roaring up to the Morrison family. With brakes squealing, in a cloud of dust, the truck stopped in front of the Morrison's. There was a huge crack across the windshield, and no rear window. From the rear bumper a homemade wooden license plate hung. An amateurish sign on the truck said. "Hibiscus Heights. a secret gem in paradise." The dirt on the truck gave the appearance that it hadn't been washed for months. A tall, obese, shirtless unshaven man with long grey hair pulled back in a pony tail who looked to be in his late fifties got out and approached the Morrison's. His chest was a mass of tattoos, highlighted by a huge tattoo of Yosemite Sam. His large, hairy stomach hung over a pair of too tight, too short, shorts. The man approached Walter, his arm extended to shake hands.

"Are you Walter Morrison? Gerard asked me to pick you up, I'm Phillip Jones, friends call me Jonesy!" Tentatively Walter took the beefy hand. Jonesy then proceeded to pump it enthusiastically with a bone crunching grip.

"Yeah, I'm Walter, but where the hell's Gerard? Not only that, you're two hours late!" Walter didn't try to hide his irritation.

"Hey come on Walter lighten up, we're on West Indies time, not American time. Shit I'm actually early by our standards. The only time people are on time around here is when you're meeting your bank manager. As for Gerard, he had an emergency family matter back home in Germany. He left yesterday, but there's no problem he hired me to manage the hotel and show you everything you need to know."

"I thought Gerard was Dutch?" Dutch, German what's the difference? A Dutchman's just a German turned inside out! Let's get going , you look like you need a beer anyhow!" Marion and Walter squeezed into the front seat with Jonesy; the twins, Maxwell and their bags were loaded into the back.

"Jonesy, this place was under construction when Marion and I were here five years ago, when are they ever going to finish it?" Walter asked.

"Manana possible seguro!"

"What's that mean?"

"You know in the Spanish West Indies manana means tomorrow, which usually never comes; seguro means for sure and possible means possibly, so the expression means tomorrow possibly for sure!" With a great deal of grinding, Jonesy put the truck in gear and the Morrison family were on their way to their new home in Sosua. As they approached the guards station to exit the airport, Jonesy turned to Walter.

"Hey mate , can you loan me a few bob to pay for the parking it's only twenty Pesos?' Walter handed a hundred pesos to Jones who paid the guard as they left the airport. Walter noticed Jones neglected to return the change, but casually stuffed it in his pocket. They drove up the road about a half mile until they came to a stop sign at the highway. An arrow pointing left Indicated Sosua, 10 Kilometers; another pointing right said Puerto Plata 20 Kilometers. Jonesy didn't bother to stop, but casually made a left turn in front of an oncoming bus. Horn blaring, the bus swerved violently, to avoid hitting them. Marion screamed and grabbed Walters leg in terror. Walter flinched nervously as they headed towards Sosua.

"Crazy Dominicans, give them a horn and a gas pedal, then they're drivers; you'd think they get their licenses out of cracker jack boxes." Marion and Walter breathed a collective sigh of relief. They were both thinking their lifetime in the D.R. might have been cut rather short, and that they may have travelled three thousand miles from home, only to die less than one day after arrival in some cane—field or on the highways of the Dominican Republic. Less than a mile up the road, Jonesy pulled off off at a small ramshackle store. A Brugal rum sign read. "Colmado Maria"

"This is the Dominican version of a 711, you can buy rum, beer, 20 year old cans of soup, just about everything under the sun, from soup to nuts and bananas. Give me fifty bucks mate, I'll get you some pesos, some refreshments and we need some petrol." A half dozen motorcycles were parked at the front of the store, their drivers lounging on their bikes drinking beer. Jonesy gave them a wave and stopped to shake hands before he entered the store. Jonesy disappeared into the little shack. Soon he returned carrying five large bottles of beer. Expertly he uncapped the bottles using his BIC lighter and passed them around a Dominican was with him carrying a gallon bottle of gasoline. Using a short piece of hose he quickly siphoned the gas into the truck, all the while keeping a wary eye on Maxwell. Jonesy climbed back into the drivers seat, took a deep draw from his beer, lit up a Marlboro and let out a huge belch.

"This is "Presidente", the best beer in the"center of the universe" that's right here mate!"

"These are "grandes" the big ones; out here away from town they're real cheap, only fifteen Pesos, about $1.20. They're even cheaper in Puerto Plata or Santo Domingo the Capital. The other local beers should have been left in the donkey, they're that bad, but Presidente is world class."

"The gas was 30 Pesos, that's a little more than you pay at the Texaco in Sosua, but we need it, we're really low, and you never want to run out of gas In this country. You pay a lot more for the beer in Sosua, because it's a tourist area, most everything costs more money there. By the way he paid me 625 pesos for your fifty bucks, I'll give you the change later."

"Jonesy that's about 12~ Pesos to the dollar, at the airport a guy only gave me eleven, I Think I got screwed." Walter complained.

"Sure you did Walter, you're going to find out, in the D.R. most of the sharks aren't in the ocean; they're on land!"

"Not only that amigo, it's not just the Dominicans; what they steal is usually small bananas; the biggest thieves are the Canadians, the Americans or the Germans, your kind of people, they go for the big scams and the big bucks."

"Thanks for the advice Jonesy, I don't know what to think right now." Walter muttered, somewhat apprehensively. Jonesy pointed out the men sitting on the motorcycles parked at the colmado.

"Those guys with the bikes, they're motoconchos, motorcycle taxis, from Sosua, out here for a game of dominoes which is like the national pastime of the West Indies. You'll find motoconchos all over the country. It's five pesos to go anywhere in Sosua during the day, double at night; if there's two of you it's double. Make sure you have exact change, the driver will never have any, and agree on the price before you go, at least until they get to know you, some of the drivers are great guys but others are real bad dudes." A couple of minutes later, Jonesy drove by two white—helmeted policemen at the side of the road who were signaling Jonesy to pull over. He waved at them and kept on driving.

"Jonesy,"Jennifer shouted through the rear window, "they wanted you to stop!"

"No sweat Jennifer, they just want a bribe. The cops in this country make 900 pesos a month. the minimum wage is 1100.00 This is their way of making a living. Even the Presidente knows they're crooked, and has publicly refused to give them a raise, saying they make too much money in graft." Jonesy was driving as he talked slugging back his beer.

"Jonesy, what about drinking and driving, doesn't anyone around here care?" Marion asked.

"Marion, luv, people around here probably drive better drunk than sober, not only that everyone else is drinking and driving too!" As they drove Jonesy kept up a steady patter filling in the Morrison's with local lore which he felt they would find of interest.

"That's a gua-gua," he said pointing to a passenger van speeding down the road on a sharp angle. Several people were hanging on and out of the loading door.

"It's seven Pesos to Puerto Plata, five to Cabarets, that's a windsurf resort about 10 kilometers East of Sosua. You just stand at the side of the road and when one comes by, it'll stop for you. Sometimes they'll get as many as thirty people stuffed inside one of those tin cans." When you want out just bang on the side of the van and he'll let you out anywhere you want. They don't usually run after dark because of bandits, but as a rule they're

very reliable; again make sure you've got the correct change.

"This is a pretty good road Jonesy" Marion commented, "When we were here before it was a mess."

"Yeah Marion they just finished paving this highway the entire length of the North coast.

"The president needed votes in the last election, you know just like in America, so he paved the road. Only problem, when they put a center line in, the locals didn't know what the hell to do with it. Some of them tried driving with one wheel each side of the line, and the motoconchos liked to see how far they could go right on the line, you go figure that one out. Jamie stuck his head through the window.

"Who are those big really big muscular black guys working at the side of the road with the pick axes? Geez it's hotter than hell and there they are swinging away, no hard hats no safety boots just bare feet?

"Those are Haitians; remember that cluster of tin shacks we just drove past, where laundry was drying on the barbed wire fence, that was a Haitian village. They do the jobs the Dominicans figure are below their dignity like cane cutting and construction. For construction those guys get 60 Pesos a day, about five bucks U.S. In Sosua you'll see a lot of Haitian women braiding hair for the tourists on the street, except of course when the President decides to win points and deport the illegals, then they all disappear."

"Periodically you'll see a flat bed truck driving slowly up and down every street in Sosua accompanied by armed soldiers. They go door to door looking for Haitians. When they find them they're loaded on the truck. Get a fairly full load and off they go to the border, then, it's bye, bye Haitian. If you happen to be a real black Dominican so that you're mistaken for Haitian and you don't have your 'matricula", your i.d. with you, you're out of here too!"

"Jonesy don't they even get a hearing?" Walter asked.

"No way, in the D.R. we have the Napoleonic code; you're guilty until you can prove your innocence. If you're accused of a crime and dumb enough to get yourself arrested, you'll sit in jail until your trial. There's none of this "Call my lawyer crap".

"The same goes for the witnesses; they go to jail too, that way when there finally is a trial which believe me could take a while, the judge doesn't have to chase all over the country looking for the witnesses, he knows exactly where they are!"

"By the way if you use drugs, don't. In the D.R. there's a zero tolerance policy, and if you're caught you go to jail for a very long time. Unless your relatives and friends bring you food or you've got enough money to bribe the guards you'll starve to death. As for Jamie and Jennifer, you'd both be very popular with the other prisoners. they'd just love to have you guys to play with." Jamie and Jennifer shuddered, thinking of the possibility. About five minutes after they left the colmado Jonesy pointed out the entrance to a large resort.

"That's Puerto Chiquita, they've got five clay tennis courts there. I belong to a league made up mostly of ex—Pats and we play there a couple of times a week."

"Jonesy, you must be kidding, you're even bigger than Walter, isn't tennis a little strenuous.?" Marion asked.

"Not really Marion, we've got ball boys, just like in the big international tournaments you see on ***tv*** For five Pesos a game they do the running when the balls go astray; plus there's lots of beer to cool down with when the games are finished." The road went down a steep hill. At the bottom were several small houses and a few businesses.

"This is Sosua Bajo (lower Sosua), where a lot of Dominicans live."When we go up the hill, you'll see another road off to U left at the next intersection and that goes to Charamicos another native area, a great place to visit by day but at night it's hooker heaven although you're usually safe if 3 stay on the Main street." They continued driving and in about two minutes, Jonesy pointed to the left.

"You can't see it from here, but just beyond those trees I Josua Beach, It's about a half mile long, jammed with wall to wall bars and shops. It stretches between El Batey I part of Sosua where most of the hotels are and Charamico. A minute later, they rounded a curve and Jonesy pointed c the police station on the right, a low green building distinguished by the presence of several armed soldiers a~ policemen. Twenty five yards past the police station he

"Jonesy, judging from your accent you're a Brit?"Walter asked.

"No way, I'm an Aussie and damned proud of It." Jonesy snapped.

"That's just a Brit with a bad accent isn't it?" Walter could tell from Jonesy's glare that he wasn't amused.

"Look mate If we're going to get along it would be best you learn the difference between Limeys and the rest of the Commonwealth!"

"Sorry Jonesy, no offense I didn't really think about that; but how long have you lived in Sosua and when did Gerard hire you for Hibiscus Heights?"

"No offense taken mate and to answer your questions, I've lived in Sosua on and off for about ten years. Sosua is like a magnet, and I'm like a lot of people when I'm here, I want out; but when I'm out, I want back."

"To answer your second question, Gerard hired me a couple of months ago to reopen the hotel when he knew you were coming for sure."

"Strange he didn't tell me." Walter murmured.

"Jonesy, what's that tanker-truck parked at the side of the road, and what's Club Bella Vista? Jennifer asked, pointing at an old rusted truck which had what appeared to be water pouring from different holes all over the tank.

"That's a water truck; on Bella Vista Hill there's no town water so the people who live on the hill buy their water by the truck load. Club Bella Vista is a four hundred room four star resort up at the top of the hill; they're your neighbors."

"That little bus going up the hill just ahead of us is their shuttle; it takes their guests to and from the beach."

"Hang on to your hats, this is a true Dominican road, it's a tad rough." Jonesy wasn't exaggerating, the road was a disaster, full of pot holes, ruts and loose gravel. The truck lurched from side to side as Jonesy endeavored to avoid the deepest holes, driving first on one side of the road, then on the other, shifting and grinding the gears as he drove the truck laboriously up the steep, curving hill.

"Jonesy do you think they'll ever pave this road?" Marion asked. Manana possible seguro." Jonesy replied with a straight face. The Morrison's couldn't help laughing.

"The problem is, you know there's no property taxes in the D.R., so unless you want to pay for paving it yourself, you can forget it. There's not enough people living on this hill to make it worthwhile, voter—wise for the government to spend the money. Of course if a General lived up here you'd be sure to get a new road." Jonesy told them all this nonchalantly, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. For ten minutes they laboriously made their way up the dusty, curving road, past many well maintained homes of varying size and several fields with horses and cows grazing, until they came to another sign pointing up a narrow lane to the left. The sign read: Hibiscus Heights 100 yards. Jonesy made the turn and followed the lane as it went straight. Then it made a right angle and finally curved again to the right where a large weather-beaten sign announced "WELCOME TO HIBISCUS HEIGHTS, A secret Gem In Paradise." A wood gate blocked the lane. Jonesy leaned on the horn and a young Dominican man armed with a rifle left the small guard house rubbing his eyes sleepily and swung the gate open. Together, as If rehearsed, the Walter J. Morrison family breathed a loud sigh of relief then broke Into applause.

HIBISCUS HEIGHTS.

Jonesy drove about 200 feet to the front entrance of the hotel. The Morrison's couldn't help from oohing and ahing; the hotel appeared to be everything they had been dreaming of for the last few months. The main building was two floors and sparkled with white paint and blue trim. A balcony ran the length of the building on the second floor. On the right side four steps led to a wide covered terrace which ran the depth of the building to the rear. They could see several tables on the terrace where several people were enjoying drinks. To the right was a broad sloping expanse of lawn. An asphalt walk lined by small palm trees led to a three story motel—style building again In white with blue trim. Deck chairs sat on the main floor patios and balconies ran

the length of the two upper floors. Colorful bushes showing a variety of tropical blooms were clustered throughout the property as far as the Morrison's could see. Immediately outside the front entrance was a gravel parking lot, where several dust—covered vehicles were parked. Next to the four entrance stairs a long steel bar was cemented to the ground. Chained to the bar were ten Kawasaki 125 motorcycles and another five Honda motor scooters. Twenty-five yards from the entrance was an unpainted cement block building. A crudely lettered sign said "Planta."

"Come on folks let's get your ass in gear, you all look like you need a stiff drink, we'll relax first, and do a little yakking. I'll send someone for your bags later!" Nobody argued with Jonesy as he sprightly jumped out of the truck and led them up the steps through floor to ceiling concrete arches, framing the entrance into the reception area of Hibiscus Heights.

Reception was a large room open to the parking lot, comfortably furnished with several rattan sofas, chairs and cocktail tables which were arranged in attractive groupings throughout the room. Along one wall a large bookcase held several paperbacks and a few knickknacks. Several overhead paddle fans lazily beat the air. A young Dominican woman sat at a long check—in counter casually filing her finger nails. When the Morrison's entered, she didn't bother to look up or give any indication she had seen them. Walter whispered to Marion.

"Good Lord, another Big Boobs Bertha. They're all over the world. No matter where I go they'll show up." On the counter a small rack held several brochures advertising various tours which could be booked at the hotel.

There was one door with the sign "caballero" and another "dama." Another door bad a sign in English which said 'laundry, staff only'. Another had a sign " stairs to second floor." The Morrison's followed Jonesy through an archway into a lounge and bar area which again offered several rattan groupings. In typical West Indies style it opened to a wide, covered terrace at the rear of the building. On two sides of the room were floor to ceiling windows, with open louvered shutters. Overhead, several fans circled lazily. On a long, highly polished bar behind which were several well—stocked shelves of liquor a small green parrot walked and chattered aimlessly. A T.V. showing a baseball game hung high above one corner of the bar, and a stereo was playing merengue music at high volume. Several men speaking German sat at the bar, drinking and talking, some with their arms wrapped around the waists of attractive young Dominican women standing beside them. A neatly dressed, very handsome Dominican bartender was conversing fluently in Spanish and German with the patrons.

To get his attention Jones hissed at the bartender then led the Morrison's through a wide arch to the rear terrace where he directed them to a nearby table set for six with a "reserved" sign on it. The same floor tile in the reception area and lounge extended on to the terrace, and again overhead fans were slowly turning the hot afternoon air . The covered terrace was filled with tables, and ran the width of the building then made a ninety degree turn where it then occupied the side of the building overlooking the lawn and second building. A uniformed young Dominican waiter was busy setting the tables in preparation for dinner. Using mechanical clippers a gardener accompanied by a shirtless teenaged Dominican boy, was listlessly trimming the bushes which grew along the rail of the terrace. Down a few steps from the terrace was a large rectangular swimming pool. At one end of the pool was another bar with several stools, and a massive brick bar—b-que. On a small building at the rear of the bar was a sign:'Sauna'. Sunning themselves around the pool several topless women were reclining In chaise lounges; a half dozen men In the pool were playing volleyball.

Beyond the pool a large lawn with a badminton court sloped downward towards a high wall topped with barbed wire, half concealed by a hedge which ran along what appeared to be the edge of the property. When the Morrison's looked out beyond the wall they could see a large wooded area and beyond that the endless expanse of the sea. Jonesy, still shirtless and the Morrison's relaxed into the chairs, and the bartender displaying a bumping and grinding type of dance was quickly at the table to take their orders.

"This is Llndo, he can make you the best pinacolada in the world, 'seguro!, and he's probably the best bartender in Sosua." Marion and Jennifer ordered pinacolada, Walter, Jonesy and Jamie decided to stick with beer. Lindo disappeared, and minutes later reappeared with a tray of drinks. "Muchacho, (young man)," Jonesy called out to the gardeners assistant.

"Get the key for the owners suite at the front desk, get their bags out of the truck and take them upstairs

“Jennifer and Jamie, why don’t you go with him, get changed then and go for a swim while we talk some business?” Jamie and Jennifer didn’t need a second invitation. The boy approached, very hesitantly when he saw Maxwell, who was sprawled out, sleeping peacefully under the table. The twins, followed the boy from the terrace and minutes later returned in their bathing suits. With a loud whoop and a holler they cannon—balled into the pool right in the middle of the volleyball game.

“Sweinhunt stupid Yankees” two obese men wearing speedos shouted with thick German accents, waving their fists in the air.

“Oh geez, we’re sorry.” Jamie quickly apologized. Jonesy now called out to the gardener.

“Daniel, por favor, agua y metro” (water and meter).

“Jonesy, what’s going on?” Walter asked.

“Your first lesson in how things are done in the D.R. Walter; now that its dark he’ll siphon water from the Club Bella Vista pumping station.”

“They’ve got several stations that pump water up the hill, so every night we help ourselves to water for Hibiscus Heights. It’s the Dominican way, those who have, share, whether or not they even know they’re doing it. One of the stations is right behind us so every night Daniel just runs hoses from there to our cistern; it sure gives us cheap water. As for the meter, C.D.E. the electric company workers are through for the day, so he’ll pull the electric meter, and cross the posts, then you won’t be paying for electricity all night. It’s best on Fridays, then it’s free all weekend.”

“Yeah Jonesy, I know we’re in the D.R. and things are different here, but that’s still stealing Isn’t it?”

“Maybe so mate, but it’s the way things are done around here!” The gardener slowly ambled off leaving the Morrison’s with Jonesy to enjoy their drinks. Ten minutes later the gardener returned accompanied by an older Dominican man. They stood quietly beside Jonesy for a few seconds before Daniel spoke.

“Senor Jonesy esta necessito para propina” (it’s necessary for a bribe.)

“Oh yeah, Walter, this other dude is the water sereno (night watchman) for club Bella Vista. Every month you give him a hundred Peso bribe and he turns his back when you steal the water from them. It’s a great deal for you.” Walter reached into his pocket and pulled out a hundred Pesos, which the man quickly pocketed, then disappeared.

“Jonesy, is there anything in this country that doesn’t work with propinas?”

“Probably not Walter, but for us it’s a great way to do business.”

“Jonesy who are those women in the bar with the Germans, geez the way they’re dressed they look like prostitutes?”

“They’re long term residents mate. I’ve got fifteen rooms rented out in the annex over there to locals for 2500 Pesos per month.” With a wave of is hand he indicated the second building. “How they make a living isn’t my concern, and you’re going to find out in the hotel business you won’t care either.”

“That may well be Jonesy, but I didn’t bring my wife and kids three thousand miles down here to run a whore house!”

“When the light is lit, we’re on street electricity, so if the “planta”(generator) is running and street electricity comes back,the light comes on and we know to shut down the generator.” For the next couple of hours they talked, enjoying their drinks and watching

Jamie and Jennifer playing in the pool. Maxwell finally enjoying freedom was having a great time chasing butterflies terrorizing the gardener and barking at the twins in the pool. Jonesy explained that at the moment there were two bartender/waiters, a chef, two cooks, one gardener, a young boy who did odd jobs, one receptionist; and a sereno, plus himself employed at Hibiscus Heights.

Most of the staff earned 900 Pesos monthly; the cooks and Lindo, the head bartender got 1500 Pesos, plus they all shared in the tips. For their money they all worked forty—eight hours weekly. Of course Jonesy as the manager, and the chef , made much more, 5,000 Pesos per month plus room and board, (full comp) as he put it, plus bar privileges.

"Jonesy, that's below the minimum rate isn't it?" Walter asked.

"Yeah, but not really, by the time you add in their tips and even if you screw them a bit on the service charges which are added to every bill they're o.k., they'll be over the minimum; not only that, if someone's not working out, make sure you get rid of them before their first three months is up or you'll have to pay severance, part of their Christmas bonus and God knows what else. Believe me they know the labor laws inside out.

"Never pay more than the going rate; if you do, they'll figure you're weak and take advantage of you." Jonesy explained that there were thirty—six rooms in the annex; another thirteen, one of which was his and another for the chef , plus the owners suite were on the second floor of the main building. About seven o'clock Jennifer and Jamie rejoined them at their table and the terrace started to fill with guests arriving for dinner. Maxwell had taken up what appeared to be his new favorite spot, under the table at Walters feet.

Kerosene lanterns were lit and placed on each table; pool lights glimmered, and deck lights around the pool were glowing; tree toads were singing. The music was quiet and romantic, the emphasis now on calypso and typical West Indies tunes. As is common in the tropics the sun had disappeared quickly in the West behind Mount Isabella , and the pitch black sky was lit by a myriad of stars and a full moon. For the Morrison's, their first evening in the Dominican Republic was picture perfect.

"I've taken the liberty of ordering a bottle of champagne to celebrate your first evening at Hibiscus Heights Walter". Jonesy casually mentioned.

"Gee Jonesy that's very thoughtful, we might as well do it up big tonight."

"No sweat mate it's on your tab anyhow.." A waiter introduced as Alex brought the Morrison's menus printed in German and English offering a variety of choices. I've got you a great chef Walter his name's Michael Crowfoot, a Canuck who can cook circles around anyone in Sosua, you're going to be impressed!" At that moment Lindo arrived with a bill for the drinks.

"La quenta"(the bill) Senor" Walter signed the bill noting that Jonesy's drinks were also on his tab, and went back to perusing the menu. Each of the Morrison's ordered "mero" (sea bass) which Jonesy recommended. Five minutes after Alec took their dinner order he returned with champagne and a cooler which he set up with a great deal of theatrics beside the Morrison family. He then proceeded to pour glasses for all, waited for Walter to give his approval although Walter didn't know a bad one from a good one, he nodded in approval. Alex then quietly disappeared into the bar. Jamie and Jennifer couldn't resist expressing their satisfaction.

MICHAEL CROWFOOT

This sure ain't going to be too tough to take Pop."

"Jamie's right Daddy, I love It; what took us so long to do this ?" Jennifer agreed nodding her head. for the next few minutes the Morrison's sat with Jonesy making small talk. A half hour later they were starting to get a little edgy. Other diners were getting their dinners although the Morrison's had ordered much earlier. Suddenly they heard a loud commotion coming from the bar. Just as they turned towards the noise, a big baldheaded white man dressed In a filthy t—shirt and equally filthy white pants came bursting through the door, half carrying, half dragging a little Dominican man by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his pants.

He dragged the smaller man down the steps from the terrace, then threw him head first into the pool; following him Into the pool with his own momentum. They re-surfaced, arms flailing at each other without connecting, spewing and spluttering, cursing each other in English and Spanish.

"God damned stupid Dominicans, this idiot was supposed to buy the fish today, and he forgot! The asshole forgot!"

"No Senor Crowfoot, I no forget, you tell me no fish today, you tell me fish manana, seguro!" Every tourist on the terrace, plus it seemed every Dominican in the neighborhood was lining the rail watching the display with their mouths open. Jonesy and Jamie were on their feet separating the two combatants, who were still vehemently cursing each other. Maxwell, seeing Jamie upset, was barking and growling at both men.

"No problemo." (no problem), Jonesy said as he tried to calm the situation down. "Michael meet the new owners, and Pedro, you might as well go home, you're not going to be any good for us tonight."

"Senor Jonesy, por favor I still work for you Si?"

"Si Pedro, but come back manana, O.K.?" With that, the little man quickly disappeared into the bar, shaking his fist at Crowfoot and cursing all 'gringos' In general and gringo chefs in particular. Michael Crowfoot shook hands with each of the Morrison's, pausing to look at Jennifer with what Walter perceived as being a rather long time. As they were introduced Walter thought to himself that Michael Crowfoot was without a doubt the dirtiest man he had ever met in his life. Crowfoot wore a white tee-shirt and pants which were filthy, completely soiled with food stains and what looked like motor oil. His breath reeked of rum and a distinct body odor hung over the man offending the senses of anyone who came Into contact with him. His fingernails were caked with dirt and it was obvious he hadn't shaved for days. Although he was wearing sandals, Walter could see the man's feet were filthy and caked with dirt. When he opened his mouth to talk, he displayed two uneven and broken rows of yellow teeth.

"Well, what'll you have now folks? since that Idiot didn't get the fish and the guests have cleaned us out of beef and chicken, how about hamburgs?" Michael Crowfoot hissed at the waiter. "Alex get me a Presidente, muy rapido! (get me a beer fast)" The Morrison's looked at each other and rolled their eyes in disbelief at the conduct of this vulgar man
who was "The best chef In Sosua?" Marion leaned over to Walter and whispered in his ear.

"There's no way I'm going to eat anything that this guy touches, let's see if we can get a pizza!" Walter certainly had no problem with that.

"Jonesy forget the burgers can you order us a couple of large deluxe pizzas for delivery?"

"Sure mate, I'll get on the phone to Mama Mia, they've got the best pizza In Sosua, plus, we've got an account there; they'll send them up by moto-concho, probably take about fifteen minutes." With a shrug of his shoulders Michael Crowfoot disappeared into the bar arm in arm with one of the hooker types who had cruised up to the table and wrapped her arms around Crowfoot. Jonesy also went through the bar and returned a few minutes later to let the Morrison's know that the pizzas would soon be there. The evening returned to normal. Maxwell was lying peacefully at Walters feet under the table, happily munching on a mixture of scraps that Alex had brought from the kitchen. Walter and Marion joined the twins who were dancing with the guests by the pool. Finally after a long eventful day the Morrison's were relaxing in paradise and playing the part of Inn keepers. Walter bought several rounds for the guests enjoying the respect they showed for a hotel keeper In the West Indies. The whole family was enjoying the champagne, beer and pina coladas which Lindo kept serving up with a smile. It was almost another hour before pizza, the Morrison's first meal In paradise arrived. They were so famished they really didn't care.

"Pop this is a hoot, we come all the way to the Dominican Republic and here we are eating pizza just like at home. This wasn't really the plan was It?" Jamie offered his observation as he chomped on two pieces at the same time, pausing to take a swig on another beer. Walter was proud that in spite of all the setbacks that day his family was handling everything so well. They were all laughing, joking and making light of what had happened so far that day.

"Hey Walter." Jonesy said. "Come tomorrow we can take Inventory, I've got the forms. I'll show you around

the place and fill you In on how everything works."

"Tuesday we can go see Juan Martinez, the lawyer and get your lease finalized."

"Thanks Jonesy, sounds like a plan."

"Now, If you guys are ready, It's been a long day, I'll show you upstairs to your suite."

Jonesy didn't have to ask anyone twice. They got up and followed him through the bar where Lindo was still talking and keeping a group of German men and their lady friends well supplied with drinks. At reception, Jennnifer noticed there was no receptionist.

"Jonesy what happens if someone shows up and wants a room?"

"No problemo, the receptionist finished for the day at seven and the sereno knows where to find me, then I look after the registration." They followed Jonesy up the stairs, where he pointed out the owners suIte, opened the door and ushered them in.

"Here you are, hope you like it; if you need anything I'm In room forty—eight at the end of the hall."

"Tomorrow morning I'll meet you for breakie at nine and we can get started." The Morrison's were tnrllled , It was a three bedroom suite each with a double bed. There were two full baths, a combined living/dining room, an office area equipped with a desk, phone and adding machine. There was a ktchenette with a coffee perk and hot plate and a small bar frIdge loaded with rum. beer, sodas and other alcoholic beverages. On the dining room table was a beautiful arrangenment of fresh—cut flowers, a bowl of fruit and a small hand—lettered sign which read, "Welcome Walter, Marion and family." Each room was cooled by an overhead fan and the glass-less windows along the exterior wall had louvred shutters. From each bedroom and the living room there were doors leading to a common balcony which was actually the roof of the terrace overlooking the pool and lawn. The furniture throughout was tasteful and comfortable, truly suitable for the owners of Hibiscus Heights. Walter uncapped Presidentes for everyone, and lead the family out to their balcony. Although It was well past midnight and more than twenty—four hours had passed since anyone had had a good nights sleep, the adrenalin was pumping and sleep was the last thing on their minds.

For the next two hours the Morrison's sat on the balcony, talking and drinking, enjoying their privacy, knowing there would be many problems in the offing, but confident they were capable of handling anything which might come their way. Maxwell, prone at Walters feet, stirred only occasionally when any noise carried up to the balcony from the terrace below or from someone in the hallway. Finally, at about three in the morning, one by one they drifted off to bed. They all quickly passed out, no doubt fueled by the innumerable drinks, and total exhaustion, Unfortunately sleep was interrupted several times by the noise of confused roosters, who had no idea that they shouldn't start crowing until dawn; so by eight a.m. the Morrlsons were up and about dressed In shorts and tee shirts prepared for their new vocations.

THE MORRISON FAMILY , INNKEEPERS

At 8:30 the family trooped en masse down stairs where the same receptionist was sitting, again filing her nails, and made their way to the terrace where they took their places at their reserved table. Several tables were already occupied by guests, and two waiters were busy pouring coffee and taking breakfast orders. Minutes later , Jonesy came rushing in, puffing and panting,and joined them at their table. Marion, we've got a minor problem , Crowfoot didn't show up, can you cook breakfast this morning?"

"Sure Jonesy, why not?" Marion quickly got to her feet and folowed Jonesy through the bar, past two swinging doors into the kitchen. No sooner had she opened the fridge doors to check the stock, looked around the kitchen to acquaint herself with the facilities when the waiters started bringing In the orders for breakfast. Fortunately the brealkfast menu was basic, mostly for ham, eggs, or french toast, all of which Marion was quite

capable of preparing since she had cooked for the family since ever she had been married. Walter came charging into the kitchen.

"Jonesy, where the hell is that guy Michael Crowfoot? Walter demanded.

"Well, Walter let's find out." He led Walter through reception, and up to the second floor where he stopped at room forty—nine. Through the closed door they could hear the unmistakable sounds of people thrashing and moaning, engaged in love making. Walter banged on the door.

"Open the door damn it, Crowfoot open the god damned door, now!" At that precise moment the door was flung open, and the girithey had seen last night leaving the terrace with Crowfoot came barging out, topless holding a towel around her waist.

"Gringo bastard, you owe me 500 Pesos!" She screamed back into the room. Walter and Jonesy entered the room where Crowfoot was lying naked on the bed, an empty rum bottle beside him. In his lifetime Walter had never seen a hotel room in such disarray. It was a shambles; bed clothes were all over the place, empty rum and beer bottles,chicken bones and half-eaten pizza littered the floor and bed. One wall was completely covered with polaroid photographs of nude and seminude women. Walter who prided himself on self-control went crazy.

"Crowfoot you're fired, get your miserable ass out of here now!"

"Get wise jerk, you can't fire me, the place yet, right Jonesy?" you haven't even bought

"You heard the man Crowfoot, get the hell out of here now, or I'll throw you out right through the shutters!"

"What took you so long Pop?"

"Nothing, just a litle problem, nothing to get excited about."

"You're right problems is Walter, you know, a day in Sosua without day without sunshine." Jonesy offered. By this time, Marian and Jennifer had returned to the table, and everyone relaxed with a great breakfast, enjoying the perfect 85 degree day. Jonesy filled them in on the way things were done in Sosua.

"You collect 10 percent service charge and 8 percent tax on all your liquor and food sales."

"You divvy up the service charge among the staff according to the number of the hours they work, keeping a percentage for yourself. Any extra "propinas" that are left on the table by the patrons are divided up by the staff at the end of busines every day.

"Of course, this isn't Bermuda, the Krauts we get here are Eurotrash most of them just looking for sex and a change from Thailand. They're so damn cheap, they hardly ever leave anything extra, but most Yanks, although we're not a popular vacation destination for Americans yet are overly generous; trying to impress people, I guess."

"It's a good idea to take 10 percent right off the top to make up for glass and china breakage, and there's always a lot of that, believe you me mate."

"As far as the tax goes, no matter how much business you do just send in the same amount every month. The clerk at the town hail just wants to see some paper.

He doesn't give a damn what the amount is. At least when be gets the paper he keeps his job."

"It's best to keep three sets of books, a true one for government if they ever want unlikely, and an inflated set yourself, a low one for the to see records, which is very if you're trying to sell." With those words of wisdom and since the guests were staring to take up sunning positions at the pool, and the male guests had again began their volleyball game, Jonesy stood up,

"Well, pitter patter let's s get at 'er." Jonesy took the family to the kitchen, where they took inventory of absolutely everything.

"There's not much food, that's because we buy almost everything fresh every day.

There weren't a lot of appliances, only a fridge, a stove with a hose leading through a louvred window to two fifty pound propane tanks and a chest—style freezer. Next he led them to the laundry room where there were shelves loaded with linens and towels, an automatic washer and dryer. Back in reception Jonesy pointed out the telephone, which had a small padlock on the rotary dial.

"Make sure you always keep that locked, or you'll be getting long distance phone bills which will blow your mind."

"We've got a manual book keeping system, which I'll show you how to do, it's a snap. We run a daily bill for every room which we list every drink, meal or tour the guests take. At the end of the day, you add it up, enter the amount on the guests ledger, where you keep a running balance. We tell everyone that they have to clear their account every Monday, that way they don't get too far ahead of us. The next morning while they're at breakfast, you can put their copy of the days charges under their door, and on the bill put their total to date, very simple huh?" A few guests were lined up at reception and Jennifer asked Jonesy what was going on.

"They're changing money and booking tours. Right now we're paying 11~ Pesos per American dollar. This afternoon I'll call Samuel, a money changer I know and he'll come up later and pay me 13 per dollar; easiest money you'll ever make darlin." We sell all kinds of tours and make 20% on them. Again it's easy money with no hassle, and you know the motorcycles and "Pasolas" (motor scooters) out front, we rent them out for Hefty Moto in town and get 10% for doing that too."

"There ain't nothing you do around here without charging for doing it, best to remember that!" Next they went into the bar, where Lindo was already pouring drinks for thirsty guests.

"Give us all a Presidente Lindo, I think Walter's tongue is already hanging out." Jennifer and Marion left to take in the rays around the swimming pool. Jonesy, Walter and Jamie then proceeded to take inventory in both bars. It consisted of mostly rum and beer plus a few assorted spirits which Jonesy explained appealed to the Germans.

"Make sure you take stock and balance every day or else like any other bar in the world, they'll steal you blind."

"They'll pour doubles for their buddies or even worse not even mark them down and just give it away."

"We use a three second pour which means you don't use a shot glass but ,when you're pouring into the glass you count to three and that should give about 1~ ounces each time"

"There's a book behind the bar which tells you how to mix thousands of drinks, but Lindo knows most of them, and he'll teach you all you have to know."

"On Monday the beer traveller comes and takes your order for the week.

"Um ,when you're pouring into the glass you count to three and that Should give about 1 Ounces each time"

"There's a book behind the bar which tells you how to mix thousands of drinks, but don't worry, Lindo knows most of them, and he'll teach you all you have to know."

"On Mondays the beer traveller comes and takes your order for the week.

"Make sure you order lots of beer and try to stock up during the summer and at Christmas, because that's when there's always a shortage, and if you run out you've really got problems. From the bar the three men proceeded to the generator shed, (the planta) where Jonesy showed them how to switch from street power to generator when the electricity went off.

"We could put this on automatic, but that's too expensive. We guarantee the guests that we'll have electricity when they get up up in the morning and from four till six in the evening, so that they can see if they're getting ready to go out. The rest of he time if the lights go out, that's tough this ain't no Hilton!

"That scooter there," be said pointing to a tired looking Honda motor scooter leaning against one wall , "belongs to the hotel for doing errands, you should have some fun with it Jamie."

"Jonesy, I sent Gerard $2,000.OO U.S. for a Jimmy truck, do you know where that truck is?" Walter asked. He wasn't really sure that he wanted to hear the answer.

"Walter, an expression you're going to hear a lot of is, "Sue me in Sosua"; this might be your first experience with that kind of thing. The only truck I know of is that old shit box I picked you up in. Gerard did say something about having a line on a truck he'd like to buy, best you ask the lawyer about that when you see him on Tuesday." Jonesy answered with a shrug of his shoulders. From the shed he led them down the path to the annex, Pointing out the different tropical flowers and bushes, hibiscus, magnolia, frangipani, bougainvillea, and others which flourished throughout the property.

Next they started going through the rooms of the annex, taking inventory as they checked each room.. Each bedroom was identical; a double bed, table, two chairs, a combination closet with shelves, a lamp, several candles and waste basket. On the balconies were a small polyurethane tables and two chairs. In each room was a walk in shower. Every roll of toilet tissue, every light bulb, every coat hanger was recorded, nothing was missed. Walter felt that the list was a little overdone, but decided to say nothing to Jonesy. Each bathroom had several signs printed in English and German: deposit toilet paper in waste basket not the toilet." Bottled water available at bar: 10 pesos." the back of the bathroom door a sign said: or your complete satisfaction and pleasure see Rita at front desk for total body massage the way YOU like it, ices and treatments to suit everyone."

"Jonesy," Walter asked, "Tell me about Rita." Walter, I knew you'd notice her, fantastic boobs eh, she's there mostly for decoration, her office skills aren't worth a damn, but she gives the best head in Sosua, and best of all, she'll do you for nothing, Jamie too, if he wants her."

"I think I'll pass on that one Jonesy, I'm happily married you know, and I want to stay that way, as for Jamie, I think he probably would prefer meeting another girl who isn't a pro.

"Sure you are mate, but this is Sosua, and everything and anything can and does happen here, as far as Jamie goes, there isn't much of a sex life available around here for a young guy unless he pays for it!" Jamie mumbled something to the effect, "Well each to his own." From the ear to ear grin on Jamies face and the big wink he gave Jonesy, Jonesy knew that Jamie may not have agreed with his father, but was interested in Rita, one way or the other. When they toured the fifteen long term rooms there were no doubts left in Walter's mind about the occupants vocation. Judging from the frilly ladies underwear , packages of condoms and bottles of body lotion at least ten of the rooms were rented to prostitutes, however he chose to keep his thoughts to himself. After finishing the tour of the annex, Walter asked Jonesy.

"Jonesy, I thought there would be air conditioning, telephones and t.v.s, not only that, the water Isn't even hot.

"Look mate, like I said, this ain't no Hilton, we've got solar heat for the water, so at least the guests can get a lukewarm shower If they get up early enough; the overhead fans keep the rooms at a nice temperature 'cause there's always a breeze up here, and if they want to watch the telly they can go to the bar and spend some money. If they have to use the phone let them go to CODATEL in town, no problem eh?" They had walked about fifty feet towards the main building, when the

teenager who was the gardeners helper ran up to them.

"Senor Jonesy. muchos problemo, come quick." he blurted out, grabbing Jonesy's arm and pulling him towards the hotel entrance. As they followed him Walter noticed two green garden hoses leading from behind the generator shed past the guard house then disappearing over the edge of the lane into the bush. A four by four pickup truck was parked at the side of the lane. Ten feet into the bush, Daniel, the gardener, the water sereno and a light skinned well dressed Dominican holding a machete, were standing, arguing loudly , arms waving.

"Which one of you is the manager of Hibiscus Heights?" the well-dressed man demanded. The water sereno, Daniel and the teenager all turned and pointed at Walter. Jonesy said nothing.

"My name is Cryrano Guzman, I own Club Bella Vista, and I want to know what the hell you think you're doing stealing my water, I ought to put you in jail. **!"** With those words, he turned his back on Walter, lifted the machete high over his head and with one down stroke sliced the hoses in two.

"Look Cyrano, he just got here, he didn't know what was going on." Jonesy quickly said.
Walter extended his hand towards Guzman.

"Yes, I'm really sorry," Walter said apologetically, I'm Walter J. Morrison, this is my son Jamie, I guess we're your new neighbors. I absolutely guarantee you this will never happen again!"

"Make sure it doesn't, Morrison!" Guzman yelled. and the others followed Guzman in stunned silence his truck. Guzman got in, ground the gears and cloud of dust with wheels spinning, drove off down at break neck speed. Walter back to in the lane

"Daniel," Jonesy asked, "how much water have we got in our cistern?"

"About half, senor, maybe ~,OO() gallons, enough for three days."

"Get the water trucks up here as soon as possible; they hold what, 4,000 gallons each and cost about 100 Pesos a load?"

"Si Senor, usually 150 Pesos, but they are friends of mine, I am sure will only charge us 125 for the cleanest water from the river." For Walter it was all happening too fast. As they walked back to the hotel, he asked Jonesy

"Jonesy, nothing seems to be going right, first thing today I have to fire the chef, then I find out I've probably been screwed out of $2,000.00 for a truck. Then, I thought the water was looked after, shit, last night I gave that water sereno a bribe, then today there's no more water, what else can go wrong today?"

"Forget it mate," Jonesy said nonchalantly,"You have to see the lawyer about the truck, there's probably a simple explanation for that, as for the water, you just buy a few truckloads, then when Guzman forgotten about you, we go right back to the Dominican way of doing things. These are minor annoyances, things will be better manana!"

"No, manana possible seguro!" Jamie said. Even Walter had to chuckle.

'That's the spirit Jamie!" Jonesy said, giving Jamie a hearty slap on his back. Upstairs in the hotel they quickly finished the inventory, then headed out to the pool deck where they joined Marion and Jennifer who were sitting with Maxwell, waiting to hear what the men had been doing. Lindo quickly appeared to take their orders. As they waited for their drinks, Walter briefly explained what had occurred. He had no sooner started to explain when a very drunken Michael Crowfoot wearing the same filthy shirt and pants as the previous evening lurched up to the table.

"I want my pay, my severance and my Christmas bonus, Morrison, and I want it now!" He shouted at Walter, his nose inches from Walters face.

"You'll get your pay manana, the thirtieth of the month, the same as everyone else Crowfoot', as far as severance and bonus, forget it. " Jonesy replied.

"Don't give me that manana shit Jonesy." Crowfoot screamed. "I'm a Canadian, not just another Dominican peon you can screw! I know my rights!"

"Crowfoot I'm going to tell you once and only once.

"You've got no matricula, no residencia, therefore no rights period. Now get out of here before I throw you out."Jonesy said it so quietly that the others at the table could barely hear. Jonesy turned to Walter and Marion. "Matricula is the social insurance registration anyone who can legally work here gets, and course, residencia is an ex—Pats permission to live here. I know for a fact he doesn't have either one."

Suddenly, without warning, Crowfoot lunged at Jonesy, taking a vicious swing at his head. Showing extraordinary speed for a man of his size, Jonesy easily ducked, then effortlessly, picked Crowfoot up, hoisted him over his head, spun around a few times then heaved the giant of a man into the pool, bringing the volleyball game to an abrupt halt. Employees and guests who had congregated taking in the excitement, broke into a round of applause. When Crowfoot came up for air, Jonesy shouted at him.

"That's the closest you've been to a bath in months Crowfoot. I'll try and forget the swing you took at me, but for the good of your health go back to Canada.

"I know they take almost anyone there, but I doubt they'd want to take someone like you back, once they got rid of you in the first place, in any case get the hell out of Sosua, now! Tomorrow I'll deliver your belongings and any pay you've got coming to Sosua Office Services, now once and for all get the hell out!"

"You're another bastard I'll get Jonesy, you and your Yankee buddy, Morrison!" Spitting out the words, Crowfoot climbed slowly from the pool, water pouring from his clothes and shuffled quietly away, heading back onto the terrace then disappearing through the doors to the bar. A couple of minutes later they heard the sounds of a motorcycle being revved up and tires spinning on gravel. Maxwell who had been somewhat agitated by the scuffle and had been barking and running from one end of the pool to the other was again lying quietly at Walters feet. Jonesy, just what did you do before you ended up in Sosua? You certainly look like you know how to look after yourself." Marion asked, looking at Jonesy with new found respect.

"Luv I've done a lot; in another life down under, I taught floral design at a community college, waited table at a fancy country club ran a whore house and 1 was a professional wrestler, sort of like in your WWF; then when I wanted off the real world, I ran away from home, leaving my nagging wife and two kids who thought everyday was Christmas, plus a million debts, and a very unhappy income tax man. I signed on as a cook on a charter yacht then ended up here in Sosua, the center of the universe, but let me tell you luv, never believe what anyone here tells you, 'cause in Sosua you can be anyone you want to be, and most people will never know the difference."

"Senor Jonesy," Pedro, the little cook who had had the run in with Crowfoot the night before was standing at Jonesy's elbow. "Michael Crowfoot very bad man, we have taken collection from all employees, we have two hundred dollar American, enough dinero to make him dead."

"Gracias Pedro, not a bad thought but no gracias amigo." Marion, do you think you could take over as chef? It's very basic and I know Pedro will help you a lot, and so will I; it'll save you five thousand Pesos per month."

"Walter, what do you think?" Marion asked, knowing Walter wouldn't have any objections.

"Sure let's get at it, and figure out what we're 're all going to do." Walter answered.

"O.K., here's how some of this works. "Jonesy said. "Each morning you call El Bate supermarket with your order for the day, we've got an account there, and the owners a Canadian who gives us a discount. Pablo or the other cook takes the scooter down to pick up the order. It's best you get everything there because if you leave it up to Pablo, he'll buy the stuff from one of his buddies at another store, who will inflate the 'factura' (bill), then split the profit. This way he can't do that, and you just pay your account once a month. You've seen the menus, they're simple; lunch is always a bar—b—que at the pool, and naturally you can do whatever you chose for dinner, even offer only one choice each evening. You can post the entree on the notice board each morning where the guests

sign up if they want it; that way you really cut your waste and keep things simple. Remember the old saying, KISS, (Keep it simple stupid! Buy your liquor at Super Duper. They've got the best price and best selection in town.

" Same thing with hardware and stuff like that, always buy from Ferreteria Hardware store) Manual, we've got an account there and he gives us a discount." For the next few hours, they discussed who would do what, each, of the Morrison's ending up with several responsibilities which they felt would best suit their talents. Jennifer wanted to look after tours and entertainment since she could do most of the work pool side working on her tan. Jamie would be responsible for bar operations, which suited him just fine since most days he would be working in shorts or bathing suit at the pool bar. Marion was excited to be looking after the kitchen, and Walter would oversee the whole operation with Jonesy offering assistance when it was required.

Jennifer changed quickly into her bikini, one which Walter felt was far too revealing and within ten minutes a lineup of young German guests were eagerly booking tours and motorcycle rentals, at the same time enjoying the new scenery at the pool.

"My name is Thomas; this is my friend Carsten." a twenty five years old, said in halting English as he introduced himself to Jennifer. "We want to go out to Samana, at the east end of the island, so we need a 125 for two days Senorita."

"No problem. I need your passport and eight hundred Pesos,;you know there's no insurance, so if you damage or lose the bike, you have to pay for it."

"Make sure you don't take it on the your life." Jonesy added. boy and a truck, then bye, bye.

"We understand, we'll be careful." The German replied, handing over his money and papers. He signed the forms Jennifer had prepared with Jonesy's help, took the padlock and key Jennifer provided, and the two men quickly left to get their bike at the hotel entrance.

QUENTIN & FRANCISCO.

At about two o'clock, Walter and Jamie were alone at the bar. Jonesy and Jennifer were helping Marion in the kitchen, when a very dapper white man in his sixties accompanied by a teen—aged Dominican wearing only tattered shorts which revealed more than they concealed approached their table. The man, smartly dressed in a white shirt with a bow tie, white slacks, blue blazer, straw boater, and highly polished black boots reminded Walter of a Southern planter. Walter had to look twice at the boy. He couldn't remember ever seeing a young man quite so beautiful. He was about sixteen, 5'7", 140 lbs., his body muscular and perfectly defined. His two rows of perfect white teeth, long brown eyelashes and deep brown eyes on an unblemished coffee—colored complexion were framed by long brown hair which curled girlishly over his thin shoulders. Only the boys physique and a faint moustache gave any indication be was a boy, and the bulge in his pants.

"I'm Quentin Graham, the theater producer from London England; no doubt you've heard of me, this Is my ward Francisco. " He announced in an effeminate lisping voice, his hand limply outstretched, his other arm holding the boy closely at his side. When Walter showed no sign of recognition, he continued. "We're sort of like your American Batman and Robin, you know, I look after this young man, and he looks after me and he does so very well, thank you."

"Two frozen gin daiquiris, my good man." He said staring intensely at Jamie. The manner in which be made this pronouncement and his bearing left Walter and Jamie no doubt as to the relationship of the two visitors.

"Word on the street said there was a new boy in town who was great to look at, which was obviously only too true, I just wanted to see for myself." He said, again staring at Jamie. Seeing

Walter's angry red face and Jamies obvious discomfort, he quickly added.

"Oh don't worry old man, I'm afraid Jamie Is a little too long in the tooth for an old queer like me." Jamie if you had shown up here five or six years a~ you'd have to watch out, I'd definitely be interested, shit, I know Francisco is a beauty , I even saw you two looking at him. In fact he's almost too beautiful to be ~ boy, but he's even getting a little old for my taste now, although he is still in my will. Unless something drastic happens he's going to be well looked after!"

Jamie knew he was in good shape, and since he had spent four years doing competitive body building in high school and at the "Y" he was accustomed to people admiring his physique and looking at his body, in fact he enjoyed the attention, but this was the first time in his life another man had openly expressed an interest in him sexually, and he didn't know whether he should be flattered or insulted.

"I might stop by El Diablo some day, but anything else would be only in your wildest dreams, Mr. Graham." Jamie said to the man as politely but forcefully as he could.

"I've learned a long time ago never to knock something unless you've tried it Jamie, but no matter, I trust there's no offence taken, there's certainly none given, I like to lay my cards and my boys of course on the table at the very start, and after all this is Sosua! Hopefully we'll see each other soon."

"Two more for the road por favor."said Graham, holding the young Dominican tightly, one arm wrapped around the teenagers waist, his other hand resting against the young mans bare thigh. The Dominican said nothing, seemingly oblivious to Graham's attention. "I see Lindo's working for you, good choice, he was always one of my favorite boys." By now Walter was seething; he would have liked nothing more than to have punched this English fop but he said nothing, respecting the way Jamie had so adroitly handled the situation. Quentin Graham and Francisco quickly finished their drinks and got up to leave.

"Hasta manana"(until tomorrow). Walter and Jamie said at the same time, although neither really meant it.

"Seguro" said Graham winking slyly at Jamie; then, as they left, he discreetly gave Jamie a suggestive squeeze on his rear. Jamie said nothing to Walter about this last come—on, figuring the less said the better, and he was actually intrigued by this strange man who bad no qualms telling anyone who would listen about a lifestyle which would never be discussed in polite company back home in Oak Park.

Since it was nearing the four o'clock Happy hour, Marion, Jennifer and Jonesy rejoined them at the pool bar. The pool volleyball game had come to an end, the topless women who had been sunning themselves had covered up and every bar stool and table was occupied at both bars. Some guests were playing backgammon, others were enjoying the new music Jennifer was playing on the stereo. Walter, enjoying the roll of host bought rounds for the house, estimating that buying drinks for the thirty guests who were there would only cost him about five dollars, a small price to pay to win friends and influence people. Walter was also nonchalant and said nothing when he saw the resident hookers were again circulating among the male guests. When Walter mentioned what had occurred with Quentin Graham. Jonesy calmly said.

"Someday when the parents of his boy toys get a hold of that old "maricon" (queer) he's going to wake up dead, "seguro!" Jennifer couldn't resist giving Jamie a dig. "So much for fighting off the babes, Romeo, it looks to me like you're more popular with the men now." They kibitzed back and forth for the next hour before moving to their regular table on the terrace where on this first Saturday evening In paradise They enjoyed a delicious dinner of sea bass , prepared by the now respectful Pablo who was starting to feel that with Michael Crowfoot no longer in the picture, he might finally have some job security.

BOOK 3
The Raid

As the evening progressed, everyone finished their meals, then moved to the bar where Marion was pleasantly surprised by the number of guests who complimented her on the quality of the dinner. Several guests noted that prior to her arrival the quality had been horrendous. In the bar, the guests, both couples and single men with the ever present prostitutes started to dance, obviously enjoying the new tapes Jennifer was playing. Jonesy asked Marion to dance, an invitation she quickly accepted, appreciating Jonesy's interest in her. Shortly thereafter Walter politely cut in and joined in the dancing. When Walter and Marion saw Jamie locked in tight embrace, dancing cheek to cheek with Rita, both gave disapproving looks which Jamie ignored.

Although a little leery, Walter had always prided himself in believing he was broad minded, and not a racist, so he had no problem with his son enjoying the Dominican girl. However, when Jennifer started dancing with Lindo in the same suggestive manner, and she also ignored their icy stares, that was a different matter; he felt his blood curdling. It took him all his self—control not to approach Jennifer and put a stop to her dancing. Marion, sensing his discomfort, placed a restraining arm on his shoulder and mouthed the word "No." At about ten o'clock Jonesy stood up on his chair, then whistled into a microphone for attention.

"I'm sure," he announced, " you will be pleased to hear that tonight, Hibiscus Heights is offering live entertainment, direct from the United states of America, Freddy Anderson and the Rocky Mountain Boys." The crowd gave a big round of applause.

"These guys are really great, the best in Sosua." Jonesy whispered in Walter's ear. Five minutes later, three obviously drunk middle-aged men carrying guitars and amps entered the bar and joined Walter and Marion at their table, where Jonesy made the introductions.

"What part of the states are you from?" Walter asked Freddie, pleased, to meet another American.

"Hell, I'm no Yank, I'm from Oslo, Norway!" Freddie replied sarcastically. "It's just these god damned square heads think everything from America is great, so no point in bursting their little bubbles."

"We'll have double Cuba libres before we start, free drinks you know, are part of our contract!" It was another fifteen minutes before Freddie and his pals after downing more drinks at an alarming rate, and getting drunker by the minute, got into their act. This was further proven by their incredibly terrible singing and playing although the captive audience seemed to think they were listening to and watching the finest international act, roaring with laughter and applause whenever there was an opportunity to do so. At about eleven o'clock Walter heard a loud commotion from the reception area. A minute later a half dozen armed police came bursting into the bar, blowing whistles, shouting and waving their guns. The prostitutes were running in all directions trying desperately to leave the bar several were trying unsuccessfully to squeeze through the door to the terrace at the same time. The police began grabbing every woman who resembled a prostitute by their hair, their arms, their clothing, anything they could get their hands on, pulling them away from the German men who were desperately trying to hang on to them. The respectable guests, men and women, alike were staring at each other in disbelief, as were also the Morrison's. The prostitutes started screaming and clawing at the police, crying, as the police began pulling them out of the bar towards reception.

"Who is the '"patron" (employer)?" Demanded a big burly cop with gold braid on his hat and a gold cord through his shoulder epaulet, waving an automatic pistol.

"I am officer." Walter said tentatively. He raised his hand and gave the man a little wave.

"No problem mate," Jonesy whispered, "a little "propina" and this guy will be out of here pronto!"

"Senor," the man shouted at Walter, his face inches away, wagging his finger, "I am Colonel Diaz, the commandant of Sosua, these women are "putas" (prostitutes), and you are operating a bordello, which is not permitted."

"You are Americano, you come to Republica Dominicana, a very good country with very good Catholic people, and you operate a whore house. That is not permitted, you could go to jail."

"I am very sorry senor," Walter said loudly enough that all could hear, then he whispered quietly in the man's ear. "Please come outside, maybe I can make things O.K., for a man of your stature." The man quietly followed Walter out to the terrace. Walter reached into his pocket, pulled out a hundred dollar bill, he had been carrying for such an emergency and discreetly passed it to the man.

"Si Senor, no problemo." He said to Walter, nodding, a big smile on his face, as he put the bill in his pocket.

"We understand each other perfectly, we speak the same language, si?" If you have problemo again in Sosua, see me!" He gave Walter a snappy little salute, turned on his heel and walked quickly back into the bar.

"Vaminos, vaminos!" (let's go, let's go)! He hollered at the other police. Within seconds they filed out, leaving the guests to themselves. Minutes later the prostitutes drifted back in taking up the same places with the same men they had just left. Those that couldn't find their drinks ordered new ones, Freddy and the Mountain Boys picked up where they had left off, and everyone was behaving as if nothing had happened. To Walter and Marion, the whole episode seemed surreal.

"Geez Jonesy, what else can happen today?" Walter asked. "Just about everything that can go wrong, has gone wrong!" Walter had no more finished his sentence when the lights went out, plunging the bar into darkness. The music died and the blenders stopped. For a few minutes the bar was pitch black except for the glow of cigarettes, until Lindo found hurricane lanterns which he quickly passed around to each table.

"Walter," Jonesy said, "that could win the stupid question of the week contest. In Sosua you never ever ask a question like that! I'll be back in a flush, I'll go turn the 'Planta" (generator) on." Jonesy quickly hustled out of the bar, leaving Walter and Marion wondering just what they had got themselves into. Five minutes later, Jonesy was back, huffing and puffing.

"There's no god damned diesel fuel, that asshole gardener must have forgot to get it."

"What do we do now Jonesy? When do you think the power will come back?" Walter asked.

"That's two more stupid questions Walter, I'm no prophet, it might come back in an hour, it might be days, what the hell do you think we do?"

"We can't get fuel until tomorrow morning, all we can do is put these children to bed, and do the same thing ourselves." Jonesy didn't try to hide his irritation as he swept his hand around in a circular motion indicating everyone in the bar. Then, realizing he had been short with Walter, turned to him.

"Sorry mate," he said, "its been a rough day for all of us." It was then that Walter realized Freddie was standing beside him poking his arm.

"You owe us four thousand pesos Morrison, let's have it, we want to get out of here now!"

"What do you mean four thousand pesos, shit you only played for half an hour?" Walter asked incredulously.

"Look Morrison, we never got paid for our last gig here; Jonesy told us if we played tonight he'd make sure we'd get our back pay; because you ain't got no power sure ain't our fault!"
Walter turned to Jonesy, a questioning look on his face.

"He's right mate, but no sweat, when you officially take over it will be included in the adjustments."

"O.K., but I want a receipt right now." Walter pulled out a wad of pesos and wordlessly counted out the money to Freddy, promising himself that it would be the last time Freddy and the Rocky

Mountain Boys would entertain at Hibiscus Heights. Freddy scribbled a receipt on a paper napkin, handed it to Walter, and stuffed the money into his pocket. Then, without so much as a thank you Freddy and his band finished their drinks, gathered their equipment and left the bar. Realizing the evening was at an end the remaining guests disappeared, leaving only the Morrison's and Jonesy sitting in the darkness.

"Well dear, do you think it's going to be worth it?" Walter asked Marion.

"Who knows, time will tell." She answered softly.

"That Lindos kind of groovy, isn't he Daddy?"Jennifer added.

"I think Ritas got the hots for me Pop." Jamie said under his breath, knowing his parents were probably none too thrilled by his or Jennifer's choice in partners.

"Sure they are, let's talk about it tomorrow.

"Jonesy what about Freddy saying they hadn't been paid the last time they played Hibiscus Heights? Are there other people going to show up saying they're owed money?"

"Shit Walter, in a place like Sosua, whenever there's a new guy in town you're going to get all kinds of sharks coming out from their rocks looking for an easy buck, forget it!" Walter was so tired he didn't care to pursue the matter. All he wanted to do was to get to bed, close his eyes, and make it all go away. He finished his drink in one swallow, Then not caring if the electricity would ever come on, slowly headed for the owner's suite. The same as when he lost his job, Walter felt the weight of the world was on his shoulders and that he might not be able to carry the load. His family and Jonesy followed silently behind him.

Sunday morning after a reasonably good nights sleep, the result of complete exhaustion, Walter and family were up and about by seven, their batteries recharged, ready to take on the day. Power had returned sometime during the night, which they hoped was an omen that the day would be better than the previous. They followed Walter downstairs to reception. In the parking lot they could see Jonesy and Daniel unloading two twenty gallon containers from the pickup which they rolled to the "planta." No sooner had they taken their seats on the terrace where several guests were already enjoying breakfast, when Marion had to leave and return to the kitchen where she took charge of the cooks and waiters who were hustling back and forth

"Well," Jonesy said, "that's enough diesel to do us for a while. First thing this morning Daniel picked up forty gallons at the Texaco. You owe me the 995 pesos that I gave Daniel, but you can pay me later." Minutes later, Daniel came to the table.

"Agua esta aqui, esta necessito quatro ciento pesos por favor." (water is here, is necessary for four hundred pesos please). Walter reached into his pocket and pulled out his dwindling wad. He wondered if the drain on his pesos would ever end. On Saturday Jonesy had changed $2,000.00 into pesos for him, but without a doubt they were disappearing at an alarming rate. He followed Daniel back to the parking lot where hoses led from two leaking, rusty water trucks to a large uncapped down spout beside the "planta."

"Each truck holds 4,000 gallons Senor Walter, two more trucks come later." Daniel said.

"I thought it was only 125 pesos per truck load, not 200 pesos." Walter snapped at Daniel, very upset.

"Senor this water is much cleaner, from better part of the river, is best to pay a little more." Daniel answered without any apology.

"That down spout takes the water right into the cistern under the terrace beside the pool mate." Jonesy said. "It holds 30,000 gallons, so another couple of loads and we'll be just fine for a couple of days, then we'll tap back into Club Bella Vista."

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

As they stood watching the trucks unload, a taxi pulled up in a cloud of dust. Thomas and Carsten, the two Germans who had rented the motorcycle from Jennifer stumbled out. They were shirtless and shoeless, their bodies bruised and bloodied, their hair disheveled.

"We were robbed, early this morning, about fifty kilometers East of Sosua near Rio San Juan; they beat us up, they threatened to kill us!" Thomas blurted out in broken English.

"They stole our motorcycle, most of our clothes, our sneakers, our money, we're lucky to be alive. were going to die."

"Please pay the taxi driver, we have nothing, only a few Pesos in our room." Thomas was spilling out the words, his voice filled with terror. Walter paid the driver the four hundred Pesos he asked or did you file a police report?" Jonesy asked.

"Look," Jonesy said. "Why don't you all go to the bar and have a drink, you look like you need it, I'll ring up Manuel, he owns Hefty Moto, he'll have to come up and deal with this."
Walter and the two Germans, who were still shaking from their ordeal went to the terrace, where Walter asked Jamie to get them a large bottle of rum, ice, glasses and coke. Soon Jonesy joined them and ten minutes later, Manuel the owner of Hefty Moto sat down.

"Muchos problemos Senor. Que passe?" (many problems Sir, what happened?" he asked Thomas. Thomas excitedly explained the obese man in his thirties who a smirk on his pleasant face

"You are German, right? Which do you go back?" he asked situation to Manuel, and sat with a small grin, almost taking in all the details. What airline did you come on?

"Yes, we're German, we go back to Frankfort next Friday on CONDOR" Thomas answered with no hesitation.

"I'm afraid you cannot go home "that motorcycle was almost new, and you know there is no insurance; you must pay me 35,000 pesos for the bike before I can return your passport. If you do not have the money, you must get it from Germany, before you leave Dominican Republic!" The pleasant smiling face was now stern and unpleasant as he told all this to Thomas.

"It is necessary you do not leave Sosua. you must stay at Hibiscus Heights. You can get money sent by American Express and pick it up in Puerto Plata where I will allow you to go but only to get money."

"But I have a job in Germany, I must go back." Thomas answered, desperation in his voice. As they spoke Carsten sat quietly sobbing, saying nothing.

"That is not my problem." Manuel replied. His tone of voice left no doubt in Walters mind that he was very serious about getting the money from Thomas.

"Senor Walter you must keep your eye on these men, it is better they stay here, or they will go to jail,"seguro!" Although he felt he had been unavoidably dragged into a situation that was none of his concern, in no way did he want to see these young Germans go to jail.

"Yes, we will arrange for the money and stay here , since it Is alright with Herr Morrison, but I do not believe that motorcycle is worth 3,500 Pesos." , that is robbery again." Thomas said, but he was grateful in the knowledge he wouldn't be going to jail. "Do you think the police will catch those men?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no, for your sake I hope they do, but you must remember you are in Dominican Republic and all vehicles are very expensive here." Manuel said, then, indicating the conversation was over he finished his drink, stood, shook hands with everyone, turned and quickly left. The Germans realizing that they might just as well try and enjoy what had turned into 'the vacation In hell", in Sosua, went to their room, changed to bathing suits and returned shortly to enjoy the pool. Since it was a beautiful sunny day, Marion and Jennifer had joined them. Jennifer was

dressed in what Walter thought was the skimpiest bikini he had ever seen. Jennifer and Jamie put some rock and roll on the stereo and started doing their regular daily exercises. Walter and Marion were proud of the twins and enjoyed watching their children with their trim muscular bodies working out. Walter only wished that they were on a family vacation instead of having to try and run a business which seemed to be fraught with never ending obstacles.

Walter could see the twins were attracting admiring stares from the guests lounging around the pool, many of whom were soon following Jennifer in a spirited aerobic workout. In the group of spectators Walter could see Lindo staring hard at Jennifer and Rita watching Jamie with undisguised interest. Although tempted to tell them to get back to work, he decided to leave well enough alone, and said nothing. Walter was enjoying the dancing so much, he soon became lost in the beat of the music and the beauty of the moment. Finally, he was enjoying a few minutes when he could forget the problems of the last few days. Jonesy interrupted his pleasant thoughts.

"Walter you know Dominicans get paid on the fifteenth and the thirtieth. This Is the thirtieth so if you want, we might as well get It done."

PAY DAY & AIRPORT

Jonesy went to the hotel and minutes later he returned with the payroll records. Walter and Jonesy sat down behind the bar and laid out the book on a small table. As soon as the employees saw the book, they quickly formed a line at the front of the bar. One by one, Jonesy counted out their pay, having them sign for their wages in the book. Several who were unable to write, acknowledged receiving their wages by marking an "X"

"In America you take it for granted that most people know how to read, write, and do arithmetic mate, Jonesy said, "here In the third world, you're best to figure that most people can't." They passed the best part of an hour paying the employees, Jonesy explaining the system to Walter as they went along.

"What do you say we go to the airport and round up some stray tourists mate?" Tomorrow's a big turnover day, we might just as well try and fill a few rooms." Since Walter had no plans for that day or for that matter any other day, so he quickly agreed with Jonesy. At the airport Jonesy pulled into a "no parking zone" , near the arrivals door where a policeman promptly accosted them.

"No Senor Jonesy, you no park here, is reserved." he said a faint smile on his face.

"Sure it is amigo, it's reserved for me, right, now let's have a cervesa, Si? Jonesy gave the smiling policeman a hearty slap on the back.

"Si Senor, it is reserved for you, seguro!" The policeman followed Jonesy to a kiosk where Jonesy ordered four beers. He handed one to Walter, and another with twenty pesos to the policeman, who wiping perspiration from his brow, gratefully accepted the beer and the bribe, then turned his attention elsewhere. Walter followed Jonesy to the customs door. Jonesy handed the dozing guard a beer and ten pesos, then opened the door, casually walked by the guard, past the customs officials and the inspection tables directly to the baggage area. Here, he spied several young men on their own, their bags with "AIR ONLY" luggage tags. He approached each man and gave each the same spiel.

"HI mate, need a place to stay? Well listen here, I've got a great hotel, modern, close to the beach, beautiful women, easy sex, great food, and it's cheap, only $200.OOU.S. per week, single

or double. There's only a couple of rooms left at that price so you better grab them now!" In a few minutes Jonesy had eight single young Germans convinced that Hibiscus Heights was the only hotel they would be happy to stay at for their Sosua vacation. He herded them together, then leading the way constantly extolling the virtues of Hibiscus Heights he escorted them quickly through customs. He stopped for a minute to buy them beer, then led them to the pickup truck, where within minutes he had them loaded, bag and baggage in the back.

"Hasta nuega" (Until later) he called out, waving to the cop as he put the truck in gear and drove off In a cloud of dust, black smoke billowing from the trucks exhaust. Jonesy wasted no time returning to the hotel. At Hibiscus Heights he quickly ushered them to the pool bar and ordered Cuba libres for everyone. As they waited for their drinks, Jennifer checked them in, issued room keys, and collected the room rent for the upcoming week.

"Once you get them interested, you get them the hell out of the airport and over here real fast before they change their little minds or someone else talks to them."Jonesy said to Walter.

"I didn't tell them about the taxes and service charge, that gives you another 23% and it can wait until they check out. If they want to argue about it, which experience shows they won't, they can do it then." Jonesy whispered to Walter.

"Don't worry about the free drinks." he continued "We'll add a few extra to their bills every day, they'll never remember how many they have, that way we can screw them a bit, it's the Sosua way." Walter wasn't so sure he favored Jonesy's way of doing business, but when he saw the Germans ordering and reordering drinks, getting drunk and into a party mood he kept quiet. Once he officially took over the hotel he would start making changes to the way the business was operated.

"Walter, for the next few weeks, I think it would be a good idea that we go to the airport every afternoon; we might find some stray Germans . If we get there before the flights arrive, we can always slug back a few Presidentes in the lounge. There's also some good news I didn't tell you about." Jonesy was still whispering to Walter, as if this was all top secret."'Tours in Paradise', the German wholesaler are going to start sending us people the first of next month, a full four months ahead of schedule, not only that, they've increased to twenty rooms per week.

Walter was flabbergasted, finally right out of the blue, there was some good news, For the Morrison's , the remainder of the afternoon was exactly what they had assumed the good life in the West Indies for ex—Patriots would entail. They enjoyed the pool, worked on their tans, and kibitzed with the German men who were playing the never ending water volleyball game or playing backgammon beside the pool. Jennifer sold a few tours, rented scooters and motorcycles and changed some marks. They had a minor disagreement with Jennifer when unobserved, took her top off, but after a quiet discussion without too much fuss she put it back on. Jamie was experimenting with the blenders concocting several different varieties of tropical drinks and Marion who had decided to keep the same menus as before, since they appealed to their international clientele, worked on her orders, while Walter, with Jonesy's help concentrated on questions he would have for the lawyer on Tuesday.

There were only two very minor interruptions that afternoon, the first when the electricity went off for about three hours, however since it was afternoon and following Jonesy's suggestion, Walter did not turn on the generator, the second was when Daniel approached Walter and asked for another 400 Pesos to pay for two more water trucks. Without a word Walter reached into his

pocket and gave him the Pesos, reminding him to return with a 'factura' (receipt). Although Walter had only been a resident of Sosua since Friday, he was beginning to accept that in Sosua it looked like there would no doubt never be an end to paying and paying. At dinner that evening Jonesy said to Walter. "Well mate, tomorrow is D Day, I hope you're going to be ready for It."

"I'll take you, and Jamie down to meet Donna Douglas at Sosua Office Services. She'll, get you signed up for mail service. She's also the welcoming committee for every new man In town."

"Do tell Jonesy." Marion had overheard and was leaning over to Jonesy.

"No big deal *luv,* just something that has to be done, we'll see Donna after the beer salesman is here, them we'll make a run out to the airport."

"O.K. Jonesy, I trust you, I'm just a little leery of some of the shenanigans around here.

"No sweat darlin' I'll get him back to you in one piece." With those words of comfort the Morrison's relaxed and enjoyed the rest of the evening, looking forward to the next day, the start of their first full week in Sosua. That morning, about 9a.m. Walter, Jamie and Jonesy were enjoying breakfast on the terrace. Pedro, the cook hadn't shown up for work so Marion and Jennifer were king non—stop in the kitchen. An exceptionally well dressed Dominican man in his forties came from the bar approached their table, his hand extended in greeting to Jonesy. Jonesy stood up, shook hands then introduced him Walter and Jamie.

"Sorry Senor Jonesy, I can only give you twenty—five, and to get them you must buy ten cases of Bohemia; it is summer and there is a shortage of Presidente right now!"

"You must be joking Alexis, we're old chums and you know as well as I do Bohemia is donkey piss, and nobody wants it!"

"Look Jonesy for old times sake and a little propina of shall we say 500 Pesos I can maybe get you thirty—five Presidente, and we can forget the Bohemia.". O.K. Alexis, but just 'cause we need it so bad; Walter give the man 500 Pesos." Walter slowly reached into his pocket, pulled out his wad of Pesos and counted out the bribe to Alexis, who shook Walter's hand, then casually pocketed the money. Without another word Alexis pulled out a pocket calculator, figured out the amount, and quickly wrote up the order,

"The truck should be here sometime this week, I don't know when, make sure you give the driver the cash,8,225 Pesos, no checks. Jonesy, you must remember what happened the last time we took a check from Hibiscus Heights?" With those words, Alexis the beer salesman 'Extrordinaire' turned and was gone.

"Christ Jonesy that's some salesman, I can't believe it, it's like we almost have to beg them to sell us beer. Hell, it's only 9:30 and already someone's here with his hand out."

"No big deal mate, an old friend used to say, a day in Sosua without problems is like a day without sunshine. We'll do the check—outs, take in some cash, then in a few minutes we'll go down and meet Donna; she's going to make you feel better, and that's seguro!" For the next hour

Jonesy and Walter checked out guests who were returning home, and collected what was owed for bar and dining tabs. They also collected the taxes and service charges which Jonesy had said would be paid on checkout. Walter was surprised to see that Jonesy had been right, no one objected to the hidden charges, or challenged the accuracy of their bar tabs.

"See what I mean mate, the assholes we get drink and party so much they haven't got a clue what their bills should come to."

"They're just fortunate they stayed here, other places would really stick it to them, at least here, it's just a few Bob!" After the tourists, came the long term residents who were bringing their accounts up to date. One by one the "putas"(prostitutes) paid their room rents for the upcoming month. Walter had increased their rent to 3,500 Pesos per month, feeling that especially after the police raid he was entitled to increased compensation for operating a whore house. None of the women complained, in fact Rita, the masseuse, gave Walter a sly smile and a little grope as she handed him her money.

"Come and see me Senor Walter, room seven your lucky number, I make you feel good all over." Rita said, fluttering her eyelids at Walter. Her gestures didn't escape Jonesy's attention.

"I told you so, didn't I mate; if you want her, she's yours all you have to do is ask, hell, Jamies probably already been there, it's sort of like being a little kid in a candy shop with lots of money, you know you shouldn't eat them all, but it's there if you want it, right Jamie?" Jamie, who had been quietly standing to one side watching the checkout didn't answer, but the way he turned his head and avoided eye contact gave Walter the feeling that Jonesy was probably right.
"Anyway." Jonesy continued. "Let's get Into town, I've got Crowfoots rags and his last pay. We'll drop them off at Sosua Office Services."

"Make sure you bring your return tickets too, we'll put a notice up at S.0.S, Some homesick Canucks might want to go to Toronto, although God knows why anyone would ever want to go to that frigid place; you might get some of your money back."

"I'll take the "passola"(scooter), Pop, that way I can take a cruise around town while you're at the office, O.K?"

"THE DONNA"

In Sosua, Jonesy and Jamie who had followed on the scooter parked with a half dozen other trucks and motorcycles in front of Tijuana. Although not yet noon, several men and women, locals and tourists alike were sitting at the tables enjoying drinks, one of whom was Quentin Graham. Jonesy indicated to Walter and Jamie where to sit, then introduced Walter and Jamie to Donna Douglas and Juanito Ramirez who were sitting with Graham.

"You are a cute one aren't you? Close friends call me "The Donna", and you can too, handsome." Donna said, looking at Walter.

"I prefer the younger version myself." Quentin lisped. His inflection and tone and the way he was staring at Jamie left no doubt as to what he meant.

"1 like them with a little hair on their chests and a lot more experience Quentin, not like those little boys, that you find so great."

"Give it a rest you guys, does anyone know a good cook who needs a job?" Jonesy interrupted, irritated by their conversation. "Pedro didn't show up for work this morning."

"That's because the little asshole is in jail Jonesy." Donna said. "Someone tried to take Michael Crowfoot's head off with a baseball bat last night when he was riding his motorcycle out near Cabarets. I'm amazed it didn't happen long ago, he's such an asshole, lousy in the sack too, anyway, he's almost dead, the Canadian Consul shipped him back to Montreal on the first flight out this morning." Now Quentin spoke up. "Someone told the police they heard Pedro threaten Crowfoot so the police put two and two together and threw him in jail, he's going be there for a long time, which is really too bad, he's such a nice boy, but he'll get ruined by those dreadful beasts in jail. I think I'll try and get him out then maybe I can do something for him, you know, like give him a good home."

"Sure, you'd give him a good home as long as the kid puts out for you, but this time Quentin you're out of luck. he's as straight as an arrow; he hates old "maricons" (queers) like you." Juanito who knew the sexual likes and dislikes of almost everyone in Sosua finally added his comments to the conversation. Jonesy looked at Walter, an amazed look on his face. "Looks like you saved yourself a few Pesos Walter, it sure don't sound like Michael Crowfoot will be back to pick up his pay." Jamie had heard enough, he was becoming increasingly uncomfortable with the conversation. He stood up and turned to everyone at the table. "Please excuse me," he said quietly. "I want to take a look around town."

"See you Wednesday at Hibiscus Heights. I hope you SCUBA." said Juanito.

"Yeah, I'm certified but I've never done an ocean dive.

"That's great, on Wednesdays, I give lessons to your guests, so we'll see each other. After the pool lesson you and I can go snorkeling out at Cabarets together, and some day we can do an ocean dive."

"I'll look forward to that Juanito. See you then."

"Don't be a stranger Jamie, and remember, you're the new kid in town and always welcome anytime at Casa Muchacho or El Diablo." Quentin Graham added, emphasizing the anytime. Jamie got up , shook hands with everyone, got on the scooter and raced off down the street towards the beach.

"Nice kid, but kind of touchy isn't he?" Juanito said to no one in particular.

"Just a new kid in Sosua, but he'll soon learn. I still say it's too bad he hadn't come down when he was a little younger." said Quentin Graham.

"Come on cowboy, let's go to my office and I'll show you the ropes." "The Donna" took Walter firmly by the arm and steered him across the street to Sosua Office Services. Sosua Office Services, S.O.S. as it was commonly known was located in a small house guarded by a yellow picket fence which enclosed a weed infested front yard containing what appeared to be an aged derelict car resting on four flat tires. As soon as they stepped onto the veranda Walter could hear a dog barking ferociously In the house. Donna produced a ring of keys from beneath her mumu fumbled through them., then ushered Walter into the office. The walls were vibrating with the beat of merengue being played on a radio at earsplitting volume. A miniature black poodle promptly attacked Walters ankles, latching onto one of them.

"Hey "muchacho" take off and play in traffic for half an hour , we need some privacy O.K?" Donna said to a shirtless, teenage boy, dozing in a large chair, giving his bare shoulder a gentle pinch. "When I want you, I'll ring your bell." The boy got up and walked out the door leaving Donna and Walter alone except for the dog which had finally let go of Walters ankle, and a huge black cat sleeping on the top of a television set.

"That was my executive assistant and business associate Ricardo, My attack cat is Nympho and this ferocious monster which tried to take your leg off is my guard dog Fifi.

"Now if you believe Ricardo is my assistant and business associate, you probably think you're going to make money at Hibiscus Heights."

"Well Donna, Gerard told me we would at least make a decent living, now, with everything that's gone on since we got here, I don't even know where Gerard is, and I'm starting to wonder about a lot of things."

"You and me both lover. I'd love to know where Fritzi, rather Gerard, is, so would a lot of other people around here. Last I heard he was back home in Holland or Germany, some place like that." That son of a bitch owes me over a thousand U.S. for helping him put a hotel deal together then he screwed off without paying ."

"As for making money in Sosua Walter, I'll tell you right now. If you want to leave Sosua with a million bucks, bring two, even then you'll most likely leave broke. Keep one thing in mind Walter, I like you, and I want to know you better. You're the first real man I've seen around here in a long time, and I do know my men. Most of the ones here are just pretty boys or drunks. I can make things a lot easier for you in more ways than one. I'm here for you, I'll help you any way I can."

"Donna I really don't know, but there's one thing I know We're here for better or for worse and with my wife and kid things have got to work out, they've just got to, and that's "seguro!"

"Walter here's the way my system works. You pay me twenty bucks a month, then you can send and receive up to three pounds a month of letters and packages to the U.S. using overnight courier to Miami. I can also do your legal translations, duplicating and other services which my years in Sosua will help you with. But the best things in life are free Walter, and I'm here for you whenever you want me!" Within seconds "The Donna" was out of her mumu and fumbling with Walters fly. 'Walter." She breathed in his ear.,"I told you I need a man like you, now I'll show you how badly I want you, how much you need me, and how good it can be for you."
Walter pushed her away and struggled to his feet, not believing he had met a woman like Donna Douglas. Before today these were women he had only read about or seen in the movies.

"Thanks Donna., He gasped. "But I can get all the loving I need at home, I'm not trying to offend you, but I'm really not interested."

"You're queer aren't you, that's it isn't it.?" Donna asked incredulously, not believing she had been rejected by this newcomer. At that moment they heard the front door slam shut and the dog started barking again. A voice called out from the office.

"Hello, anyone home?"

"Aw shit, why do people always interrupt at the wrong time?" Donna whispered in Walters ear. Walter breathed a sigh or relief, then pulled Donna up from the bed, and tried to help her back into the disheveled mumu. Walter did his best to straighten his clothes and smooth his hair. Donna seemed oblivious to any outward appearances of hanky panky. Straightening their clothes, they went back into the office, where a well dressed man of about forty years of age, was sitting smoking a cigarette and stroking the cat.

DAVID HAYES

"Hi," he said, with a friendly smile extending his hand to Walter,"I'm David Hayes."

"Christ, Donna turn that racket off will you?" He said pointing to the stereo. "You must be Walter, the new guy in town, I've heard about you."

"Sea View Cabanas, down on the waterfront is my place, I understand you've got a super wife working her butt off, why don't you bring her down to my restaurant Wednesday night for a great meal."

"honest to Christ, it's the best dining room in Sosua, and she probably needs the break. It's on

me of course, no strings attached. I'd look forward to meeting her too."

"Donna what the hell is going on with this great service you're supposed to offer? I know damn well a parcel was mailed to me a week ago in Miami and it's still not here!" Donna picked up a pile of packages on the desk, sifted quickly through them and handed one to David.

"Keep your shirt on David, here it is, it came in yesterday. Ricardo was supposed to deliver it today, but I guess he forgot." Donna turned her attention to Walter. "Walter if you want to sell your return tickets, put a notice up on the board, quite a few people want out this time of year, so you won't have any trouble getting a hundred bucks for each." Walter quickly scribbled a note offering the tickets for sale and pinned it to the notice board.

"Come on Walter, let's leave this working girl so that she can get on with whatever she does best, I'll buy you a beer at Tijuana." David put his arm around Walters shoulder and to Walters relief steered him out of the office.

"Well did she have time to rape you, or did I save you from a fate worse than death?" David said to Walter on the veranda.

"Yeah thanks David I guess in a manner of speaking you saved me. I'm no prude, but I've never met anyone like "The Donna". I don't think I can handle someone like that."

"Walter believe me there are lots of good people in Sosua, it just takes a while to find them." As they started back across the street, Walter saw Jamie heading their way on the scooter.

TRAFFIC VIOLATION

Just as they got to the street a white—helmeted policeman dashed out in front of the scooter his pistol in one hand, his other hand high, indicating for Jamie to stop. Jamie slammed on the brakes and slid to a stop inches from the cop.

"Que passe?" (What's happening)? Jamie asked.

"This street is one way." The cop said icily.

"But I'm only going one way." Jamie replied. He smiled his most innocent smile. Slowly, the cop circled the scooter looking it all over. He stopped at the rear and stared intently at the license plate.

"Your sticker is expired," he said, "I must arrest this passola and take it to jail." Jamie got off the scooter and looked at his father dumbfounded. Then, without any delay the cop hopped on the scooter and drove off towards the police station, leaving Walter, Jamie and David standing in the middle of the street, shaking their heads. All eyes in Tia Juana were watching, taking in the excitement. The three men rejoined Jonesy and the others at the table

"That's no big deal Walter." said David. "Donna can pick up the sticker in Puerto Plata, just give her the matricula" (papers) and she can get it; Jonesy you've got the matricula haven't you?"

"Gee I dunno David, it's probably in one of the boxes Gerard left in the office. For the next two hours they sat at Tijuana enjoying the Presidente. A steady parade of ex-Pats were coming and going, most of whom were picking up mail at 5.0.5, but stopping to meet their friends at the bar. They welcomed Walter ,as if he had lived there for years, bringing him into their conversations which revolved around local anecdotes and the problems of life in Sosua. Walter was thoroughly enjoying the camaraderie, he even found himself enjoying Quentin Graham who seemed to have a never ending repertoire of hilarious stories about life on the stage. For the first time since the Morrison's had arrived Walter was beginning to relax, and he realized just how drained he was from all the different problems he had encountered since arriving in the D.R.

He suddenly stood up. “Hey Pop there’s our scooter.” He d, pointing to the scooter being driven by a different down the street. Walter stood up and signaled for the to pull over.

“What the hell are you doing driving my passola?” Walter said. Illegal paesola Senor. El Commandant has sent me to k up his lunch at his house. You must see El Commandant get it back.” Realizing they wouldn’t get anywhere arguing with the cop, they returned to Tijuana and for the next few minutes, Walter and Jamie relaxed making small talk with David.

“Where are you from Walter?” David asked showing genuine interest.

“You’ve probably never heard of it David, it’s Oak Park, about sixty miles North of Detroit Michigan.”

“Heard of it, hell, I know it well, we were almost neighbors, I’m from London, Ontario, 120 miles East of Detroit.” For the second time in less than an hour Walter was knocked out.

“Geez David, talk about a small world, Marion was born in London, her sister lives in Toronto. She’s going to go crazy when I tell her, she won’t be able to wait until she meets you.
Walter felt a sense of relief. Here in what had seemed the very end of the world, he had chanced upon someone who shared a common background. It was the middle of the afternoon before Jonesy finally pried Walter and Jamie from their seats and got them on the way to the airport. Walter and David had agreed they would meet for dinner at Sea View Cabanas on Wednesday at eight. At the airport, it was the same routine as the previous day. They parked, paid a bribe to the same cop, who now gave Senor Walter and Senor Jamie as well as Senor Jonesy big smiles and handshakes. It was almost like they were long lost brothers. Since they had a few minutes before a flight was scheduled to arrive Jonesy took Walter and Jamie to a lounge overlooking the tarmac where they relaxed with a beer until they saw the German plane arrive and taxi to the gate.

Hastily they downed their beer and raced downstairs to Customs where Walter gave what appeared to be the customary ten Peso bribe to the man at the door and they took their places soliciting new arrivals who were waiting for their bags. With no hesitation Jamie quickly got into the swing of things enthusiastically approaching potential clients, chattering on as if this was second nature and he had been doing it for years. Within ten minutes they had four new guests for Hibiscus Heights. Everyone had Presidentes and they were en route to the hotel.

Minutes later they had just entered the highway to Sosua when what sounded like a gunshot rang out and the truck lurched crazily to the right. Jonesy fought with the wheel trying to keep the truck under control and on the road. The Germans in the rear were hanging on to the sides of the truck, yelling at Jonesy to stop. The pickup had sagged downward, and was now bumping along on the rim of the right front wheel. Passing Dominicans on motorcycles were laughing and hollering at Jonesy giving him the finger Fortunately about fifty yards down the road, was a service station and that was where Jonesy steered the truck and they came to a stop.

“That’s a break mate, we could have been in the ditch and there’s no AAA in the D.R.” he said to Walter

“Jesus Christ, that Daniel is supposed to look after these things.” He said angrily to Walter and Jamie. As Jonesy fumed and swore, the Dominican attendant walked slowly back to the garage. A few minutes later he returned with a bicycle pump, which he attached to the valve and laboriously started to pump.

“How come you’re not using your electric pump amigo?” Walter asked, impatient with the speed the man was working.

“No electricity, Senor. Is off for two hours.” It was another hour before the wheel was replaced, in the meantime Walter kept buying rounds of beer for the thirsty Germans who for the most part were putting up with the delay. In due course they were back on the road, arriving at the hotel by five o’clock. After getting the Germans settled in at the pool bar enjoying drinks, Marion turned to Walter.

“And just where the hell where have you been? Was Donna that good?” Marion demanded.

“You won’t believe me when I tell you dear.” Walter answered, surprised at the way the usually calm ,Marion had asked him.

“Well it’s been no picnic around here Walter, we ran out of water. Daniel had to go find the water trucks, which took him at least an hour. There’s been six truckloads delivered this afternoon, then . the electricity went off, and when it was off, one of the maids left the water taps turned on upstairs in the annex, so when the power came back and the water pump started, both floors got flooded out. They’re still mopping up the mess.”

“Then to top it all off, a power surge killed the answering machine and the adding machine!”

“Daniel has taken them to an electronics store to try and get them fixed. Now Walter tell me about your day!” The family was now sitting together enjoying a drink, and Walter couldn’t help giving a little laugh.

“I don’t know what’s worse, your day or mine, but here goes, then you tell me who wins the worse day award.” Walter filled Marion and Jennifer in on what had happened in Sosua. By the time he finished everyone was laughing so hard, the tears were rolling down their cheeks. Marion reached over and took Walters hand in hers.

“God Walter, I’m sorry about the Donna remark, you know if we ever lose our sense of humor we better get out of Sosua on the first plane.” In the evening Walter and his family enjoyed themselves, relaxing after dinner with a few drink at pool side. The music was mellow and calming, there were no upsetting distractions, and many of the guests who had become friends with the family stopped by to chat and socialize. Walter was relieved that Marian didn’t ask him about his meeting with Donna Douglas, and when he told Marion about David and their Wednesday dinner date she was thrilled.

“Maybe I know his family, London is a small town, everyone there knows everyone else.”

BOOK FOUR
NO PASSOLA

Tuesday morning Walter was up early, anxious to get into town and see the lawyer. By ten he and Jonesy were sitting at Tijuana although the appointment wasn't until noon. They had been there about half an hour when Walter saw another policeman drive by on his scooter. Walter felt his blood pressure rising. "Hang on Jonesy. I'm going over to the jail and see Colonel Diaz about this." Walter quickly walked over to the police station, where he met the Commandante in the gravel parking lot.

"Por favor Colonel Diaz, I have seen your men riding my scooter all over town. Can you tell me what's going on?" He asked politely. He hoped that he didn't appear too condescending, yet still respectful of the man in front of the other policemen who were coming and going. Colonel Diaz smiled at Walter and extended his hand. "Oh yes, Senor Morrison, I remember you, it was necessary that we arrest your passola, do you have the new sticker, and by the way, have you bought your tickets to the annual policeman's ball yet?"

"No I haven't bought the sticker yet. I'll do that today, and where do I buy the tickets? How much are they?"

"I have the tickets, they are 200 Pesos each. There are four of you, Si? So that will be 800 Pesos, it is best you pay me now, then I will do my best to get you your paesola returned . The dance is this Friday, at Casa Fiesta on the highway to Cabarete, I look forward to seeing you and your family there." Walter handed him the pesos grudgingly.

"Gracias amigo." the Colonel said smugly.

"Now when can I get my scooter back?"

"Manana possible seguro, as long as you have sticker." Walter cursed the colonel under his breath, put the tickets in his pocket, then walked back to Tijuana where he joined Quentin and Juanito who were sitting with Jonesy. Precisely at noon Jonesy and Walter presented themselves at the office of Juan Martinez "Abogado." The door was locked, so they waited outside the office for about a half hour. Walter was doing a slow burn with each passing minute. When he finished the boy turned to Walter.

"Is lunchtime until two, Senor, after that is siesta. Lawyer no return until maybe four o'clock, seguro." In unison Walter and Jonesy cursed Dominican work habits agreeing that with siestas and two hour lunches it was no wonder that although most Dominicans might not get ulcers it took at least two Dominicans to do the work of one North American. They walked the two blocks back to Tijuana figuring they might just as well pick up the mail at S.O.S. Although Walter was nervous about the prospect of fending off "The"Donna" again, they could at least put in the next couple of hours enjoying a few drinks rather than wait in the street for the lawyer to finish his lunch and siesta.

JUAN MARTINEZ

At four they wandered back to the office of Juan Martinez, only to find the door still locked. For the next few minutes they took turns banging and knocking on the door. At about 4:30 an overweight man of about forty dressed in a rumpled long—sleeved white shirt, crushed grey slacks, socks and sandals answered the door rubbing his eyes. His long black hair was greased

back in a ponytail, and a pencil-thin mustache graced his upper lip. To Walter he looked like the villain in an old movie.

"Buenos tardes"(good afternoon) Jonesy, and you must be Senor Morrison, I am Juan Martinez, I have been expecting you, welcome to Sosna." He shook Jonesy's hand then took Walter's hand and enthusiastically pumped it, a gratuitous smile on his face. He quickly ushered them into an inner office, where he indicated for Walter and Jonesy to sit down.

"I've brought a copy of the lease that Gerard sent me." Walter said handing the paper to Martinez. Martinez took a few seconds to scan the lease then handed it back to Walter.

"This means nothing to me, it is no good!" He said emphasizing the no good.

"How do you know it's no good, you hardly looked at it?" Walter asked.

"I don't have to go any further than the rxrst sentence. This is not In Spanish. All contracts in the Dominican Republic must be written In Spanish to be legal. I have a lease prepared for you to sign." He leafed through a pile of folders on his desk pulled some papers from one and handed them to Walter.

"The lease calls for a monthly rent of $6,000.OOU.S. and the security deposit Is $20,000.00."

"Senor Martinez, what the hell is going on here, I already sent Gerard $10,000.00 to cover first and last months rent, $2,000.00 for an '89 G.M. truck, 4,500.00 to apply for residence and the security deposit was supposed to be $15,000.00."

"Not only that, everything I sent him was "in trust."

"My dear man,"in trust" means nothing in Sosua, why I don't think Gerard even had a bank account. Surely you didn't trust Gerard Willems. I regret that I must tell you he he was a very bad man, and now that he has gone to Costa Rica, I have no idea when,or if he will ever return to Sosua."

"What the hell do you mean Costa Rica, I thought he was in Germany or Holland or God knows where in Europe, now you tell me Costa Rica!" Walter interrupted.

"I am sorry Senor, all he gave me was $5,000.00 to show you were interested, but no more. He told me you would pay everything else and finalize the terms when you arrived in Sosua. If you wish to remain at Hibiscus Heights, a very beautiful property, I have negotiated a favorable lease for you with Senor Tuba Taylor and Senor Johnny Honda, the owners who I am sure Senor Jonesy will agree are two very reputable business men." Jonesy sat staring ahead, saying nothing.

"Now." the lawyer continued, "You must pay the security deposit plus first and last months rent subject to adjustments of course, or it is necesary you must in the very near future vacate the premises. I am afraid I know nothing about a 1989 truck, although, there is an old pickup that I see Senor Jonesy driving, and there is also a scooter that goes with the property. Both are included with the lease."

"Although I do have your applications for residencia, Gerard did not give me any payment for them, so I could do nothing. You should apply for residencia very soon so that Immigration who will be in Sosua next week does not deport you and your family. Senor Gonzalez the immigration inspector is a close friend of mine, and as long as I have the applications on file and you have paid me you will be safe."

"I will give you a very good price to handle the applications, only $3,000.00 for the four of you. My usual fee is $1,500.00 per person, but I can give you a volume discount and since my brother works at the presidential palace and is closely connected to the right authorities can guarantee that I will get your residencia done for you very fast."

"What about my option to buy, what about the first month free, what about the payments to be applied against the purchase price, my option to renew and what about the special mortgage rate?" Walter asked incredulously

"I know nothing about that Senor, and Gerard had no authority to make such promises, although I did give him permission to sign a deal, indeed a very good deal which Gerard worked hard to get with "Tours in Paradise", the German tour wholesaler. If you feel you have been not •been treated fairly, there is an old expression," Sue me in Sosua". Perhaps you should consider suing Gerard, a legal proceeding with which I could offer you some assistance." Other than what I have told you, I know nothing about his promises to you." Walter was livid. He felt like he had been hit by a ton of bricks. He got up to leave.

"Come on Jonesy, let's get the hell out of here. I know when I'm getting screwed, It looks to me like everyone in this God damned country is a crook, especially the lawyers." He looked directly at Juan Martinez."If I sit here much longer I'm liable to bust this one right smack in the mouth!" I need a few good stiff drinks. I got a lot of thinking to do." Juan Martinez stood up, still smiling. "Senor Morrison let me ask you a few questions." Martinez said calmly.

"If you had been dealing with someone in California who you met in a bar and had a few drinks with while you were on vacation five years ago, would you have sent him several thousand dollars?"

"Do you really think it sensible to believe a stranger when you are going to Invest in a business you know most likely nothing about in a foreign country about which you know even less?"

"Senor Morrison, I must have an answer from you by Friday at noon. Please return at that time with your wife and passports, and then you can sign the wholesale agreement and the lease."

"You know if you don't take Hibiscus Heights there are many other people interested." Juan Martinez called out as the furious Walter stormed out, Jonesy trailing silently behind.

"Yeah right!" Walter shouted back at Martinez so upset he could barely speak.

"Come on Jonesy I'll buy you a drink at Tijuana."Walter said quietly, unable to hide how miserable he felt.

A DONNA DOUGLAS WELCOME

At Tijuana Walter did a detour and crossed the street to Sosua Office Services.

"See you in a few minutes Jonesy, I want to check my mail and see "the Donna"for a few minutes."

"Take one off for me too mate."Jonesy called after Walter as Walter disappeared through the door of S.O.S. Neither the dog or cat stirred from their sleep when Walter walked in. Donna was working at her desk and casually looked up at Walter who was giving the dog an apprehensive look.

"Hi lover, you're not Dominican so you don't have to worry about the dog now that he knows you. I was looking forward to seeing you again, Ithought you'd be back, and really hoped you would be . Now I can give you a real Donna Douglas welcome." Donna purred. Walter felt her eyes undressing him. "We've got the place to ourselves, Ricardos off screwing some little German tourist, so time's awasting, let's go into my little love nest and get comfortable."
With no further talk, Donna took Walter by the arm. With her other hand feeling his crotch, she quickly guided him through the curtain into the bedroom. Within seconds she had slipped out of her mumu, pulled Walters shorts down to his ankles and had him lying naked on the unmade bed. Although Walter had offered no resistance, he was still amazed at the speed "The Donna" had got him into a situation he had never before encountered in his married life, and more important one

which he had always sworn he would avoid. Walter lay back and let Donna make fast and furious love to him. There was no doubt in Walters mind that she possessed a wealth of experience. To Walter it seemed that it was over as fast as it started. Five minutes after he walked into S.O.S. he got up from the bed and staggered into the bathroom shower where Donna joined him a minute later.

"God lover you good before!"

"Come on Donna

"Walter making got isn't work were good! I never had it so fast and so She said as she soaped his back. I just lay there, you did all the work.

"We'll have to make this a regular event, same time, same place. I guarantee that after a few minutes with me every day, you'll be ready to tackle anything!" Walter, a man who had never considered himself to be anything other than ordinary in the body or sexual activity department was impressed. Although his sexual experience with anyone other than Marion was zero, after the afternoon problems with the lawyer and the other obstacles which kept popping up on a daily basis, Donnas words made him feel like a million bucks. With Donna soaping and massaging him, he quickly finished his shower, and with Donnas help toweled himself off.

"Hasta manana big guy." Donna gasped blowing in his ear at the same time giving his crotch a playful squeeze.

"Hasta la vista baby." Walter replied trying to sound as sinister and sexy as he thought befitted the occasion. He finished his dalliance by giving "The Donna" a little peck on the cheek and with a spring in his step returned to Tijuana, where he joined Jonesy, David and the other regulars who were engaged in some heavy local gossip.

"Did she tell you she had never had it that good before?" David asked, loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Did she tell you it was a pleasure making love to a real man with a body like you've got?"Jonesy asked, emphasizing ""body"

"Did she ask you back same time, same place, tomorrow?" Juanito piped in.

"I feel left out." Quentin lisped sarcastically in his most feminine voice.

"Come on guys, enough already, give me a break." Walter said, getting a little agitated by their comments.

"O.K. Walter, it's just so that you know she ain't no virgin, and you've just been had by the busiest body in Sosua, except for Quentins of course." David said finishing the current drift of the conversation. It was only after a few minutes that the thought occurred to Walter that although he was enjoying the locker room talk, Sosua was such a small town, it would only be a matter of time before Marion would most likely hear about his errant afternoon. He tried to vindicate himself by telling himself that since it only lasted five or ten minutes it shouldn't really count as being a transgression, and after all this was Sosua.

"Great David, it's a date, Marion is really looking forward to it." With that, most of the movers and shakers of Sosua downed their drinks and stumbled into the street. To the ones who were driving or as Jamie occasionally put it aiming, Jonesy gave the same admonition.

"It's a good thing you're driving, you're too drunk to walk." in silence Walter and Jonesy drove back to Hibiscus Heights. As soon as they arrived Walter called his clan together for a meeting at their table on the terrace. Calmly and clearly he explained the situation. Marion reacted in her usual unperturbed way. "Well honey, lets face it, there's nothing for us back home right now. I've done some figuring, over the last few days, maybe we can pull this thing off. The meetings not until Friday. Maybe they'll negotiate, you know the way they do things down here"

"Yeah daddy, what he wants isn't much more than what Gerard said, maybe we can at least

make a living down here and we'll still be working together." Jennifer said with a smile.

"Yeah pop it doesn't really matter if we buy the joint. If we stay here we've got a great place to live. Michigan sucks, I really don't want go back there." Jamies comments were met with nods from everyone.

"Well you know there just doesn't seem be any end to what goes wrong in Sosua, but we're in this together; we have been since the start. Whatever you all decide is just fine by me." Walter said firmly, feeling an overwhelming pride in his family. Since it was Tuesday,the evening they had decided would be most suitable for the managers rum-punch party and steak barbeque, the family moved from the terrace to a table at pool side.

FIDELITO

Walters were busy setting the tables with linens, utensils and glassware; guests were congregating with drinks, the cook was getting the grills heated up when Quentin Graham carrying a video camera and an overnight bag came from the bar and approached Walter at his table. He was accompanied by a shoeless, and shirtless boy about twelve years old dressed only in ragged shorts. Walter recognized the boy as one of the shoeshine boys who hung around Tijuana. Walter introduced Graham to Marion and Jennifer who, although they had heard much about this strange man had never met him.

"Walter I need a room for a few hours, preferably room fourteen It's my favorite. This handsome young lad Is Fidelito. I'm grooming him to be a model, I need some privacy to do a photo shoot."

"Handsome young devil isn't he, almost too pretty to be a boy, but he's all boy I can attest to that. Do you mind ordering us a large deluxe pizza and sending Lindo over with it and a bottle of champagne when the pizza arrives? Thanks old man I appreciate it. I trust you'll give me the special hourly rate for locals." Walter almost gagged.

"Look Quentin I'll do it this time, but not again. I can't handle this kind of thing."

"Walter, you know something. You're too damn nice for this business, not only that this little cutey and his family should get down on their hands and knees and thank me for taking an interest. He'll spend a few hours with me and I'll give him more money than he and half his village ever dreamt about making in the next year, all because this kid looks like a million bucks."

"Believe me Walter this kid has absolutely no qualifications except his body to help him make a living. I'll show his pictures to a few of the right people and he'll be on the way to a future he never ever thought possible." Walter nodded reluctantly. Marion and Jennifer looked at Walter, a disgusted look on their faces. Walter went to the desk for the key. With misgivings he ordered the pizza, then returned to the terrace and gave the key to Quentin. As Quentin was leaving and he was beyond anyone's line of sight he again squeezed Jamies soft rear suggestively and gave him and Walter knowing winks. Walter was thinking about what had gone on with 'The Donna ' earlier that day and now it seemed he was unavoidably getting involved with child pornography. As Walter watched the aging pedophile and the young boy walk hand in hand down the path and disappear into the annex, he couldn't help asking himself.

Was it really possible that although he had lived in Sosua less than a week he had completely

lost the moral values he had believed in all his life ?“ Twenty minutes later, as Walter and the family were about to start dinner, the motoconcho arrived with the pizza from Mama Mia. Lindo and Jamie were busy running around trying to serve a large happy hour crowd. Jonesy had passed the word around town that this would be a great evening and everyone was welcome. Several tourists staying at other hotels in the area and a good crowd of ex—Pats had arrived at Hibiscus Heights looking forward to an enjoyable barbque and cocktail party. Walter was pleased to see Hibiscus Heights booming with activity. Since Lindo and Jamie were busy, catering to the thirsty crowd clamoring for drinks he decided he might as well pitch in and take the pizza and champagne to Quentin Graham. At room fourteen he gave a light knock on the door.

Walter opened the unlocked door and stepped into the darkened room. The louvers were closed and the only light came from a few flickering candles. When he looked at the bed he gasped. Stretched out on the bed wrapped in each others arms were Quentin Graham and Fidelito, both naked as the day they were born.

“I thought this was supposed to be a photo shoot!” Walter shouted at Graham who was doing his best to cover himself with a towel as the boy tried to extricate himself from Graham’s arms and legs.

“It is, and you sure aren’t Lindo. This is just a little bonus for my hard work. You can see how much Fidelito enjoys showing off his body to anyone who wants to look at him, and how unimportant this is to him, look, he isn’t even trying to cover himself up .“ Quentin Graham replied nonchalantly pointing to Fidelito who was now standing feet apart, hands on his hips, a pout on his face, staring defiantly at Walter.

“Walter you’re like all Yanks, bloody naive, you seem to think that you can save the world, and everything American is good, obviously you weren’t educated in a British boarding school.”

“Yeah thank God for that!” Walter angrily replied.

“Walter this is the third world. You can’t change everything to the American way. Sure, you can try and make things better for some people, but you just can’t make this a perfect world. This goes on in places like this. Fidelito has five older brothers who’ve used him as a sex toy since he was five years old. He probably knows more about sex than you ever will. I know it seems strange to you, but in some ways I am helping him and his family to have a better life.”

“Si Senor, life in Dominican Republic is very hard, Senor Quentin is very good man, he help me and my family very much Senor. He promise that someday he take me to England and make me a movie star.” It was the first time Fidelito had spoken. To Walter it seemed the boy was almost pleading with Quentin to remember his promise.

“Do you really think that considering your screwing around with ‘the Donna’ you’re in any position to criticize my behavior?” Quentin asked.

“Come on Quentin that’s not even close.” Walter shot back

“Well if it’s not even close, then you’re not going to care if someone let’s it slip to Marion, right?” Quentin Graham said in his most feminine lisp.

As soon as Walter heard that lightly veiled threat coming from Graham, he knew he would be saying nothing to anyone about anyone’s sexual preferences in Sosua,

“O.K. Quentin, I guess in some ways you’re right. I’d rather not see this kind of thing.”

“Remember Walter, different strokes for different folks, don’t knock it if you haven’t tried it.” Quentin lisped again.

“Yes Senor, different strokes for different folks, is very good, you should try it sometime.” The boy added giving a little giggle.

“Not very God damned likely.” Walter said quietly as he put the pizza and champagne on the

table and quietly slipped out of the room. Slowly Walter walked back to the pool, mulling over what he had seen, and what Quentin Graham had said, not just about the boy, but he was very much concerned that Quentin might tell Marion about Donna Douglas. By the time he rejoined Marion, Jonesy and the twins at his table, he had decided that in all honesty he really had seen nothing. All he wanted to do right now was relax with his wife and family. He was starting to feel better and was determined not to let Quentin Graham ruin what was going to be the perfect evening for a beautiful party. It was a typical West Indies evening; a million stars, a full moon, the sweet aromas of tropical flowers waiting through the air and tree toads singing. Jonesy had done a great job promoting the event. Walter guessed that there were at least sixty guests and visitors singing and dancing which would guarantee a great night for the bar and restaurant. On every table kerosine lanterns glowed. The pace of the evening had picked up, as the resident prostitutes, visitors and guests were starting to enjoy the fine barbeque dinner, blenders were mixing drinks at full capacity and waiters, smartly dressed in white dinner jackets.

PARTY TIME

Jonesy had arranged local entertainment, two guitar players. who were strolling from table to table playing Spanish love songs.

"Walter," he gushed, "these guys are absolutely the best in Sosua, cheap too, only 300 pesos for the evening." Manuel, the owner of Hefty Moto Rental walked up to Walter, and shook his hand.

"Manuel, what are you doing here?" Walter asked, genuinely surprised to see the man.

"I want to keep an eye on Thomas and Carsten, the two boys who owe me 40,000 pesos for that motorcycle they lost." He said, staring at the two Germans who were dancing with two prostitutes.

"Last week you said they owed you 35,000 pesos Manuel, now you say 40,000, why the change?" Walter demanded. "Not only that, that's over $3,000U.S. A 125 isn't worth anywhere near that!"

"Senor we're both businessmen. You know I cannot rent out a moto that I don't have; this makes up for lost revenue, and motorcycles are much more expensive In the D.R., than in America. I also understand your paesola has been confiscated by the police. Because we are amigos, I will allow you to use one of mine at no charge, as long as you watch these Germans and make sure they do not leave the country without paying me." At that moment the Germans

looked over and Walter could see that they realized they were being watched. Abruptly they stopped dancing, turned, and with the two girls quickly left the pool deck, and headed for their rooms in the annex.

"Look Manuel," Walter said, "I don't want you to intimidate my guests."

"Senor you must realize that in this country there are many cheaters, we must always be on guard." Manuel replied curtly. Twenty minutes later Colonel Diaz dressed in civilian clothes walked up to Walter with a beautiful young girl clinging to his arm. It was obvious she was no more than fourteen, and just as obviously a prostitute. He gave Walter a smart salute and then shook hands.

"Ah Senor Morrison, so good to see you this evening, I would like my usual room, number fifteen, it is available yes? It is still my special price sixty pesos, si?"

"Why sure Colonel, it is available, but what about my passola?"
"Manana possible seguro! See me then, O.K?" Walter went to get the key. When he got back he whispered to Jonesy. "What the hell is going on in this town? She's only a kid!"

"Walter she's a Charamicos whore, I told you about Charamicos, they start real young over there, and the Colonel laces young. He comes here with a different girl every Tuesday. We give him a great rate, he's only here an hour or so, and it's sort of cheap insurance, you know damn well as long as he's here no ones going to raid us!" Walter nodded his head, agreeing with Jonesy. As they spoke, Quentin Graham and Fidelito, big smiles on their faces and holding hands, reappeared. They too, joined the group. The Colonel, Manuel and Graham went through the customary hand shaking, greeting each other like long lost brothers.

"Walter you're definitely a sweetie; you've been the perfect host, Fidelito and I will certainly be back, but I'm getting too old for all—nighters. I can't keep up with young sprouts like Fidelito here. Now, we must off, if you'll pardon the expression. Would you be kind enough to bring my 'cuenta' (bill) down to Tijuana tomorrow and we'll settle, O.K? Certainly a pleasure to see you again Colonel."

"The pleasure is all mine Senor Quentin." Replied the Colonel. He gave Quentin a big handshake, then turned his attention to Fidelito to whom he directed a playful slap on his rear end, bringing a little squeal from the boy. The group grew larger when at that moment Juan Martinez accompanied by another man joined them.

"I wanted to see how you were doing with Hibiscus Heights before I talked to Tuba Taylor and Johnny Honda to try and ;et you a better deal for your lease." Martinez said to !a 1 t e r.

"See I told you so honey, maybe we can negotiate."Marion said quietly, nudging Walter.

"I will definitely speak to the owners before Friday. I can see by the crowd here tonight that you know what you're doing, and after all, your success is their success." Juan Martinez said as the newcomers shook hands with everyone.

"Walter, meet Siren Svenson, he owns Tia Juana." Jonesy said as the man extended his hand to Walter.

"Very pleased to meet you Walter, I've been in the Capital for the last few days; I've heard good things about you. I hope you'll like Sosua, Juan is a hell of a lawyer, he's my lawyer too."

"I'm every one's lawyer." Martinez interjected.

"Yeah Juan you do tend to have a few conflicts of interest, but if Walter takes Hibiscus Heights, maybe I'll finally get the ten thousand pesos Tuba and Johnny Honda owe me for their tab, and here's a little tip Walter, don't give credit to locals, especially Colonels, lawyers and old fairy queens."

"Maybe to a Swedish mind I have a few conflicts amigo, but I save everyone money and, this is the Dominican Republic. You know I'm still the best lawyer in Sosua, and that's seguro!"
Sven turned to Quentin Graham. "Quentin where's Francisco these days, isn't he going to be a little upset when he hears you're catting around with this little kid?"

"He's a big boy now, I'm sure he can handle it." Quentin snapped. Walter and Marion were taking this exchange in, thoroughly enjoying the camaraderie and the fact that so many people from town had come to the barbeque. At that time, pleasantries finished, the Colonel clicked his heels, gave a little salute and with his girl friend hanging onto his arm headed towards room fifteen in the annex. Quentin, acting the perfect gentleman turned and bussed Marion and Jennifer. Then, he gave Jamie and Lindo, who were standing beside him quick grabs on their rear ends.

"Very nice Jamie, I like that." He said, giving Jamie a wink. He shook hands with Walter, and with Fidelito trailing behind went up the steps to the terrace and disappeared through the doors to the bar.

"Geez Lindo, can't that guy be anywhere near a guy without copping a feel?" Jamie asked. He was beginning to get irritated by the constant innuendo both in words and actions which accompanied Quentin Graham whenever they met.

"Ignore him Jamie, he's harmless, but he figures that every firm, good looking young guy is fair game for his wandering hands. He would never do that in England, but here where life is so hard, Dominican boys are used to guys like him, they're a peso a dozen. If we go with him it doesn't mean we're gay, it's just that sometimes for Dominican boys and other boys in third world countries it's the only way we can live. Once we get some money from these guys we can all sit around and laugh at them. We sure don't love them, although they might think so and that's seguro!" It was almost nine o'clock before the Morrison's and Jonesy sat down to enjoy a steak dinner which considering all the problems of the day, to Walter it was the best steak he had ever had the good fortune to enjoy. The days seemed to run so quickly from one into the next with no rest from problems. If something wasn't going wrong, wait ten minutes and sure enough other problems would be certain to show up. In spite of all this Walter was still enthusiastic about the possibilities of enjoying the good life in the D.R., and he knew Marion and the twins felt the same. Five minutes into his meal Walter looked up. To his amazement standing on the terrace, dressed in her standard mumu stood Donna Douglas staring at him. Walter felt faint, certain he would pass out due to the guilt plaguing him from his little fling. With no hesitation Donna approached the table, her hand extended to Marion.

THE DOOR CRASHER

"Welcome to Sosua, I've heard muchos good about you, Jonesy told me there would be a great party up here, so I figured I could kill two birds with one stone, or should I say three, I wanted to meet you; I've already met that gorgeous husband of yours, lucky you, he's quite the catch. I knew I could have a great meal and although you probably don't know it yet, Jonesy's a great lay, I figured he could be my dessert." The Donna said all this so off—handedly, it was as if talking about sex with a woman she had just met was the most natural subject on earth.

"I've heard a lot about you too Donna." Marion replied. She was shocked by this woman she had just met for the first time.

“Watch that woman she’s a shark.” Jennifer whispered in her mothers ear.

“Sure she is, but I haven’t been married to your father all these years honey without running into these tramps and learning a thing or two.” Without being asked “The Donna” pulled up a chair and joined the table. Lindo approached for her order.

“No thanks sweetie, I have to watch my girlish figure, just give me one of your patented pinacolada, in fact, save yourself a trip, bring me two and put them on Walters bill.” She said, dismissing him with a wave of her hand. When a slow dance started she got up, and much to Walters dismay pulled him to his feet and onto the dance floor.

“I just had to see you again lover.” She gasped in his ear. The smell of cheap perfume almost knocked him over. Fortunately Jonesy seeing Walters discomfort cut in, which saved Walter for the moment, but “the Donna” was not to be denied the feel of a Morrison man against her body. She quickly lost interest in Jonesy then pulled Jamie to his feet and out to a corner of the dance floor. Roughly, she pulled him to her body, holding him so tightly he could hardly breathe. Her breath reeked of rum, and he could feel the wetness of her body through the thin dress. As they danced she ground her hips slowly into Jamie, clinging like a glove. Making no effort at discretion, She groped his buttocks and chest, then grabbed his crotch and squeezed so hard, Jamie flinched.

“I thought so, a big boy, like father like son.” The obviously drunk Donna whispered, licking and flicking her tongue in and out of his ear. A German woman tapped Jamie on the shoulder.

“If you want to make love, why don’t you go somewhere private.” She said sarcastically.

“Yeah Jamie let’s go where we can be alone.” Donna gasped in Jamie’s ear. That was enough for Jamie. He pulled himself loose from her grasp and returned to the table, where Rita and Lindo had joined the group.

“I’m glad you got away from that witch Jamie,” Rita cooed in Jamie’s ear, her hand stroking his bare thigh, “now we can spend some time together, I’ll show you what a Dominican woman can do for a man.” Jamie was no prude, but he had never met women like “the Donna” or Rita before. In one way he liked the attention, however he was embarrassed by their overt physical actions in front of other people, particularly his parents.

“That broad almost raped me; she’s enough to turn a guy off women for ever.” He said quietly to his father.

“Walter can’t you get that woman out of here?” Marion whispered. Walter had also witnessed the entire episode, but he was also aware of Rita’s wandering hands on Jamie’s leg. “Which woman are you talking about Marion?” He asked innocently.

“That over—sexed bimbo, “the Donna’!” She snapped, pointing at Donna who had moved her attention to Jonesy.

“Jonesy,” Walter said, “can you please do something with Donna, she’s just too much!” I don’t ever want to see that woman again at Hibiscus Heights!”

“Right mate I’ll look after it, I know what she wants, and I’m just the boy to give It to her.” Jonesy got up and taking “The Donna” by the arm, despite her loud and vulgar protestations steered her off the dance floor, up the few steps to the terrace and out through the bar.

“Come on dear, I need a break, let’s take a walk.” Marion said, pulling Walter to his feet. They followed them to reception, then watched them disappear through the door to the second floor rooms.

SEX IN THE SAUNA

Walter and Marion walked hand in hand back to the patio and sat down at a quiet table as far away from the dance floor as possible. After a few minutes Walter excused himself and went to the bar, took a couple of Presidentes and returned to the table.

"Geez honey," Marion said, "this town is a real Sodom and Gomorrah isn't it? "They ought to call it sosewer not Sosúa, it is so evil. Prostitution, pedophiles, thieves, and who knows what else. Walter got back up and walked behind the bar to the sauna. Tentatively he tried the door then quietly opened it a few inches. For a few minutes, he waited at the door, listening to what sounded like people in the midst of passionate lovemaking, afraid of what he might see if he entered. When he heard a violent moan he opened the door a little more then squeezed into the steamy room. Although only a very faint light was burning, he could see the naked bodies of Jamie and Rita wrapped In each others arms, stretched out on the lower bench.

"What the hells going on Jamie?" he asked. Jamie and Rita hurriedly disentangled themselves, jumped up together and faced Walter.

"Geez Pop, I wish you had given me some warning." Jamie answered nervously.

"Look at you Jamie, you once told me you would always use protection; I sure don't see any condom there, and not only that, you know damn well this girl is a prostitute; you're just asking for it." Walter said, staring at his handsome naked son. Jamie turned his head away from his father, then, realizing what his father was staring at, grabbed a towel from the bench and wrapped it around his large mid section. "Well I didn't have my wallet with me Pop, it's no big deal, and Ritas not a prostitute she's a masseuse!" He said defensively.

"SI" Rita said, "is no big deal Senor Walter, I very clean, I have test every month."

"Senor Jamie, he very good, but now, is good time for you to try Rita. Rita give much better sex than "the Donna." Rita replied, seductively thrusting her breasts out and up, towards Walter, her hands on her hips.

"Yeah Pop, what about "the Donna?" The whole town's talking about you. I sure don't think you should be throwing stones at me!"

"Look Jamie, forget that woman, nothing happened. Anyhow, That's my business, but for god's sake keep your mouth shut, O.K?" Walter was starting to feel that every time he turned around he was getting in deeper.6 First it had been Quentin Graham making veiled threats, and now even Jamie was hinting that he knew about his stupid little indiscretion with the easiest woman in town. He thought to himself if he was ever going to cheat again, it should at least be with someone like Rita who was a knockout, not with a woman like Donna although Donna had given him the best sex he had ever enjoyed in his life, and he wondered how long it would be before he gave in to his lust and made a return trip To S.O.S. for more of the same.

"If there is nothing more for me here tonight, I must go, hasta manana Jamie." Rita said pulling on a pair of short shorts and a tee—shirt, which had been lying on the floor. She pulled Jamie into her body, kissed him deeply on the lips, and went out the door leaving Walter and Jamie looking awkwardly at each other.

"Pop, I don't know what to say, you sort of caught me off guard, you know I would never hurt you." Jamie said softly.

"Jamie let's not say anything. I've made a lot of mistakes, especially lately, but you know how much I count on you and your mom and sister. Without you guys I'd be lost. Let's get back to the others or they'll be thinking something's wrong!" Walter said, choking back the tears. With that, they hugged each other and Jamie quickly got dressed. Walter gave him an

affectionate slap on the back and the two Morrison men returned to the party at pool side. By the time they got back, Rita was already dancing cheek to cheek, belly to belly with one of the German tourists. Walter could see Jamie give a second look, but neither said anything to the other.. Lindo, who Walter was beginning to think was always on a break was sitting with Jennifer, his hand resting on her bare thigh. Jennifer's hand was holding his. They were so close, Walter was almost embarrassed to be Jennifer's father. Hopefully by not making a fuss he could salvage part of the evening and make the rest of a terrible day some kind of a success.

"You're one hell of a dancer Lindo, why don't you and Jennifer show us how it's done?" Walter said, a smile on his face.

"Thanks daddy, thanks a lot." Jennifer said. She kissed Walter on the cheek, then followed Lindo onto the dance floor. An hour later Jonesy walked in and joined them.

"What happened to 'the Donna' Jonesy?" Walter asked, surprised to see him back so soon.

"She was so pissed, there was no way I could sleep with it so I gave her a quickie then loaded her into the pickup and took her back to town. I dumped her into Ricardo's arms at Sosua Office Services and left her there."

"Let him look after the stupid bitch, that's what she pays him for." As Walter sat, deep in thought watching Jennifer and Lindo dance, Marion leaned over to Jonesy. "Jonesy," she whispered in his ear, "Donna told me that you're quite the man in the sack, is that true?"

"Purely a nasty rumor luv with no actual basis in fact!"Jonesy replied. Marion laughed. "Come on Jonesy, don't be so modest, you're just being a gentleman." They went back to sipping their drinks. Five minutes later, Marion again turned to Jonesy.

"Will you dance with me? I really want you to." When Jonesy nodded that be would, they got up and made their way onto the dance floor. Jonesy took Marion in his arms and they started a slow dance.

"Jonesy, I heard the staff talking in the kitchen that Walter's been seeing Donna Douglas. Is that true Jonesy? I've just got to know."

"Luv, I don't kiss and tell, but this town lives on rumors, and you've got to learn to pay them no mind. Some times you'll even hear a rumor you were going to start before you got the chance to start it. That's how bad it is."

FRANCISCO'S PROBLEM

Minutes later as they sat at their table Francisco emerged from the bar and approached the able, his cheeks were red and they could see he had been crying. Have you seen Senor *Quentin?"* He asked. I'm worried, I can't find him, I looked at El Diablo, Tijuana and here. Another boy *on* the street told me that he had a new amigo that is younger than me." Francisco couldn't hold it back any longer; he started to cry, tears rolling down his cheeks. Seconds later he was sobbing uncontrollably.

"I'm worried, I looked at El Diablo, Tia Juana and here. Another boy on the street told me that he had a new amigo that is younger than me." Francisco couldn't hold it back any longer, he started to cry, tears rolling down his cheeks. Seconds later he was sobbing uncontrollably.

"My family is very upset. We need the money he pays me very much." For the first time since he had arrived in the D.R., Walter realized that other people had problems which were

just as serious if not more serious than his. He pulled a tissue from pocket, dried the boy's tears then pulled Francisco in closer and put his arm around the trembling boy.

"Francisco, everything will be alright, if there are any problems come and see me. Why don't you come back manana and maybe I can give you a job, O.K?

"I will help you as much as I can, that's seguro!" The words and Walters attention seemed to help the boy get his thoughts together. Francisco leaned over and gave Walter a kiss on the cheek.

"Gracias, muchos gracias Senor, basta manana." He said gratefully, then quickly turned to leave. Walter walked with the boy through the bar and out to the parking lot where a motoconcho sat idling. The boy turned to Walter.

"Senor Walter por favor, could you loan me ten pesos for the ride, gracias." Walter handed the boy ten pesos, watched him leave, then started back to the party.

"Senor Walter." A tall dark figure loomed at him from behind the generator shed, giving him a start. It was Daniel, carrying his machete and the long pole he used to check the depth of water in the cistern.

"We have little water or diesel, manana manana (tomorrow morning) is necessito five truck loads, water and 40 gallons diesel. Do you have 800 pesos for the water and 995 pesos for diesel?" Walter pulled out his wad and in the dim light coming from reception counted out the pesos.

"Where has your helper been, I haven't seen him for a while?" Walter asked.

"He is probably in Puerto Plata, I don't know." Daniel answered as if he cared less.

"Tomorrow morning, Francisco, the boy who worked for Senor Quentin Jones will start." Walter replied, pleased with himself for having made the decision.

"But Senor we do not know that boy, he may not be honest, in Dominican Republic it is best you hire a relative or friend of someone who already works here, it is the custom."

"That is fine, but I like this boy, I am sure he will be very good." Walter replied, annoyed that the gardener would question him. Walter returned to the party. The live entertainment had finished and the entertainers were waiting for their pay. them. Walter paid them, then told everyone about the boy.

"That's great Walter, you know you might not be able to help everyone in this country, but at least maybe you can make a change in Francisco's life." Jonesy said, nodding his head in approval. When Jennifer started playing the old favorites, Walter took Marion in his arms and together they danced to music they had loved all their married life. It was a wonderful opportunity for Walter and Marion to relax in their own paradise. Soon Jonesy and the staff disappeared leaving only Jennifer and Jamie quietly enjoying the dancing exhibition of their parents.

Jennifer whispered to Jamie. "Well do you think it's true, once you try black, you'll never go back?"

"You should talk, and she's not black, she's Dominican." He snapped at her.

"Hey," Jennifer laughed. "I'm not criticizing, I just might try it someday." It was two a.m. before the first managers cocktail party ended for the Morrison's. When they went to bed, each had different concerns about their life at Hibiscus Heights.

BOOK FIVE
NEW EMPLOYEE

At about ten a.m. Jonesy stood up from the manager's table on the terrace where he and the Morrison's were enjoying a leisurely breakfast and walked to the edge of the terrace. He stood, feet apart, hands on his hips looking beyond the broad expanse of lawn where Daniel was slowly clipping a row of bushes to the endless blue of the Atlantic Ocean. Inhaling deeply, he drew in the sweet aromas of the tropical flowers growing along the rail.

"You know mates when I look out here every morning and breathe In these glorious smells and feast my eyes on the beauty of this country and the sea, I ask myself, why would anyone ever live anywhere else in the world?" He did a few knee bends and body twists, then looked back to the table.

"A fit body means a fit mind." He said then he returned to the table.

"Jonesy I didn't know you were such a philosopher." Marion said.

"Luv, I'm not, but once In a while when you consider the lifestyle we live here, you have to give thanks for our blessings, remember the way we were raised, as children and get back to reality." Marion finished the grocery list she was working on and called Daniel over.

"Porfavor Daniel go down to El Batey Grocery and get this filled, have them put it on our acount, then stop by the electronics store and pick up the answering machine and calculator, they should be repaired by now." In the last few days Marion had proven herself to be a rock In operating the restaurant and coping with many of the other small details which were part and parcel of the hotel business. It was as if she had missed her calling and should have been running her own business for years.

"Si Senora, but I need the claim stub, may I have it please." He replied.

"You didn't give me a claim stub Daniel." Marion said.

"Oh si, I will go now, but are you sure I didn't give you a stub?" Daniel answered then he turned and quickly left with the shopping list. At that moment Francisco came up to the table. They all had to look twice; his eyes were blackened, he was shoeless and shirtless, his only clothing, the tattered shorts he had been wearing the night before. His upper body was black and blue and covered with scrapes and dried blood.

"Francisco what happened?" Walter asked.

"Is my father. When I tell Senor Quentin I was here looking for him and you give me a job, he send me home and my father beat me me with his belt." The boy sobbed. Walter was shocked. He would have throttled the boy's father had he been within reach.

"Jamie, go get him a pair of your old shorts and a tee shirt, he's got to look presentable when he works here." Jamie returned in a couple of minutes with shorts and a tee shirt, which be handed to the boy.

"Muchos gracias Senor." Francisco said, his face lighting up with a broad smile. Francisco promptly dropped his shorts in front of everyone and started to put the new clothes on. The waiter chuckled. "No Francisco, not here, you can get washed up and put them on in the generator shed. Keep them clean and starting tomorrow, be here by seven, no later, that's seguro! Now,get changed, see Daniel when he gets back and he'll put you to work." As soon as Francisco went off to get changed, Jennifer walked down to the pool and started to get her 'Huffers annd Puffers, ' a class of mostly overweight German men and women she had started a few days earlier warmed up with some light aerobic dancing. Much to Walters dismay she was wearing her usual skimpy fishnet bikini, which concealed little of her beautiful body.

Word of Jennifers charms had quickly circulated in the neighborhood and within a couple of days her classes were attracting several lecherous German men from Hibiscus Heights and the surrounding hotels who were captivated by the striking young American girl who so energetically and with good humor put them through their paces.

JUANITO

Although Walter knew why the men were there, he was pleased to see such a crowd because after the classes, Jennifer would turn on her sexiest charms and entice the Germans to stay for a few bloody marys or coffee liqueurs, expensive drinks netting a good profit. Ten minutes later, Juanito, arrived carrying a SCUBA bag loaded with fins and snorkels

"Who's that delicious young fox?" He said to Jamie, as he stared at Jennifer.

"That fox is my twin sister Jennifer, but you're a little late, I think she's got the hots for Lindo." Jamie answered.

"Jamie let me tell you, if she likes Lindo she'll love me. They all want my body, she'll be my next conquest." Juanito said without a hint of guile. Juanito went to the pool deck and unloaded the bag. Then, slowly and deliberately he peeled off his muscle shirt, as if he was performing a strip tease. Every movement accentuated the perfect definition of his muscular body. He finished by flexing each bicep and giving each a little kiss.

"Perfecto, wouldn't you agree amigo?" He said, smiling at Jamie. Jamie nodded yes, he had to admit Juanito had a fantastic body. He was about 5' 10", 165 lbs. His snow—white perfectly even teeth, long brown hair and eye lashes, deep brown eyes and an unblemished olive complexion attracted stares to his boyish unbearded face. Although he was twenty—two years old, he looked no more than fifteen. Everyone at the pool was watching Juanito, as he prepared for the SCUBA class. His movements, catlike and sleek made Jennifers heart pound. Never before had she met a man with so much animal magnetism, to whom she bad been so sexually attracted. She felt faint and had to sit down on the pool deck to regain her composure. Juanito could sense Jennifers eyes following his every move and turned to Jamie.

"I told you,look, she can't keep her eyes off me, she wants me;I']l soon have her in my harem." Jamie clenched his fists. Although they feuded from time to time, he resented Juanito's cavalier attitude towards women in general and his sister in particular.

"Maybe so but remember she's not a piece of meat, she's my sister, and I look out for her."

"Yeah right." Juanito said sarcastically. "Give me a hand getting the tanks from the truck then we can give these whales some lessons. After lunch the ones that are capable and not too cheap can go for an ocean dive. It costs them forty bucks, but you can go for free; you'll be my dive buddy." With a wave of his hand he indicated seven or eight tourists sitting at poolside waiting for their free lesson. Jamie helped Juanito with the gear and for the next two hours they instructed the guests in basic SCUBA technique. After the rocky confrontation about Jennifer things cooled down between the two of them. Jennifer had finished the aerobics class, and although Jamie could see her constantly watching Juanito she went off to one end of the pool to change money, look after check—outs and sell tours.

Despite the fact that Juanito only talked about the countless women he had bedded, and he constantly preened for Jennifers benefit, Jamie found himself liking Juanito and conceded that it was most likely the Latin 'macho man'attitude which made Juanito the way he was. After a

light lunch the divers were loaded into a wreck of a pickup truck and they quickly drove to Sosua Beach, where a 20' boat took them about a half mile out in the bay. It was only an 80' dive and Juanito proved to be an excellent instructor and dive buddy, spending a lot of time pointing out the different coral formations and fish to Jamie. Jamie was grateful that whenever they talked Jennifer's name wasn't mentioned. Jamie missed the close friends he had left in Oak Ridge, and since he enjoyed the dive, he was hoping that although they might not share much in common, maybe this was someone about his age with whom he could spend some time.

CABARETS

After the dive Juanito and Jamie sat in the truck in the hotel parking lot enjoying a cold beer.

"It's still early, why don't we take a run out to Cabarete, we can do a little skinny dipping and party a bit, O.K?" Juanito asked.

"Sure, I got the time if you do." Jamie answered. He jumped from the truck and dashed into the hotel to let his parents know what he was doing. They were sitting with Jennifer and Jonesy in the bar, a sad looking Daniel stood at Walter's elbow.

"I think maybe I give claim stub to Senor Jamie." Daniel said.

"You didn't give me anything Daniel what are you talking about?" Jamie asked.

"They can't find the answering machine or calculator at the repair shop, and Daniel can't find the claim stub." Walter explained.

"Oh O.K., I don't know anything about that, but if it's airight with you Pop I'm going to Cabaret with Juanito. I don't know what time I'll be back, so don't hold dinner." Jamie said excitedly.

"No problem Jamie, Jonesy and I have to go the repair shop and try to find our machines,then we're going to the airport to round up some strays. Your mother and I are going to have dinner with David Hayes but Jonesy and Jennifer can look after things, so have a good time and we'll see you in the morning." Although Walter wasn't too sure about Juanito and the reputation the man enjoyed in Sosua, he was pleased that Jamie had found someone other than Rita who might share some common interests.

"That's not fair Jamie, you get to go with Juanito and I have to stay here." Jennifer pouted.

"Come on Jennifer, this is a boys night out, you'll get your chance." Jamie called back as he ran out the door to the truck. At Cabaret Juanito parked at the East end of the beach. It was the first time Jamie had been out of Sosua since he had arrived in the D.R., and he was so impressed by its beauty, he instantly wished that Hibiscus Heights had been located on a beach instead of Bella Vista Hill. It was a typical West Indies beach, with white sand and gentle waves lapping the shore. About two miles long, and 20 yards wide, rows of swaying palms separated the beach from a wooded area. Since it was late afternoon, only a few stragglers remained on the beach.

"Have you ever gone windsurfing?" Juanito asked, looking out to the ocean, where only a solitary wind surfer could be seen some distance from shore.

"No," Jamie replied, can you teacn me some day?"

"Hey Jamie, I like you, we'll be like brothers, anything you want to know about sex, drugs, or anything, just ask and I'll show you." Juanito replied. Juanito retrieved the SCUBA bag

from the truck, then led Jamie along the beach until they passed a point projecting a few yards into the water. From there on, the beach was deserted.

"Come on, let's have some fun." Juanito said. He slapped Jami,e on the rear, stripped off his clothes and dashed naked into the surf.

"Hey Big Guy wait for me." Jamie shouted. He slipped out of his shorts and quickly joined Juanito in the ocean. For the next three hours they swam, wrestled, and body—surfed, threw a frisbee and kicked around a soccer ball which Juanito pulled from the bag. About seven o'clock when darkness had fallen and a chill was in the air, they gathered driftwood and built a huge bonfire on the beach. Juanito produced a bottle of rum and joints of marijuana which they finished as they sat around the bonfire telling jokes, comparing their lives and thoroughly enjoying each others company.

"Jamie,"Juanito said,"you know I couldn't help but notice you've got a great body, especially for a white guy. You know I make a few bucks on the side doing a little escorting, and dancing. Sometimes my clients want two guys, sort of like salt and pepper. I think we can both make some real money and enjoy ourselves at the same time."

"Juanito, I know you're a "skanky", that's your business, but I don't really think its my bag, I could never have sex with another guy or anyone for money, and I know that goes with the territory."

"Look Jamie, don't give me your answer now, just promise me you'll give it some thought, I know you like sex, Rita told me that, and this way you can get paid for it. With guys, it's no big de'al, I've been doing it since I was seven, you just lie back, relax and enjoy, it's just sex."

"Yeah Juanito, I'll think it over but I still don't think I'm "skanky" material."

"Fair enough Jamie, you didn't say no let's get back to town, I'll take you to el Diablo in Charamicos, I've got a gig there tonight, I'll show you how easy it is to pick up a few extra bucks." With that they pulled on their clothes, kicked sand on the dying embers of the fire and headed back to Sosua. When Walter and Jonesy went to town they first stopped at Tijuana. They found Quentin Graham enjoying a Cuba libre. Sitting with him licking an ice cream cone was Fidelito.

"Why the hell did you have to throw that kid out Quentin?" Walter demanded.

"Look Morrison, he was my ward, if I hadn't taken him in years ago he would have been just another boy prostitute on the streets of Sosua, but the relationship is over it's as simple as that, it's none of your business." Quentin went back to his drink.

"Quentin that's where you're wrong, you should be man enough a to try and help that boy, not just throw him back to a brutal father. If I ever hear of something like this again I'll see the British consul. I'm sure they can deal with you."

"Sure you will Walter, now have you got my 'cuenta' (bill)? I'll pay you for last night and I want the same room, tonight. Fidelito and I will be up very shortly." If you're not going to be there, be a dear will you, ring up your lovely wife and have her leave the door unlocked, we'll let ourselves in. O.K?" Walter gave a sigh of exasperation then with Jonesy following they crossed the street to Sosua Office Services, They quietly let themselves into the unoccupied office. From behind the curtain to the bedroom they could hear the unmistakable sounds of lovemaking.

"Come back manana, Ricardo and I are busy right now." Donna called out.

NO MACHINES

"Shhh." Jonesy put a finger to his lips. Walter nodded, picked up the telephone and called Hibiscus Heights. He left the message with Rita that Quentin Graham would soon be checking in.They quietly left S.O.S. and drove to the repair shop in Charamicos. Jonesy explained their problem to the manager.

"Si Senor, Daniel was here this morning, but we could not find the machines. You're welcome to look through my claim books and the shop, but I must warn you, Daniel is not very honest, he has a reputation as the thief of Bella Vista. For the next twenty minutes Walter and Jonesy searched the shop. They looked In every cupboard and every closet; every nook and cranny was searched.They looked under work benches and between the repairmens legs. They went through claim books dating back years, looking for any Indication that the machines had been taken in for repairs, but found nothing.

"I must appologize Senor, the machines are not here." Walter said to the shop owner.

"I understand Senor, these are my people, but some of them are very dishonest. I know Daniel has ten brothers, there Is a good posssibility the machines are at one of their houses. May I suggest that tomorrow morning you give Daniel an ultimatum. If the machines are not found and returned within one hour you will go to the police and insist that the thief be put in jail. I know he Is afraid of the police, so try it and I believe you will soon see the return of your machines seguro!"

"Gracias Senor." Walter thanked the shop keeper then he and Jonesy drove quickly to the airport. The CONDOR flight they were meeting had not as yet arrived, so they went to the upstairs lounge. Walter was surprised to find Thomas and Carsten, the Germans who had lost the motorcycle, enjoying a beer.

"Thomas what are you doing here, did you pay Manuel for the bike?"

"No Herr Morrison, I paid Jennifer what we owed you, but the German Consul told us It is a scam. Manuel rents out motorcycles then he has them stolen and customers have to pay for them. That is why we are leaving two days early. "

"Thomas what are you doing here, did you pay Manuel for the bike?"

"No Herr Morrison, I paid Jennifer what we owed you, but the German Consul told us it is a scam. Manuel rents out motorcycles then he has them stolen and customers have to pay for them. That is why we are leaving two days early. "

"But he has your passport." Walter said.

"Yes, but the German consul has given me this paper, it will replace my passport." Thomas said showing Walter a piece of paper with the letterhead of the German Consul, Puerto Plata.

"Maybe you should go through security now and get into the international zone, you would be safer there. If Manuel discovers you sren't at the hotel, he'll come looking for you here." Jonesy said.

"No, there is no problem, we will have another beer and wait here for CONDOR." Thomas said confidently.

UNDER ARREST

An hour later, the CONDOR flight had arrived and Jonesy and Walter soon had five new guests for Hibiscus Heights. They were in the main concourse picking up beers for the new arrivals when they saw a hand—cuffed Thomas being escorted by two policemen and Manuel.

"I cannot go home, they will not let me go home, they stopped me at security." Thomas sobbed.

"Where is Carsten?" Walter asked.

"They let him through, he had a passport. Now I have no money, I have no clothes, my suitcase is on the plane, they are taking me to jail."

"Yes He is trying to leave the Dominican Republic illegally," Manuel said,"now we must take him to jail, where he will stay until the bike is paid for, unless someone will guarantee the price of the bike. Do you wish to come with us and see how we treat criminals in this

"Jonesy why don't you take the new guests to the hotel, there's no way I can let this boy go to jail down here, I'll go with them to the jail." Walter said, his heart going out to Thomas. Walter and Thomas got into the police car with the policemen and drove to the Sosua jail, Thomas sobbing throughout the short drive. In the dusty gravel parking lot a circle formed around Thomas. Colonel Diaz stood, arms crossed, feet apart, scowling at Thomas. Several prisoners, their arms hanging through the bars of the jail windows watched the activity in the parking lot, whistling and calling to Thomas. Another ten or eleven curious police and passers—by joined the circle, watching a kneeling Thomas sob and shiver. Walter had had enough. "Manuel, I will guarantee the bike, can we go now?" Walter asked.

"Of course, you may go Senor Walter, this is a very civilized country, but you must watch this boy carefully." Walter slapped Thomas on the back.

"Come on Thomas, let's go home." A policeman took the cuffs from Thomas' wrists. They quickly left the jail, and climbed on a passing motoconcho. Five minutes later a very nervous Walter and a very relieved Thomas were sitting at the Hibiscus Heights pool bar enjoying a beer.

A few minutes later Jennifer and Marion came out and saw the two men sitting at the pool. Jennifer rushed up to Thomas, threw her arms around him, hugged him tightly and gave him a kiss.

"Are you alright Thomas? I was so worried about you. Jonesy told us you were going to jail."

"Yes, I'm O.K. but I have a problem." Thomas said.

"No you don't have a problem Thomas, you're going to stay with us here at Hibiscus Heights as long as its necessary, so relax, you're part of our family now." Marion said, genuinely concerned.

"Jennifer." Walter said. "Can you get Thomas a pair of Jamies old jeans and a sweat top please, all he's got is the tank top shorts and sandals he's wearing, he's going to be staying with us for a while." Walter reached into his pocket and pulled out some pesos. He leafed through them and handed Thomas two hundred pesos.

"This will get you started Thomas, you can pay me back when you get some money I think you can move back into your old room, maybe you can do a little work around here, it would help us both out. I'm counting on you not to let us down."

"Oh daddy that's great, I know Thomas won't let us down." Jennifer said, throwing her arms around Walter and giving him a big kiss.

“Herr Morrison, you will never know how much I thank you, I will pay you back, I promise.”

“Walter honey,” Marion interrupted, “Quentin Jones and his toy are checked into their ‘regular room’, the new guests you and Jonesy got at the airport are all looked after, but we better get going, it’s almost time for us to meet David.” They drove down to Sea View Cabanas, both were looking forward to a night away from Hibiscus Heights. At the front entrance, a uniformed man, the tallest Dominican Walter had ever seen, about seven foot tall, dressed in a spotless white dinner jacket and shiny black slacks came up to the truck. He smartly saluted them and opened the doors, first Marion’s then Walters.

“I’m Walter J. Morrison and this is my wife Marion we’re here to have dinner with Mr. Hayes.”Walter said as he handed the keys to the man.

“Yes I know who you are sir.” Mr Hayes is expecting you, will you please come with me?”

SEA VIEW CABANAS

They followed the man along a sea wall and up a few steps to a dining terrace overlooking the sea, which was throwing spray high in the air just beyond the shelter of the terrace. Most tables were occupied with diners being served by several waiters. Classical music wafted softly over the stereo system. Marion found it remotely curious that all the couples were of the same sex, but said nothing. At one end of the terrace David Hayes dressed in blue blazer, white slacks and tie stood to welcome them with a handshake for Walter and kisses on both cheeks for Marion.

“So good to see you, I’ve heard so much about the lady on the hill, I really wanted to meet you.” David said, his voice soft and reassuring. Marion was enchanted. David appeared to be the first gentleman she had met in Sosua. An unobtrusive waiter took their drink orders and disappeared. Dinner was unhurried and perfect. They all enjoyed David’s recommendation of Arctic salmon which he imported directly from Canada.

“How on earth did you ever end up in a place like this David?” Marion asked. “It’s a far cry from London, Ontario.”

“Purely circumstance and maybe stupidity Marion, I was what you call a remittance child. That’s when you have rich parents who want to get rid of you because you’re an embarrassment know, the black sheep of the family, so they ship you off to some ungodly place, then every month send you a remittance to keep you there.”

“So why here David, and how did you end up with such a lovely hotel?” Walter asked.

“Well originally they sent me here because nobody had ever heard of the place except the select few who came for a quickie divorce.”

"Anyhow, I got tired of hanging around doing nothing, just boozing, playing tennis, and turning brown, so I bought a run down hotel and fixed it up. One thing led to another, and suddenly I was a success in spite of myself. Of course it does help somewhat when you have more or less unlimited funds and no budget." After liqueurs and they were relaxing over coffee Walter turned to David. "David I wonder if you could give us a little advice, we're getting pissed to death, and really finding the going tough."

"Walter the only thing free in Sosua is advice and most of the time you get what you pay for, but shoot me some questions. I'll help as much as I can."

"David, some of the expenses are real killers. Daniel gets the water and the diesel fuel; it's 150 pesos for each water truck and we're using almost 5 loads per day. The price of diesel fuel, 995 pesos for forty gallons is ridiculous."

"Walter it's ridiculous alright, but that's because Daniel a.k.a. 'the thief of Bella Vista Hill' is giving you a royal screwing. Top price for good clean water is 120 pesos per truck, and diesel should be no more than 15 pesos a gallon."

"So what's the deal, he gave me receipts?"

"Come on Walter don't be so naive, didn't you ever fudge your expense account by putting in a dummy receipt? He knows everyone in town, his buddies are only too happy to give him a phony receipt as long as he splits the profits. "To be honest you're better to steal the water from Club Bella Vista. If they catch you tell them to sue you in Sosua, it'll be years before it ever gets to court down here."

"So how do I handle Daniel?" I'm afraid to fire him, he knows the hotel so well."

"Fire him manana, seguro. I'll send Elias, one of my guys up to help out, he was born on Bella Vista Hill, he knows everything about your hotel.

"You've got to take control of these guys or they'll screw you even more."

"What about severance pay and that kind of thing?"

"Don't worry about it, he's worked for you less than a week. If he raises a stink tell him to go see Johnny Honda and Tuba Taylor."

"What about Jonesy?" Marion asked.

"Keep him around for a bit, he's not perfect, but he's better than most of the riff—raff around here."

"I know it's none of my business." Marion asked. "Is there a Mrs. Hayes?"

"Not any more Marion, there was a Mrs. Hayes, but she took our daughter and went back to London years ago. I don't know what she's doing now and frankly Marion I really don't give a damn."

"The only good thing resulting from my marriage was Debbie, my daughter. She's eighteen now and coming back a week Friday for a visit.

"Are you going to the policeman's ball that night?" Marion asked.

"For sure, for sure, I'll bring Debbie it will be a great place for you to meet her." From the tone of his voice Marion decided it was best not to ask further questions about his marriage.

"David what's this I hear that you're the Canadian Ambassador?" Marion asked.

"Ha, no way Marion, I'm the Canadian Consul it's purely an honorary position, it doesn't pays next to nada. All I do is try to help dumb Canucks like Michael Crowfoot from getting themselves killed down here."

"David, Walter said. "It's getting late, we'll see you around town I'm sure, but promise us you and Debbie will come up and see us at Hibiscus Heights that weekend." Since dinner was finished and everyone agreed that they were getting tired, David walked with them back to the parking lot. The attendant had retrieved the pickup which had been washed and cleaned for them. Within minutes the Morrison's were at Hibiscus Heights. It was ten o'clock by the time

Juanito and Jamie arrived in Charamicos. The dimly lit main street was packed with tourists and locals, the sidewalks so crowded, most people were walking on the road. Motoconchos, their horns blowing, threaded their way through the crowd. Small children played in the street, shoeshine boys worked their trade, and prostitutes strolled arm in arm, accosting every man they met. Merengue blasted onto the street from the small local bars lining the street.

EL DIABLO

Juanito parked beside a group of motorcycles in front of a three story building. A tired looking sign announced "El Diablo" Hotel and Disco. An ear—splitting racket of rock and roll emanated from an upper floor. He led Jamie past a group of teen—aged hookers into "El Diablo." They climbed a narrow stairway to the second floor where Juanito showed Jamie into a small bedroom furnished with an unmade double bed and a chest of drawers. A solitary unshaded light bulb hung from the ceiling. A video camera on a tripod was pointed at the bed. Tattered drapes were blowing in the lone window. The heat was stifling. The room smelled of sweat and unwashed clothes which were piled in a corner. In another corner was a badly stained sink, and an equally stained lidless toilet. The walls were vibrating from the disco above.

"Well it ain't much, but it's home when I'm not shacked up." Juanito said casually.

"Looks to me like business isn't too good these days Juanito." Jamie said sniffing and turning up his nose at the filthy room.

"Jamie it's no big deal, I'm not here most of the time, but if you're ever caught short when you're in town, feel free to use it." Juanito took out a joint, lit it, inhaled, and passed it to Jamie.

"Yeah thanks, but I think I'll pass on that, the room that is." Jamie said, inhaling deeply.

"Suit yourself, remember it's here." Juanito stripped off his clothes, gave himself a quick wash then turned to face Jamie. "Oil, me down will you? I've got to get ready for my gig." He handed Jamie a bottle of baby oil and waited as Jamie massaged the oil into his back and legs."God you've got a great body."Jamie said. From a drawer he pulled out a g-string and a white silk shirt and black pants which be quickly put on leaving the shirt unbuttoned to the navel.

"These all come apart, when the fans start pulling on them." He explained. Juanito led Jamie from the bedroom and up the next flight of steps to the disco. Two burly black men guarded the door patting down everyone who entered. Inside the disco, strobe lights were flashing, the cigarette smoke was so thick Jamie couldn't see and the smell of marijuana filled ones nostrils. It was like a scene from a 1960 disco movie. The room was packed, people were standing four and five deep in front of a long bar where a half dozen bartenders were hustling back and forth making drinks. Waiters carrying loaded trays were elbowing their way through the crowd to serve the small tables where people were sitting. In the crowd, Jamie recognized Rita and many of the Hibiscus Heights prostitutes. On a small crowded dance floor men and women alike were dancing with their own sex and the opposite sex. The room was stifling, perspiration was rolling off the women and the men, many of whom were shirtless. From a long stage, a runway lead into the room. On each end of the stage were cages, one contained two naked women go go dancers, the other a naked male dancer.

"Welcome to El Diablo, I knew you'd show up some day." Quentin Jones lisped, squeezing Jamies arm. Standing beside him was Fidelito. Instead of his usual rags the boy was wearing an immaculate copy of a British navy tropical sailor suit and new white sneakers. A heavy gold chain was draped around his neck.

"I knew you would come some day, Fidelito said, sounding like Quentin Jones, "I hope we will get to know each other better and we will be amigos." They were interrupted by the p.a. system:"And now, ladies and gentlemen of all persuasions, "El Diablo is proud to present direct from Santo Domingo, our Superman, Juanito, the man for everyone." Juanito pulled himself away from Jamie who had been clinging to him and bounded onto the stage. For the next ten minutes Juanito did a seductive dance, first on the stage, then in the cage with the other man, then on the runway he simulated having sex with a women stripper. He finished by prancing down the runway where men and women alike ripped the clothes from his body, pushing pesos, marks and dollars into his g—string, and showering the stage with whatever they couldn't stuff into the costume. Juanito caught Jamies eye, and signalled him over. When Jamie was within reach Juanito scooped up the money from the stage and handed it to Jamie. Finally, someone ripped the g-string from Juanito leaving him standing completely naked in front of the applauding and whistling crowd. Juanito did a slow 180 degree turn ensuring that everyone could see him, gave the audience,a deep bow then jumped down from the stage and rejoined Jamie.

"See , it's easy amigo, I'll teach you everything I know." He said to Jamie. It was only then through the haze that Jamie could pick out Jennifer, Thomas, Jonesy and Donna Douglas sitting at a table together. Jamie and Juanito pushed their way through the crowd and joined them.

"You were just wonderful." Jennifer said, looking at Juanito's naked body.

"Yes, in fact he's extraordinary." said Quentin Jones who had materialized with Fidelito from nowhere and was also staring at Juanito's body.

"You just keep getting better with age Juanito, you and I should get together soon, it's been a long time." Donna said.

"Yes, I know, it gets better all the time, I have been blessed." Juanito bragged, staring at Jennifer. Jennifer poked Jamie in the ribs with her elbow.

"Jamie, he makes me feel strange," she whispered, "I'm going to get Thomas to take me home, we left Lindo to watch things, I'll fill you in later about why Thomas is here." Jennifer and Thomas quickly got up, shook hands all round and left the bar. Donna Douglas and Jonesy had blended into a sea of gyrating, dancers and were no where to be seen, leaving Jamie with Juanito, Quentin Jones and Fidelito.

"I'll get us something to drink amigo." Juanito said to Jamie. He signalled a waiter over. "Dominican service for everyone." he said nodding at Jamie. "That's small bottles of rum, Ice, and coke, then we pour our own." Jamie looked around the room. Quentin was right, he thought, everyone did seem to be at El Diablo. In the crowd he could pick out Siren Svenson, Colonel Diaz, and Juan Martinez.

"I told you this was a great place,I hope to see you on the stage some day." Quentin whispered In Jamie's ear. Jamie had just started his first drink when he felt faint.

"Juanito, get me out of here fast or I'm going to be sick." He said quietly. He grabbed Juanito's arm, then slumped in the chair. Juanito, with Quentin and Fidelito's help, carried him down to Juanitos room where they undressed him and put him to bed.

BEVERLY

Sometime during the night he awoke. Through half open eyelids he could see Juanito having sex with a blonde woman next to him.

"Your amigos really great looking Juanito, he's almost pretty, remember, you promised I could have him, too." She said. She reached over and started fondling Jamie.

"Yes he looks just like his twin sister, we share everything, come on Jamie, Beverly wants you, let's see if you're as good as Rita says you are." Juanito replied.

Jamie smiled. "Sure, sounds like a great idea to me, but if I'm so pretty are you sure you want me?" He said. The woman giggled. Jamie eagerly moved closer and joined Juanito in having sex with the woman.

"God, you guys are great Juanito, don't forget my pot and coke, how much do I owe you guys?" She asked.

"$200.00 for the loving, 400.00 for the extras." Juanito said handing her a bag.

"God, I've lost my necklace and gold watch." Beverly said.

"It'll turn up, I'll give it to you when you come back for the tape." Juanito said. Minutes later Beverly left. Juanito got back into bed with Jamie and they both quickly fell asleep. About six in the morning Jamie woke up. The bare light bulb was still burning above him. Snoring quietly beside him was Juanito. For about an hour Jamie lay in bed staring at the light bulb overhead and watching Juanito as he slept. Trying not to disturb Juanito, he sat up rubbing his eyes. His head was banging and every part of his body was aching. He could still taste and smell the rum from the night before. When he pulled himself slowly out of bed, Juanito woke up.

"Hey, how are you feeling amigo?" Juanito asked.

"Lousy, the sex was good, I don't remember anything before that, but the pot and the rum did it to me."

"Yeah, she was O.K., and you sure made a hit with Quentin, he thought you were quite the boy."

"Quentin?" Jamie said, a horrified look on his face.

"Relax amigo, he just gave you a complete body massage, top and bottom, which you enjoyed, and took some polaroids for his private collection, that's all, I made sure everything was O.K." Juanito got out of bed, he took a gold chain and necklace from a drawer, fastened it around Jamie's neck, and handed him a hundred dollars.

"Here's a little something to remind you of our first night together and your money." He said.

"I"m no prostitute!" Jamie snapped.

"Hey Jamie, a wise man once told me everyone's a prostitute, it's just a matter of what you're selling." Juanito said sarcastically.

"Well I'll tell you something Juanito, there isn't enough money in Sosua for you or your friends like Quentin Graham to buy me, and you stole this necklace from Beverly didn't you, and, what's this about a video tape?"

"Christ Jamie, so what, in three days she'll be back in New York bragging to her friends about the great sex she had in Sosua, she'll forget all about the necklace, and I videotaped everything, it's a great souvenir for the johns!" Jamie felt sick, he wanted out of the room and away from Juanito as fast as possible. He didn't say another word, but pulled on his shorts and

sneakers, splashed water on his face, then barged out the door, along the hall and ran down the steps two at a time to the street.

"Hey Senor, shoeshine?" a boy asked winking knowingly at Jamie. A passing motoconcho whistled to him. Jamie got on and minutes later he walked into reception at Hibiscus Heights. Rita was sitting at the desk.

"Have a good time with Quentin and Juanito?" she asked, sarcastically.

"If anyone's looking for me, I'm going to have a nap." Jamie answered ignoring her question. He went directly up to the apartment. Jennifer was the only one home.

"What did those men do to you, you look terrible?" She asked.

"They didn't do anything and just what do you mean by that?" Jamie snapped back, upset at being questioned.

"We met some of Thomas' friends at Tijuana late last night."

"They told us they saw Juanito and Quentin Jones carry you out of El Diablo and I just don't trust those guys at all." she answered. Jamie went to his room and collapsed on his bed mulling over the events of the past twelve hours. In minutes he fell into a dead sleep and although he awoke periodically over the next few hours, it wasn't until noon that he got back up, then he spent fifteen minutes in the shower trying to scrub off all the dirt and grime he felt he was wearing from the previous day before he went down stairs to join his family. That morning the first thing on Walters mind was Daniel. He found him vacuuming the pool.

"Daniel," He said. You don't seem very concerned about those machines. If they were yours I think you would be very upset."

"Well Daniel I want you to go back and find them. If you are not back with them within an hour, I will go to the police and insist that the thief be sent to jail. seguro!

"Si Senor." Daniel said as he shuffled off. An hour late he returned carrying the answering machine and calculator

"I went to the shop. When I told them I would go to the police, they found them. They were trying to steal them Senor Morrison. I also had a flat tire on the passola, there was a nail on the road, and I had to pay a ten peso propina to the police, they stopped me on the highway. It cost me 100 pesos to get the tire fixed, here is the factura. The police do not give a factura." He said as I handed Walter the machines, the bill and a bent nail.

EMPLOYEE PROBLEMS

"Gracias Daniel, here is 110 pesos but I think it is better you work for someone else, you can leave right now, and return on the fifteenth for your final pay check."

"Senor you can not fire me, I work for the hotel, not for you."

" Then go collect your pay from Senor Hotel." Walter replied, furious at this man who was so blatantly trying to steal from him.

"Senor you owe me severance pay and my Christmas bonus, it is the law."

"No Daniel I do not owe you those things, but stealing is against the law. Colonel Diaz is my friend. I think I will talk to him." Daniels jaw dropped. He looked at Walter, a surprised look on his face.

"Please Senor, my father is very sick, he needs an operation, can you loan me 2,000 pesos? I will pay you back, I promise."

"No Daniel, no loan no nothing, now please leave." Walter waited a few more minutes watching Daniel walk away muttering to himself, then he joined Jonesy and Marion at their table relieved that he had got a very unpleasant chore out of the way first thing that morning. He had no sooner sat down than Rita handed him an envelope bearing the name 'CODETEL.' Quickly he opened it and found himself looking at a phone bill in the amount of 80,000 pesos, with the notation, PAST DUE PAY IMMEDIATELY. He scanned the bill and discovered over 50,000 pesos was for long distance calls to Australia, another l0,000 pesos were for calls to Montreal.

"Jonesy what the hell is this?" he demanded.

"Crazy bastards, I made those calls to Australia, they were supposed to be collect, they screwed up big time. Don't worry mate, I'll go to the office and fix up my calls pronto, the ones to Canada probably belong to Michael Crowfoot, there's nothing you can do about those." Jonesy took the bill from Walter and stuffed it in his pocket. Minutes later a Dominican man about fifty years old dressed in spotless work clothes, accompanied by Francisco who was wearing his fresh new clothes approached the table and stood patiently waiting for a moment to speak.

"Senor Morrison my name is Elias, Senor David Hayes sent me to help out." He said, extending his hand. Walter stood and introduced everyone to Elias. He was delighted to meet this man who seemed to be a complete contrast to Daniel. After a few minutes of small talk, Walter thought it best to get right to one of his biggest problems.

"Elias there is a real problem with the water, it's costing us a fortune."

"No problem, Senor Guzman and I are friends, we went to school together, my mother was a maid for his mother. I will speak to him. I am sure he will share his water." Thomas came up to the table and sat down between Jennifer and Walter.

"Daddy, Thomas has an idea, will you listen to him?" Jennifer asked, holding Thomas' hand.

"Walter, maybe I can help out at the airport, I do speak German, of course, and I think it would help when you go to get guests." It was the first time he had called Walter by his first name.

"Of course, Thomas, that would be great, any help you can offer is appreciated."

"I have a suggestion though. It's not necessary to cheat the boys who come, you can tell them the truth about the price, in fact you could charge $40.00 per night, and everyone would still be happy. We Germans don't like cheaters."

"Thomas that's great, I've never liked doing it that way, starting today we'll try your way."

"Daddy, that's super we can be the best hotel in Sosua and do it honestly too." From the way Jennifer was looking at Thomas, Walter thought that maybe there was a little more than just a casual friendship, but he had no difficulty with Thomas as a potential boyfriend for Jennifer.

“He’s a typical squarehead.” Jamie had said to the family one day as they watched Thomas playing water volleyball. “He thinks that he and every other Kraut is perfect.” Thomas was about 6’6” 200 lbs, blonde, blue eyed very athletic, and polite. He was clean as a whistle and no one had ever heard him swear, although as Jamie said.

“How the hell would we know if he swears? We don’t speak clean German, and we sure as hell don’t know how to swear in German.”

“Mom, ignore Jamie, he’s just jealous, Thomas is marriage material isn’t he?” Marion had to agree that although she hadn’t as yet given much thought to the possibility of Jennifer getting married in the immediate future, she had to admit that she did like Thomas. No one knew how long Thomas would be staying. After Elias left with Francisco, Thomas went to reception and called Carsten in Germany. Ten minutes later he returned looking very upset.

“The bank fired me, they did not want a clerk who was in trouble with the law anywhere. I do not know what to do now. Carsten is trying to raise the money but I do not know how long it will take the money to come.”

“Thomas I told you before, you’re part of the family now, so relax.” Marion said it so emphatically that everyone, Thomas included knew better than to argue. About noon, Jamie finally put in an appearance. The men decided they would take a run into town, and clean up any chores that had to be done before going to the airport. In Sosua they dropped Jamie at Tijuana. Walter and the others would do the shopping and pick Jamie up about two hours later. At Tijuana Quentin Jones was sitting with Fidelito and Juanito. Quentin’s eyes lit up when he saw Jamie.

“You’re certainly looking better today then you did this morning, muchacho although I dare say you look good anytime day or night!”

“Donnas got a special delivery for you Jamie.” Juanito said. Jamie crossed the street and walked into S.O.S. It was the first time Jamie had been into the office and Nympho quickly latched onto his ankle. Donna was alone working at her desk.

“Special deliveries are out back Jamie.” She said getting up and leading Jamie into the back.

“Take a look through the pile on the desk.” Jamie sat down at a small desk and started leafing through a pile of

“Nothing for me here Donna.” Jamie said. He got up and turned to face Donna. He gasped. Donna was completely and wonderfully naked.

“That’s where you’re wrong Jamie, I’m the special delivery, you’re going to love what I deliver.” She pulled Jamie to her side, knelt down to her knees and pulled his shorts down to his ankles.

“It’s about time I had a chance with you Jamie, word on the street is that you’ve been busy, I hope you’ve saved something for me. Let’s see what you’ve got for ‘the Donna’.” she said turning Jamie around, appraising him.

“Great, you’re just what the Donna ordered.” Jamie shrugged his shoulders. he was tired of fighting people like Donna off.

“Why not, let’s party.” He said casually. Donna pulled him to the bed. For the next hour Donna gave Jamie her Sosua welcome. Geez I’d forgotten what it felt like with a young hard white boy. you’re good Jamie, don’t be a stranger and stay away from Quentin.” After a shower and Jamie was dressed, she pushed a fifty dollar bill down the front of Jamie’s shorts.

“I like to pay my way, if you know what I mean, you were worth every penny.” She said. As Jamie walked back to Tijuana he thought to himself.

“What the hell, Juanito’s probably right, she paid me for something I enjoy. There’s nothing too wrong with that.” Jamie rejoined the table.

"Your hairs still wet Jamie, did you get the 'special delivery?" Juanito asked. "I hope you got paid for it."

"Yeah Juanito I guess there's some things in life you learn early in the D.R. right? One of these nights I'll see you back at El Diablo." A few minutes later, Walter, Jonesy and Thomas arrived at Tia Juana.

"Jamie was glad his father hadn't heard the conversation. "Come on Pop let's get the hell out of here, everybody in this town must be sex—crazy let's get to the airport." They took their unfinished beers with them and drove quickly to the airport. At the airport they went through the usual routine with propinas for the policeman and the customs guard. In the baggage area Thomas showed how good he was at garnering new guests. Within fifteen minutes he had twenty young German, Canadian and Dutch men in tow eagerly looking forward to spending their vacations at Hibiscus Heights. In the parking lot Jamie and Jonesy bought beers for everyone. Since there were so many people Walter had to hire two taxis for the overflow. At the pool bar Marion and Jennifer were waiting with happy smiles on their faces.

"Walter there's more good news, Cyrano Guzman and his wife are coming for dinner tonight, Elias arranged it and he's going to sell us all the water we need for 400 pesos per month." Marion had been bursting to tell Walter what had happened that afternoon.

"Yeah you told me so Jennifer, he's going to be a big help for us. I know it, but I thought you were interested in Lindo, now it seems you're more into Thomas?"

"Come on daddy," Jennifer whispered. "Lindo and I have absolutely nothing in common, sure he's kind of cute in a greasy sort of way but he certainly isn't my kind of guy. If I ever had an affair with a Dominican it would be Juanito, I know he's a male sexist, but he just makes me shiver he's so sexy." When she saw the alarmed look on Walters face, she quickly added "Just kidding daddy, but really Thomas is husband material and that's seguro!" At the pool bar Jamie with undo and Thomas' help were passing out Cuba libres when Quentin Graham and Fidelito dressed in his sailor suit walked up to the bar.

"Our usual room por favor." Quentin lisped.

"Yes our usual room por favor." Fidelito added. Walter went for the key. When he returned he handed Quentin Graham the key. "Make it a good one, he said, "I really don't want you and your little boys at Hibiscus Heights."

"Walter old man, forget that, I understand you have tickets for next Friday to Toronto. Here's $200.00 for two of them. I have to produce a play in Toronto so I'll be out of here for a few months. I have a visa for Fidelito, so I need the tickets. We can make final arrangements some time next week, no need for a receipt, I know where you live, ha, ha." He handed Walter the money.

"Yes I am going to see grizzly bears." Fidelito said excitedly, a big smile on his face.

"Jamie hopefully before I leave we'll be able to party some more at El Diablo or better still out at Casa Muchacho, it's more private." Quentin Graham said giving Jamie a wink.

"I don't know, maybe yes, maybe no." Jamie said out of earshot from the others.

"See, I'm making progress, at least this time you didn't say no." Quinton said quietly. He turned from Jamie and with Fidelito skipping along beside him, they walked down the path to the annex. Dinner that evening was a happy time. Cyrano Guzman and wife, Consuela arrived at eight. He took Walter aside and got right to the point.

"I know we got off top a rocky start Senor Morrison, but I want you to know that I'm sure we can work together." Walter let out an involuntary sigh of relief. Cyrano Guzman continued. "I know that you have a problem with transportation for your guests to the beach. If you want, they can use my jitney and you just pay 100 pesos a month for that, O.K?"

BOOK SIX
DINNER WITH THE GUZMAN

The evening was a success for the Morrison's. The Guzman family was one of the wealthiest in the Dominican Republic, and for more than two hours Cyrano Guzman regaled them with stories, some humorous, some serious about their past history under various regimes which had governed the D.R. for years. To Walter, it appeared that possibly the Morrison family fortunes might be looking up. Thanks to Thomas' sugestion rooms were being rented at a decent price, occupancy was about 50% and would get even better when the tour company started the following Monday. At one point when Walter was explaining some of his woes the conversation
turned to Daniel.

"Oh yes, that man is not only the thief of Bella Vista hill, but he is the worst thief in Sosua, I have known him all my life, he is one very bad man." Guzman told Walter. After a delicious dinner everyone danced to the old favorites which Jennifer and Jamie had brought with them from America. Walter was particularly pleased to see Jennifer and Thomas dancing closely all evening never leaving each others side. Jamie was dancing with every woman he could which pleased Walter immensely until he saw him dancing what Walter thought was overly close to Rita and the other prostitutes. "Geez I wish I could do something about those prostitutes." Walter said to Guzman.

"Forget it, they go with the territory in a small hotel. I can keep them out of a large resort like Club Bella Vista, but in order to survive you've really got no choice."

"In the D.R. we produce beautiful people both women and men but unfortunately there is not much employment so both the girls and the boys drift into selling their bodies. Do you really blame them?"

"No, I guess I can't blame them, I know you're right, but it still bothers me." Walter agreed. At about eleven Jennifer nudged Jamie. "Jamie," She whispered, "let's get out of here and go hang out at El Diablo."

"Ah Jeff, do you really want to go there?" Jamie said. "I'm kinda nervous about that place, and I thought you wanted to spend more time with Thomas."

"I did but this place is too claustrophobic, he's just clinging to me, I need some air."Jennifer replied. They excused themselves and started walking up the lane owards the road where they could catch a motoconcho. They ad only walked about one hundred yards when a pickup truck ave a little beep with its horn and pulled alongside.

"Where) are you going?" Quentin Graham asked.

"Just down to El Diablo." Jennifer told him.

"What a coincidence, you're in luck that's where Fidelito nd I are going, hop in." Jamie and Jennnifer squeezed into the front seat beside 'idelito and five minutes later Quentin Graham parked at the front door.

EL DIABLO AGAIN

On the runway, Juanito, wearing only a g string was performing. when he recognized them, he caught Jennifer's eye, pushed the g-string down to his ankles, picked it up, kissed it, then threw it to Jennifer. She reached up and caught it, put it to her lips and kissed it. Juanito finished his performance, scooped up the money on the runway, jumped down and joined them at the table.

"Come on Jamie, let's dance." Quentin Graham said. He led Jamie to the dance floor where they quickly disappeared mt the mass of swaying bodies.

'Why don't I show you my apartment pretty woman?" Juanito said to Jennifer. He looked deeply into her eyes, then pulled her hand over, resting it on his upper thigh. Jennifer shivered.

"Yes, I'd like that, I guess I've seen everything else." She said. She couldn't keep herself from staring at his naked body.

"No, you ain't seen anything yet, the best is still to come, so come on baby, let's get at it." He took her hand then led her from the club, down the stairs to his room.

"You are such a beautiful woman I can not stay away from you, I want you so badly." He said softly pulling Jennifer into his body. "I have seen you watching me too. At the pool you couldn't keep your eyes off me, that's true isn't it?"

"Yes, yes Juanito, Jennifer gasped. "As soon as I saw you I wanted to be with you." She pulled Juanito even closer. He pulled her tee shirt over her head and pushed her shorts and panties down to her ankles.

"No Juanito please,not so fast I want it to be right, I need more time." Jennifer whispered trying to push him away.

"Forget the kid stuff, you're a big girl now and with a Dominican man, not some high school kid!" Juanito snapped back, then pulled her down to the bed. Twice in the next hour, Juanito using all his knowledge as the profesonal lover he was, made strong, passionate love to Jennifer. After the second time, she started getting ready to leave.

"Hold it," Juanito said, "you're finished when I'm finished." He pushed her to her knees in front of him.

"No Juanito, please no, I've never done that before." Jennifer complained.

"Yes, it's what I want, and you'll do what I want." He answered. When they finished, Jennifer started to sob.

"Stop it, you loved it, and you know it, you're my woman now Jennifer." He said.

"Better still, you're my man." Jennifer answered. Although she was very inexperienced in love—making, having only recently lost her virginity to Lindo, she couldn't believe how much she had enjoyed having sex with Juanito.

"1 want you to start dancing and working here tomorrow baby, you'll be great at it, I want everyone to see my woman."Juanito said.

"Yes, Juanito, whatever you want." meekly.
Jennifer answered

"I know you will, remember that baby." Juanito said, his voice cold. They dressed, helped each other wash, then Jennifer obediently followed Juanito back to the disco where they rejoined the others.

"Hope you had a good time, we've been waiting for you." Jamie said.

"She had a great time, loved every minute, didn't you baby?" Juanito said, staring at Jennifer.

"Yeah, but I'm kind of tired, can we go home now Jamie?"

“Juanito didn’t wait for Jamie to answer.

“Of course you can, Jamie, you take Jennifer home, I’ve got some other business to look after tonight, Jennifer, I’ll pick you up tomorrow, noon sharp, we’ll go to the beach.” “Jamie, you come back tomorrow at four, see me in room six, there’s a gig we can do together, I know you’ll like it too.” He leaned over to Jennifer and kissed her deeply.

“I’ll drive you home Jamie.” Quentin said. They left Juanito and followed Quentin down to the truck. During the drive to Hibiscus Heights the only one talking was Fidelito who babbled on and on about the grizzly bears he was going to see in Canada. As soon as they stopped Jennifer got out of the truck and ran into the hotel leaving Jamie with Quentin and Fidelito sitting alone in the truck in the darkened parking lot.

“I’m so glad to se you at El Diablo.” Quentin said to Jamie. He ran his hand up Jamie’s bare thigh, resting his hand in Jamie’s crotch. When Jamie didn’t pull away, he started to fondle him.

JAMIE WITH QUENTIN

‘Hey that’s not free.” Jamie said. He had reached the point that he really didn’t care who was feeling him, and over the last few days be had been getting increasingly curious about what sex with another man would be like.

“Spoken like a true Sosúa boy, just name your price.” Quentin said.

“Since you’d be the first guy down there, fifty bucks, and you got me right now Quentin.”Jamie said. He pushed down his shorts.

“Sold, you’re going to loire this as much as I will.” Quentin said, a lecherous smile on his face. He found a fifty dollar bill in his wallet, handed it to Jamie then, as Fidelito watched anxiously, expertly performed oral sex on him.

“Is very good, you liked very much didn’t you?” Fidelito asked.

“Yes, I liked very much.” Jamie said quietly, reluctant to admit that he had enjoyed his first sexual experience with another man.

“I always knew you’d like it Jamie, when can I see you again?” Quentin asked breathlessly.

“Manana possible seguro, but Quentin, you know everything has a price.” Jamie answered flippantly. Quentin laughed, then gave Jamle a passionate kiss on the lips

“I’d love to see you dance at El Diablo or even have you do a private show, just the two of us.”

“Manana I may be at El diablo.” Jamie answered with a cynical laugh. Quentin leaned over, pulled Jamie close and gave him another kiss.

“Come on Quentin enough already, you got what you paid for.” Jamie said pleasantly. He jumped out of the truck, ran quickly into the hotel and up the stairs to the apartment. The only light was in Jennifers room. As he walked by, she called him in.

“Jamie I know I can talk to you and it won’t go any further. Juanitos all man Isn’t he ? I know he treats women rough, but that’s the Dominican way isn’t it? I know he’s a sanki-panki and I know that’s slang for an acrobat and he has sex with men and women but that’s O.K. isn’t it? That doesn’t make him bad does it?”

“Yeah Jeff, Jamie said reverting to her childhood nickname, “it doesn’t make him bad If he has sex with nen and women after all it’s just sex isn’t it?”

“Yeah that’s what I thought you’ve never made love to another man have you?” Jamies face drained, he wondered if Jennifer had been watching them in the parking lot.

“If you have It doesn’t matter.” She quickly added when she saw the look on Jamies face.

“Yeah I know he’s a regular sex machine, and it’s different strokes for different folks, but I don’t think he’s really your type, maybe you’re better with someone like Thomas.”

“Jamie that’s just it, Thomas is too nice. I want someone more aggressive, someone who takes charge, if you know what I mean? All my life I’ve gone out with nice boys, now I’ve met someone who isn’t a’nlce’ boy, someone that daddy wouldn’t approve of, and I like It!”

“Not only that but even you got to admit it, look at the body on Juanito, it’s to die for and I love it!”

“Jamie I got to tell someone and you’re the only one I can trust. Tonight Juanito and I made love, wild pasionate love just like in the movies and the romance novels in a filthy room down a floor from El Diablo, right under where you and Quentin were dancing. He was violent and I loved It, but look Jamie be squeezed my breasts and my butt so hard he left marks, look at these on my butt.” Jennifer turned her back to Jamie and discretly pulled down her shorts to show Jamie the marks.

Jamie was furious.”What the hell, Jennifer I’ll kill that son of a bitch.”

“Jamie no, maybe I did something wrong, don’t tell anyone please? Jamie I’m in love with Juanito, I want him.

“I’d do anything he asks me or tells me to do, can you understand that?” Jennifer started to sob. Jamie put his arm round her and pulled her tight, trying to comfort her.

“Look Jennifer it’s up to you, just be careful, you know I’m always here for you, the same as I know you’re always here for me.” Jennifer finally stopped her crying. Jamie watched as his sister lay down on the bed and closed her eyes. He waited until she was sleeping peacefully then left and went to his own room where he lay awake smoking cigarette after cigarette a habit he had only recently started, contemplating the direction his life had taken.

C.D.E. & MORE PROPINAS

When Walter got up that Friday morning he had a lot on his mind. Not only did he have the appointment with Juan Martinez, he wanted to see Colonel Diaz and discuss his passola which he had seen the police still riding around Sosúa doing their errands. At six a.m. he went down to reception. It was not yet dawn and still fairly dark. In the parking lot he could hear angry voices and see Elias arguing loudly with three uniformed men. Two were carrying rifles, the third wore a revolver on his hip. Behind them was a blue truck with the letters C.D.E.on the side.

“Uno problemo Senor Walter, Daniel told the electric company that we were stealing electricity during the night, they are here to cut us off.” Elias said after Walter joined the group.

“How about a nice propina for you,” Walter asked the man in charge, hoping to resolve the matter quickly, “then you can forget the whole thing.

“No Senor, that is not possible, I am the ‘jefe’ (chief) I do not take bribes. He gestured to one of the other men who went to the truck and returned momentarily with a large pair of wire cutters. The man went to the large cable leading into the generator shack and without any

hesitation cut the electric cable. The music which had been coming from the hotel died and the light which had been burning in the parking lot went out. Hibiscus Heights was in darkness.

"There is also an outstanding account of 40,000 pesos that must be paid plus a fine of 25,000 pesos which must be paid before you can be reconnected."Said the man with the pistol.

"Elias por favor start the generator." Walter didn't have to ask, Elias was already in the shed; seconds later the generator roared to life and the lights and music were restored. On the terrace he joined Marion and Jonesy who were just beginning breakfast and filled them in on the first problem of the day.

"That Daniel's a real bastard mate, he's trying to get back at you for firing him, but it's no problem, that will all be looked after when the adjustments are made with Martinez." Jonesy said confidently. They all enjoyed a leisurely breakfast. About nine o'clock Rita came to get Walter.

"There are three gentlemen to see you in the bar Senor Walter." Walter and Jonesy went into the bar. Three well dressed men were sitting at a table their attache cases were on the floor beside them. Jonesy shook hands with each man then escorted one to a bar stool. Jonesy took a presidente from the cooler then took the liquor and hotel license from the wall and placed them and fifty pesos in front of the man, who quickly pocketed the money then signed the certificate. Within five minutes he had finished his beer and left the bar.

"Congratulations Walter you just passed your monthly health inspection with flying colors." Jonesy said facetiously. The second man approached Jonesy.

"Senor Jonesy you said last month you would pay the five hundred peso tax for your signs at the town hail but you have not done so, it is past due."

"Si Senor I forgot, but I think 200 pesos is enough don't you agree?" Jonesy reached into his pocket and pulled out a wad of pesos. He counted out 200 to the man. The pesos disappeared into the mans pocket, he shook hands with Jonesy and was gone.

"It's a good idea whenever anyone shows up for something like that to put them off, just tell them you'll pay at the office. They might never come back, but if they do, you can usually beat them down." Walter was grateful to Jonesy, he really was learning something every day.

"Excuse me Senor I am Senor Garcia from the social insurance division. It is necessary to enroll your employees, may I see your payroll records.?" Garcia showed Jonesy identification with his picture on it. Jonesy excused himself to get the records. Five minutes later he was back and going over the records with Senor Garcia. Two hours later Senor Garcia stood up and shook hands with Walter and Jonesy.

"It will cost you 250 pesos per month to enroll your employees in the social insurance program." He said.

"What happens when we hire more employees?" Walter asked.

"That doesn't matter it is still 250 pesos. It is payable by the fifteenth of each month at the town hall. Now, I have been good to you, it Is your turn to be good to me."

"How good did you have in mind?" Walter asked.

"I think 1,000 pesos would be fine." Senor Garcia replied, a broad grin on his face. Walter pulled out his pesos and counted out 500 pesos to Garcia.

"Graclas Senor, everything will be fine." With those final words Senor Garcia gathered his papers together and left. Walter and Jonesy rejoined Marion on the terrace to finish their breakfast.

"Juan Martinez called, we don't have to be there until four o'clock, he wants to get his siesta over with first." Marion told them. Walter breathed a sigh of relief. He needed a break before getting back into discussions with the lawyer.

"We had better pick up some diesel fuel in town this morning Walter there's a tropical depression out in the middle of the Atlantic, if It hits here it could cause electrical problems and who knows when C.D.E. will hook us up again." Jonesy said.

"Jonesy does it ever end, every day there's something else." Marion asked, her voice showing her exasperation. Jonesy and Walter finished their breakfast and headed to town in the pickup. The road seemed to be getting worse. Pot holes and loose gravel made driving almost impossible.

"God Jonesy this road is ridiculous!" Walter said as they bounced down the road in the wreck of a truck.

"You think its bad now, wait a while, we're heading into hurricane season, if we get hit with something bad then you better watch out!" Walter dropped Jonesy off at Tijuana then walked over to the police station. Walter was amazed. It was only ten o'clock but it seemed that that morning he was actually accomplishing something. Walter waited until 10:30. He was about to leave, when Colonel Diaz arrived on Walters passola.

"Ah Senor Morrison how good to see you I was planning on paying you a visit." He said cordially, shaking Walters hand.

"Yes Colonel I would like to get my psaesola back."

"Of course, do you have the matricula with you?"

"I'm afraid not, Jonesy hasn't been able to find it."

"Such a shame, I'm afraid it matches the description of one that was recently stolen in Sosúa."

"Colonel they all look the same, how can you possibly tell?"

"I am sure this is it, and it is also time again that you should be paying me the 'propina' since I know you still have the 'putas' at Hibiscus Heights."

"Look Colonel I just can't get rid of them."

"That is true, but it is still not right, however I like you Senor Morrison. I think for shall we say a reasonable amount perhaps we can reach an understanding."

"How much of an understanding do you have in mind Colonel?"

"Of course one hundred dollars U.S. is the amount we agreed on last time to cover the 'putas' and shall we say 10,000 pesos for the passola and for that I guarantee you the legal matricula, and that's seguro!" He said extending his hand to Walter.

"Can we not negotiate for the passola? How about 5,000 pesos?"

"You drive a hard bargain Senor Morrison, but I am a reasonable man. I will let you have the passola for 8,000 pesos plus of course your regular $100.OOU.S. propina to cover the girls." Realizing any further discussion was futile Walter shook hands with him and started to leave. The only ones drinking rere Quentin Graham and Juanito. They acknowledged Walter rith waves then returned to their drinks. Walter parked the cooter and crossed to S.O.S. He found 'the Donna' working lone in her office.

"Walter I was wondering when you'd come back and see me." he said taking his hand and holding it tight. Donna don't you think Jamies a little young to be having ;ex with a mature woman like you?" He asked trying to be diplomatic.

"Walter we've got to talk." Shesaid pulling him through the curtain into the bedroom. Ricardo was lying on the unmade bed sound asleep.

"Ricardo get the hell out of here, I've got some confidential business to transact." She said pulling Ricardo up from the bed. Ricardo pulled on his pants and mumbling to himself about gringos interrupting his sleep went through to the office. Seconds later they heard the front door slam.

"Come on Walter where have you been for the last twenty years, Jamies not a little boy, he's

a man, he's only been here a week and he's already got a hell of a reputation as a swordsman. Every girl and every gay in Sosúa would love to get Jamie in the sack. I know I'll be back for seconds and thirds and that's seguro! "

"You know something Walter I don't care who knows it! He's a natural with great technique. You know something else Walter today's as good a day as any for you to show me where he got his talent from." Without warning she reached down to Walters crotch and pulled him in closely to her body.

"No interruptions this time lover." She said then went back to the office and locked the door. Walter was ready and willing to get returned to the bedroom he was lying waiting for her to join him. He ripped the mumu from Donna and pulled her to the bed where he attacked her with the youthful vigor he hadn't had since his first days of marriage.

"God you're a tiger today lover, give me all you got." Donna moaned in his ear.

"You thought Jamie was good." He said. "Well now you can compare him to the 'old man' and decide whose best." He said jokingly.

"I've said it before Walter, I like my men with hair on their chest and a decent beard. That's absolutely the only department he's lacking although I'm sure in a few years he'll have that covered too." They passed the next two hours engaged in a variety of sex acts most of which Walter figured Marion would never have heard of much less tried. He pushed Marion from his mind convincing himself that he was a man and in Sosúa everyone cheated and more important no one cared. In the mirror you could see that his back was also bleeding from the gouges had raked across his body. He kissed Donna good bye, being that he would return on Saturday for more of the , then joined Jonesy who was sitting with Siren Svenson. After a quick beer Walter Jonesy drove back to Hibiscus Heights.

THE CIRCUS

"Thanks, but after the other night, maybe I should pass on the pot." Jamie said as he sat down beside Juanito.

'Come on Jamie, it'll relax you." Juanito said,passing him the joint.

"Oh what the hell, why not?" Jamie said. He put the joint to his lips and drew the smoke deeply into his lungs. A few more drags, and he could feel the high.

"Here's the scoop,Juanito said, "you've been to the circus before, well we're going to the circus with a couple of young ladies, and you and I are going to be in the center ring, you'll love it, most important, we'll be working together."

"It's easy," Juanito said, "with the body and equipment you've got, they'll love you, just follow my lead and enjoy yourself!" A few minutes later they were joined by two attractive Dominican girls about sixteen years old. They followed Juanito down a back stair and got into a waiting van.

"Very nice Juanito, you always get the good looking ones." The driver said, looking over Jamie and the girls as he drove. About an hour later they arrived at a beautiful private villa in the hills overlooking Santiago. Two men escorted them into the villa where they were offered drinks.

"Got the drugs Juanito?" One man asked.

"Sure do, Jamie's my new partner." Juanito answered. He put his hand on Jamie's shoulder, then pulled out a baggy of marijuana and another of cocaine. Jamie joined the others in snorting the coke and smoking a few joints. A few minutes later the girls and Juanito started to strip and dance to the rock music drifting through the room on the stereo. Jamie, high on the drugs, remained seated watching them.

"Come on Jamie, get with it." Juanito said, his voice irritated. Jamie didn't resist when Juanito and the girls pulled him to his feet and quickly undressed him.

"Well boys and girls let's see you earn your pay." One man said with a thick French accent. They followed him into a bedroom where the only furniture was a king-size bed. Hanging on one wall was a large selection of whips, handcuffs and other bondage and s& m equipment. For the next hour Jamie and Juanito had group sex with the women in ways Jamie had never believed possible. The two men video—taped the entire performance. Finally, the participants lay exhausted in each other's arms.

"Time for the main attraction Juanito, let's see you and your partner in action." The same man said.

"Sure, you can take the girls back to." Juanito said. The women got up and followed the man from the room, leaving Jamie and Juanito alone on the bed.

"Come on Jamie, let's give these guys what they paid for." Juanito said.

"What do you mean Juanito, aren't we done yet?" Jamie asked, a quizzical look on his face.

"No, the best is still to come." Juanito said. He slapped Jamie's bare buttocks with his hand. Then, he was on top of Jamie pushing him face down on the bed. That was when Jamie realized what was happening. Throughout the ordeal, the video cameras never stopped. When they finished with Jamie they carried him out to the van and drove back to El Diablo. It was almost nine o'clock and the crowds were already lining up on the steps leading to the diso. They parked in the back alley, carried him up the steps and laid him down in the filthy bed.

"I want to go home Juanito, please I want to go home." Jamie moaned.

"Forget it, you've got an hour to relax and get your act together, then you're going to dance."

"No Juanito, you can't make me, I'm going home." Jamie said, trying to get up.

BOOK SEVEN
CASA MUCHACHO

Jennifer picked up a key at reception for a vacant room in the annex, then, grateful for the complete darkness and a sleeping night watchman, made her way to the room. For the next half hour she enjoyed the luxury of a long soapy shower trying her best to wash off all reminders of the evening. After showering she slipped into the bed, pulled the sheets up over her head and minutes later fell into a troubled sleep. About five in the morning she awoke and quietly returned to her own bedroom. Fortunately the only one who heard her enter the apartment was the ever alert Maxwell who, realizing it was Jennifer quickly went back to sleep. Ten minutes after they dropped off Jennifer, Quentin and Jamie arrived at Casa Muchacho. Set back about a half mile from the road, it was a small white house with a red tiled roof located a block from the casino, overlooking the ocean. A concrete wall about seven feet high topped with barbed wire surrounded the property and ensured its privacy. Quentin unlocked a huge padlock on the gate then, pursued by two barking and snapping rottweilers he drove up the lane and parked beside the house. To the left of the driveway was a pool and tennis court.

"Meet Damon ana Pythias." Quentin said. He barked a command to the dogs and they promptly stopped barking and lay down at Jamies feet. "It's not much but It's home and you'll be safe here." He added, his voice, sincere and reassuring. He gave Jamie a tour of the house. It was a virtual museum filled with theatrical awards and memorabilia from around the world. One room was a library, dominated by a huge brick fireplace and floor to ceiling shelves crammed with books and manuscripts. There were so many books it reminded Jamie of the Oak Ridge Public Library. Throughout the home were several oil paintings and works of art which would leave no doubt in anyones mind as to Quentins sexual preferences.

"There's only one bedroom and a sofa so we'll discuss the sleeping arrangements after you have a shower." Quentin said when he showed Jamle the master bedroom. The tour ended In the bathroom.

"You can get showered up here, no doubt you need it." Quentin said as he pulled open the shower door. Jamie had no reservations about showering with Quentin looking on. He stripped off his shorts and for the next half hour he too did his best to wash away the grime he felt was clinging to him from the previous few hours. While Jamie was showering Quentin disappeared then returned a few minutes later with glasses of orange juice and champagne. He passed one to Jamie in the shower. After showering, Jamie wrapped a towel around his waist and followed Quentin through the house to a deck protruding out over the ocean. They sat down together on a large wicker swing. The wind had picked up and they could hear the beginning of a light rain on the roof top. Occasionally the spray from the surf crashing on the rocks below would fly up and land on the deck. Finally Jamie was starting to relax. He was feeling very languid.

"I guess you've got me where you wanted me Quentin, just the two of us at Casa Muchacho." Jamie said somewhat apprehensively.

"Jamie I told you you would be safe here, and I meant it." Quentin replied. For the next two hours they sat on the swing drinking and talking. Finally Jamie fell asleep on the swing, leaning on Quentin's shoulder. During the night he was awakened by Quentin performing oral sex on him. He said nothing, and when Quentin pushed his head to his crotch, he reciprocated. When he awoke, the sun was up and the rain had stopped. Quentin was sitting beside him smoking a cigarette.

"Quentin, when you came on to me last night I could have objected, but I didn't, I guess you

converted me." Jamie said. He lit a cigarette and drew the smoke deeply into his lungs.

"Quentin Graham laughed. "Jamie I didn't convert you, you're straight as an arrow, maybe you're slightly twisted, but you didn't do anything that most teenaged boys haven't tried or thought about."

"Yeah," Jamie said, "but I had to come to Sosúa to do it. Quentin, right now I'm very confused."

"Jamie," Quentin said, you've just come a long way from small town America and grown up a bit, and it's about time." He continued. "There's two guaranteed ways to lose friends. First, borrow money from them, second, have sex with them. Sex ruins friendship and I would much rather be your friend, with just a little sex thrown in to spice things up."

"Thanks Quentin," Jamie said, "not just for saving my ass, but mostly for the advice, I know we'll be friends for a long long time, geez I'm going to miss you when you're in Toronto."

"It's cheap advice Jamie, but it's good, and of course I'll miss you too. Now, I'm going to take a run into town and pick up U.S.A. Today. You can relax, I'll be back shortly." Quentin left Jamie and drove into town. As he passed the police station he saw a crowd gathering. He parked and joined the crowd. Walter J. Morrison was also watching the goings on. The first thing on Walter's mind that morning, was Jonesy or more to the point, Jonesy's phone bill. He found Jonesy on the terrace having breakfast.

"Jonesy, how did you make out with the phone bill?" Walter asked.

"Not worth a damn Walter, you know these Dominican companies, it'll take them a while to get it straightened out I"

"I hope you're not offended," Walter said, "but but Juan Martinez says I should hang on to your passport until the phone bill is settled."

"Look Walter just where the hell do you think I would go?" Jonesy snapped back. "You know where I live, so, just get off my back, you understand mate?"

"Yeah sure I do Jonesy, but I still want your passsport, do you mind getting it for me now?" Without another word Jonesy got up and left the terrace. Minutes later he returned and handed Walter the passport and some other papers.

"I didn't hear any 'thanks' for me paying the electric bill and getting the power reconnected Walter." Jonesy said as he handed Walter his passport and the other papers. Printed in large letters on the papers were the letters: P.A.I.D.

"God Jonesy I'm sorry I guess I'm just a little jumpy right now, when the hell did you do that and how did you get it done so fast?"

"I went to see the area manager in Puerto Plata yesterday morning, he owed me a little favor, so with a thousand peso propina I convin~ed him to send up a crew yesterday afternoon; you didn't even notice that we had power last night."

"Jonesy I'll go get you the money, then I guess I owe you drink." Walter went to the apartment. He returned in a few minutes with the money which he handed to Jonesy with the passport:

"No, you hang onto the passport." Jonesy said, putting money in his pocket. "It'll make you feel more secure. I'll have a double Cuba libre por favor. " Thomas joined them. He had a big smile on his face.

"I've got some great news and you're the first people I' told, I've been hired by 'Tours in Paradise' as their

"I hope Jennifer will be happy too, I really like her, but she seemed very cool to me yesterday." For the next hour they discussed hotel operations, Thomas' job, his prospects with Jennifer and the possibility of being hit by the tropical depression they had been tracking the last few days.

"Make sure you pick up another forty gallons of diesel when you're in town Walter, that depression's going to get here soon, I feel it in my bones." Jonesy reminded Walter. It was about ten when Walter left for Sosúa. Jonesy went back to his room for a shower. Marion who had been working in the kitchen watched Walter leave and saw Jonesy going through the bar on the way to his room. Marion was from the old school that believed in traditional family values and that if you raised your children honestly and religiously, with a strong work ethic life would work out just fine. She had grown up next door to Walter in Dearborn, Michigan and from the time she was a little girl it had been taken for granted by both families that she and Walter would marry, have children and live happily ever after.

Everything had gone according to plan until that day a few months earlier when Walter had lost his job and their perfect world had come to an end. Walter had been her first and only love, Before Sosúa it had never crossed her mind to even consider an affair, but here life was just not the perfect existence they had planned. Marion waited a few minutes then followed Jonesy up the stairs. She hesitated at the door to Jonesy's room. With her ear to the door, she could hear the water running in the shower then, using her pass key she quietly let herself into the room. A couple of minutes after Marion entered the room, Jonesy came out of the shower. When he saw Marion he gasped, grabbed a towel and tried to cover himself.

"No Jonesy, I want to see you, don't get dressed."

"Luv, I just didn't expect this."

"Jonesy," Marion said, "I really need to talk to you, I've really wanted to get to know you better since we first met, I really need a friend."

"Marion luv, there's friends and there's friends, just what kind of friend do you want me to be?"

"A close one Jonesy, very close, I know Walters cheating on me with 'the donna', I can smell her cheap perfume when he comes home and the other day his chest and back were covered with fingernail scratches."

"Then, this morning, I overheard the kitchen staff say that Jennifer and Jamie have been stripping at El Diablo. I don't know what time Jennifer got home last night and Jamie's still not home. Ever since they met that Juanito they haven't been themselves. For all I know they're prostitutes themselves. Jonesy I just can't take it anymore. I need someone to be with, to talk to, do you understand Jonesy?" Jonesy took Marion in his arms and helped her undress. Together, they sank down to the bed. For the next hour Jonesy and Marion made love. Jonesy was a skilled and experienced lover. In her years with Walter Marion couldn't remember ever experiencing such passion and tenderness. When they finished they lay holding each other closely. Marion couldn't believe her feelings.

"God Jonésy 'the donna was right, you are incredible in the sack!"

"You're not so bad yourself luv, we'll have to make this a regular event." They showered, made love again then returned to the terrace where Jennifer and Thomas were drinking coffee. When Jennifer came downstairs that morning and saw Thomas sitting by himself she knew she had to try and explain what was going on. As soon as she sat down he reached over and put his hand on hers.

"Please Thomas, I don't think I'm ready for a relationship with you." She pulled away.

"Geez Jennifer what's going on, two days ago you couldn't get enough of me now you're not interested. Ever since we went to El Diablo you've been cool; you're in love with that hanki-panki aren't you?"

"Jennifer I'm going to be living here for good, I've been hired as the destination rep for Tours in Paradise' and I was hoping we would be a couple."

"Thomas I care for you a lot, I really do, but right now I'm confused." Jennifer was spared having to make any further explanations when the 'huffers and puffers' started arriving for their aerobics class. She left Thomas and lost herself concentrating on the exercises. The class was cut short when the skies turned black, the winds started blowing ferociously and rain started coming down in a deluge. At the same time Marion and Jonesey arrived.

"Jennifer do you know where Jamie is?" Marion asked.

"As far as I know he's staying with a friend in town Mom, you know Jamie he's enjoying the ladies of Sosúa."

"Yeah I know Jamie that's why I'm concerned." Marion said.

JUANITO THE PRISONER

As Walter drove the pickup by the police station he could see a group of soldiers, police and civilians gathering. In the middle of the group, was Juanito. He was shirtless and shoeless wearing only a pair of soiled shorts. His upper body was covered with dried blood, scratches and scrapes. His eyes were puffed shut and blackened, his hands handcuffed behind him and his ankles shackled.

"What's going on?" Walter asked Colonel Diaz who appeared to be supervising the operation with his automatic pistol in his hand.

"This man, Juanito Ramirez was arrested last night, I intended to visit you last night but it was necessary to raid El Diablo; we found two kilos of cocaine, many bags of marijuana, stolen jewelry and several stolen wallets."

"We interogated him during the night and he confessed that he is a drug smuggler and dealer, both very serious offences. We are taking him to the larger jail in Santiago. If he stays here, he has many friends and may try to escape."

"Señor Morrison, Señor Graham, I beg of you please help me they will kill me." Juanito pleaded with Walter and Quentin. Without warning one of the policemen kicked Juanito in the back sending him sprawling head first into the gravel. Juanito screamed in pain. Three more picked him up and threw him roughly into the back of the police wagon.

"Hasta la vista Señor Morrison. I shall see you when I return. Colonel Diaz climbed into the passenger seat and in a cloud of dust they pulled out onto the highway and turned West towards Santiago. As the police drove away Walter and Quentin could hear Juanito screaming for help from the inside of the truck.

"He's right, you know," Quentin said quietly to Walter before he drove away, "they are going to kill him, you'll never see Juanito alive again, someone's going to find his perfect little body in a ditch." Walter drove directly to Sosúa Office Services, He was astounded and upset by the police brutality he had just witnessed and he hoped "the Donna" might be the ticket to relieve his anxiety.

"Walter it's not unusual." "The Donna" said. "It goes on in these countries, you'll never change it, now let's do something we can control." An hour later, his tensions lifted, Walter was ready to leave.

"Walter lover, I'll buy two of your plane tickets for this Friday. I can't tell you who they're for, but they're worth $200.00 each, O.K.?" Walter left Sosúa Office Services, he had a fast beer with Sven at Tia Juana then bought the diesel fuel at the Texaco before making his way

up the hill to Hibiscus Heights. The rain was coming down heavier now, the road more treacherous than normal with pot holes large enough to swallow a truck or a car if one happened to hit them the wrong way. He had no sooner sat down on the terrace when Colonel Diaz, his arm wrapped around a young hooker walked up to Walter.

DEATH OF JUANITO

"You're back awful fast Colonel, Walter said.

"Alas Señor Morrison the trip, it did not go well. A few miles out of Sosúa near the airport, Señor Ramirez asked that we stop so that he could relieve himself. We drove off the road into a cane field so that he would not be visible to the passing public."

"I helped him out of the truck. Suddenly he tried to wrestle my gun from me, a very foolish move because he was still in hand cuffs and leg irons, but I suppose he was desperate; he knew he would be going to prison for many years, I had no choice but to shoot the man."

"You mean he's dead?" Walter asked. His thoughts went back to Juanito who scant hours ago was screaming that the police were going to kill him.

"Yes," the colonel answered, "we have advised his family where they can find the body."

"I have more good news for you, and me. He confessed to the attempted murder of Michael Crowfoot and several other violent crimes so I have released Pablo your cook. It is very good, now we don't have the expense of a trial and no doubt my superiors in the Capital will give me a promotion."

"Next week I will be selling the jewelry and other materials that he has stolen. It was necessary that they be confiscated. If you are interested, see me personally at my office, I am sure you will find the prices very agreeable."

"Were there any witnesses Colonel? Won't your superiors find the circumstances of his death a little suspicious. "Señor Morrison I am a Dominican Colonel, no one would dare question my judgement, now may I please have the key to my usual room!" Colonel Diaz said Indignantly. Walter realized it best to drop the subject. He picked up the key at reception and with a smile handed it to Colonel Diaz who quickly left with the hooker for the annex. At the same time Quentin Graham arrived back at Casa Muchacho to find Jamie wearing only an apron, busy dusting the house. Quentin gave Jamie a wolf whistle."You're the best looking maid I've had in a long time Jamie. It looks like you and I are going to be roomies for a few days, that tropical depression is passing through as we speak. The lane out here is already under three feet of water and I know that so—called road up Bella Vista Hill will be completely gone by morning."

"Is everyone going to be alright at Hibiscus Heights Quentin?" Jamie asked. He had never experienced tropical depressions or hurricanes and was very concerned for his family.

"Sure Jamie, everyone will be fine, that place is built like the Rock of Gibralter and I know your dad has lots of fuel for the generator."At that moment the lights went out and the stereo died plunging Casa Muchacho into darkness. Minutes later the generator started and power returned. Quentin had just started to mix drinks when the phone rang. Jamie answered.

"Casa Muchacho, speak to me.

"Jamie, it's me, Jennifer, I've been worried about you are you alright?" She didn't wait for his answer. "Did you know Juanito was dead? Colonel Diaz shot him this afternoon, he was under arrest and he tried to escape." For a few seconds Jamie held the receiver to his ear saying

nothing. He felt faint, he knew the blood was draining from his face.

"God Jennifer, I didn't know about Juanito but I'm fine Quentins been great, I'm going to stay here for a few days, let Mom and Dad know where I am, but how about you, can you handle it?"

"Yeah I'm fine, say hello to Quentin." Jamie hung up and turned to Quentin.

"Juanito's dead isn't he?" Quentin asked. When Jamie nodded yes, Quentin gave him a knowing look.

"Did you have an affair with him Jamie?"

"Yes and no, he raped me, but aside from that, he was like a Svengali, I would have done almost anything he asked ."

TROPICAL DEPRESSION

At Hibiscus Heights the pool bar was closed, the terrace was unusable due to the driving rain and gale force winds. Pool and terrace furniture had been stowed in vacant rooms. Guests who weren't holed up in their rooms were packed into the bar and in a party mood. Making the best of a bad situation Walter had opened the bar offering free drinks for everyone. At three o'clock Jonesy braved the elements and took a walk down to Bella Vista Hill. Half an hour later he was back looking like the proverbial drowned rat.

"No ones coming or going anywhere Walter, the roads gone, there's torrents of water running downhill, pot holes are three feet deep, five cars are abandoned right in the middle of the road. We might just as well snuggle up for the long haul, we've got enough staff here from the morning shift, they can spend the night in vacant rooms and go home when the road reopens."

Walter agreed that they had no choice and since there was ample food and liquor they might just as well sit back, drink up, and ride out the storm which was showing no signs of weakening.

At six o'clock the phone rang.

"Walter, David Hayes here, I just lost my dining room and swimming pool, a tidal wave took it all away. Thank God you're not on the ocean, at least you don't have to contend with this." Walter whispered a silent thank you to God. At seven the phone rang again.

"Morrison this is Freddy Anderson I have a contract with your hotel to play tonight, but the road is impassable. Since that is not my fault, your hotel owes me five hundred

"Next time you see Señor Hotel walking down the street collect it from him Freddy!" Walter slammed the receiver down so hard it even hurt Walters ear.

"Speaking of snuggling, you're one big man I'd love to snuggle up with." Marion whispered to Jonesy.

"We'll get our chance luv, why don't you suggest to Walter that he take a little nap, just tell him this is going to be an all fighter and he should take a break."

"Walter honey, we're going to be here for the next few hours, why don't you take a break now, then I'll get one later?" Walter took Marion's advice,,excused himself and left for the apartment. As soon as he was gone, Jonesy led Marion to the laundry room.

"I feel like a high school kid sneaking into the locker room." Marion said.

"Doesn't matter where you live it's the exact same all over the world, let's get at it." Jonesy replied. They stripped off their clothes and on a pile of towels, behind the linen shelves Jonesy

and Marion engaged in hurried sex. They had just finished when one of the maids opened the door and brought in a pile of dirty linens. Awkwardly they pulled up their shorts and tucked in their shirts hoping the woman had seen nothing.

"Señor Jonesy, my mother is very sick, can you spare me a few pesos?" She asked tentatively.

"Sure Negra, no problem." Jonesy quickly reached into his pocket and pulled out his pesos. He counted out three hundred pesos to the woman.

"Gracias Señor Jonesy and thank you too Señora." The woman said, smiling at Marion. Jonesy and Marion followed her from the laundry and returned to the bar. It appeared they hadn't been missed.

"That was too close Jonesy, do you think she saw anything?" Marion whispered after they sat down at an unoccupied table.

"If her mothers still sick next week and she asks for more money you can rest assured she did." He answered. At the same time, Jennifer with Thomas' help was playing the roll of disc jockey, trying to keep everyone entertained. Guests were dancing, playing darts and watching CNN for reports on the progress of the storm. The rain was still coming down in torrents, the wind still blowing furiously.

"Jennifer you know we work so well together I'd really like you to help me when I start with 'Tours in Paradise'."

"Sure, as long as it doesn't interfere with my work here, I'll be glad to." Jennifer replied with a smile. Although she was a little nervous about committing herself she still appreciated the attention.

"Thanks, you just made my day." Thomas said, giving Jennifer a little kiss on the cheek. He was grateful for any commitment however small from Jennifer. Minutes later Walter returned from his nap and shortly after that Colonel Diaz came in, soaking wet. He joined everyone who were now at the same table.

"Any new stuff around here Walter?" He demanded."I need a new girl to keep me interested.

"How about you Jennifer? I know you like to party, and where is that brother of yours? I know he parties too." He whispered in her ear. Out of sight from the others he squeezed her bare thigh. Jennifer felt nauseous.

"Excuse me, I've got to get an aspirin." She said, abruptly getting up and leaving the bar. Several minutes later when she had regained her composure she rejoined Thomas and her parents. She was thankful that Colonel Diaz had found another prostitute and returned to his room. For the next two days and nights the party continued at Hibiscus Heights. Although common sense told Marion they should wait for Walter to be away before they had another tryst, her passion overruled that and over the next few days whenever the coast seemed reasonably clear she and Jonesy carried on their torrid affair. At the same time David lost his dining room and pool, Quentin and Jamie were relaxing with drinks in the library. They heard a loud roar and crash from the deck. Quentin ran through and with great difficulty pushing against the howling wind and driving rain he opened the door to the deck.

JAMIE SAVES QUENTIN

He would have rushed through the door onto the rocks below except Jamie pulled him back by the scruff of the neck. It was only then they realized the deck and all its furniture had been carried away by the raging ocean. It was a ten foot drop straight down to the boulders which had been under the deck.

Quentin was trembling "I guess we take turns saving each others ass Jamie." He said. They returned to the library where Quentin lit the fireplace. For hours they sat reading, talking and enjoying a few drinks; their only interruption, a light Dominican supper of rice and beans. In the evening they again read talked and relaxed. Jamie was enthralled by Quentin's tales of life in the theater. Jamie was grateful to be with Quentin. It was an opportunity to relax with no obligations to please anyone except himself. At midnight they went to bed. As soon as they were in bed, Quentin led Jamie into more sex. When they finished, for the first time in days Jamie slept like a log. Sunday was much the same as Saturday with reading, drinking and conversation. Monday morning the rain finally stopped. Jamie awoke when the first rays of the morning sun broke through the window. As he sat up in bed and stretched, Quentin walked in with a pot of steaming hot coffee and freshly squeezed orange juice.

"I thought the sleeping beauty would never wake up." Quentin said with a laugh.

"I guess it's time for me to go home Quentin, I hope we're still friends." Jamie answered. He got out of bed and pulled on his shorts.

"Jamie we'll always be friends and this is home any time you want even if you are a little old for Casa Muchacho." Quentin cooked up a huge English breakfast, a fry-up as he called it with sausage, eggs, fried tomatoes and potatoes. Jamie was famished and dug in with gusto. Two helpings and an hour later, he was full.

"Jamie." Quentin asked. "Would you do me a favor when I'm in Toronto? Stop by Casa Muchacho every day and feed Damon and Pythias, you can use the house any way you please." After breakfast they left for Hibiscus Heights. The devastation from the storm was obvious, many small Dominican homes along the road had been leveled, utility poles were down, their wires lying along the road. Parts of the road were still flooded, but for the most part they had rio problem reaching Bella Vista Hill.

Bella Vista Hill was still impassable by vehicle so they left the truck at the Texaco and started walking. It was another hour before they reached Hibiscus Heights. When the operators and residents of Hibiscus Heights got up that morning, it was as if nothing had happened. There was no electricity, certainly that was not unusual but the hotel had been spared, there was no damage. Birds were whistling, and the fresh smell of the grass and the flowers was invigorating. Jennifer woke up early that morning in Thomas' arms. Vaguely she remembered going with him to his room the previous evening. Twice, they had made tender beautiful love, and she had no regrets. When she awoke that morning she didn't want leave the bed and his embrace. She snuggled deeper into his arms and kissed him passionately, then she led him into more love making.

"Thank you Thomas, thank you." She said pulling him closer.

"No, it's you that I thank, and to think that before I met you I didn't like Americans now, I'm in love with one that I want to marry."

ROAD REPAIRS

"No." Marion said. "you're wrong Jonesy, today it's a beautiful day in paradise!" After a huge breakfast the men, with the exception of Quentin who had left before breakfast, followed the lane to the road, where they met Cyrano Guzman who was with a crew of Haitians and a gravel truck, filling pot holes and repairing the road. Walter and his crew picked up spare shovels and helped with the work.

"Walter, here's something you'll be interested in," Guzman said, "often I'm overbooked, when that happens I'll send you the overflow, of course you would do the same for me." They shook hands on the deal. For another two hours they worked with Guzman, slowly making their way down the hill repairing the road as best they could. Back at the hotel, Marion came out to greet them. She was beaming.

"Senora Guzman called, her brother was just appointed to a big position at the presidential palace. She's quite sure that within the next two months the road will be paved, no more manana possible seguro!"

Walter couldn't believe his ears. Finally, it seemed like things were starting to go their way. He hugged Marion. Marion didn't encourage the embrace; She pulled loose and returned to the kitchen. Later that afternoon, Walter drove to town with Jamie and Thomas. They dropped him off at S.O.S. while they carried on to buy liquor and groceries. At S.O.S. Donna was working alone.

"Where's Ricardo these days?" Walter asked as he locked the door.

"Now that I've got a real man like you lover I don't need boys, I sent him back to the capital to visit his family. Will you stop by and pick up my suitcases on your way to the airport this Friday?" She asked after their customary lovemaking. Walter agreed then crossed to Tijuana and joined Thomas and Jamie who were sitting with Quentin and Fidelito. In spite of the disgust Walter he felt for Quentin's lifestyle, he could see that Jamie liked the man so he did his best to make small talk. They arranged to pick up Quentin's bags on Friday, then drove directly to the airport.

Today, the airport was a bonanza for new guests. Two German airlines and a Canadian charter had just arrived. Within minutes they had fifteen new guests. After hiring three taxis they formed a convoy and drove straight to Hibiscus Heights. Walter was almost ecstatic with the way business was going. At Hibiscus Heights he went directly to the apartment. As he started to unlock the door, Marion came out of Jonesy's room. Her hair was wet.

"I didn't expect you back so soon Walter." Marion stammered, her face turning red.

"I'll bet you didn't." Walter replied sarcastically. Until that moment the possibility of Marion having an affair had never crossed his mind. That evening conversation centered around plans for Jennifer and Thomas' future and 'Tours in Paradise' which would be sending guests the next day. A FAX had arrived stating they needed twenty—five rooms so everyone was eagerly awaiting the first group from a tour company. Walter and Marion didn't discuss the afternoon although they were both upset with each other. During the evening the family enjoyed (lancing. Jamie (lanced mainly with his mother and his sister. When Rita came on to him, he avoided any slow or suggestive (lancing with her, preferring to keep her at a distance. Tuesday morning, Jamie took the passola and was in Sosúa before ten. His first stop was Casa Muchacho. Fidelito greeted him at the gate, smiling ear to ear.

"Oh amigo I am so happy to see you. If you ever have any problems again please see me and I will help you." Jamie was warmed by the sincerity of the little boy. He vigorously shook hands with Jamie, then hopped on behind Jamie, pulled himself snugly into Jamie's back and

rode with him up to the house. The house was a beehive of activity. At least ten men were busy rebuilding the deck. Supervising the crew, primly dressed in straw hat, white slacks and blue blazer was Quentin Graham.

"Hi Jamie, glad you dropped by, this will be finished by the time we leave, so when you come out you can relax on the deck and enjoy yourself." Quentin sang out, obviously pleased to see him." Better still come back tomorrow, we'll make a day of it, we can play tennis and swim, no need for a suit we always bathe au natural. I'll even barbeque some two inch thick American steaks I got from Nebraska."

"You've got a date." Jamie said with a smile. He got back on the passola and drove to S.O.S. When he walked in the door Donna got up from her desk and smiled at him lewdly.

"I knew you'd be back Jamie, I didn't believe what I heard about you at El Diablo, with Juanito, I know you like women." She grabbed his arm and almost dragged him into the bedroom.

"Sorry Donna, not right now, I'm out of here." Jamie had had enough of the casual sex that flourished in Sosúa. He was tired of the mind set that dictated if you didn't have sex all the time there was something wrong with you. He had made up his mind the previous evening that in the future the only time he would have sex would be with someone he loved, not just for the thrill of it. He pulled himself loose and headed for the door. As he walked out the door he could hear Donna cursing him, but he didn't care. He deliberately slammed the door hard and crossed the street to Tijuana. No one he knew was there which suited Jamie just fine. Jamie relaxed with a Presidente. It tasted so good that he had another, then another. It was past noon before Jamie left Tijuana and drove slowly back to Hibiscus Heights. When Jamie arrived at the hotel Jennifer and Thomas were just getting ready to leave for the airport on the Tourismo bus which would be used to transfer the guests from the airport. They had a huge cooler with them full of Cuba libres which they had been sampling for the past hour and they were in a party mood.

"Hey Jamie come on with us, you can give us a hand." Thomas shouted when Jamie drove up. He parked the passola and boarded the bus. Fifteen minutes later they were at the airport. The flight had arrived fifteen minutes before them so they waited outside customs with their signs: 'Tours in Paradise', to meet their clients. As they met them, Thomas stroked their names from his list and ushered them to the bus.

TOURS IN PARADISE

They were a mixed bag, mostly middle aged, half were men and half were women, very jovial and very drunk. As soon as they were on the bus, Thomas started passing out the drinks, and the Germans started to sing. Then, before the bus had left the parking lot, as if there had been a signal they all started to disrobe. Within minutes Jamie, Jennifer, Thomas, and the bus driver were the only one still wearing clothes.

"What's going on folks?" Thomas asked, not believing what he was seeing.

"We are naturists, you knew that of course." Said one portly gentleman. Jennifer, Thomas and Jamie looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

"Why not Jeff, we've been naked in worse places, when in Sosúa, do as the paying guests do." Jamie said as he stripped. Jennifer and Thomas quickly joined in the fun and the party continued until they reached Hibiscus Heights. As they drove up the lane to the hotel Jamie, Thomas and Jennifer had a quick talk.

"I don't think mom and dad are ready for this." Jennifer whispered to Jamie and Thomas.

"Right let's leave well enough alone, they've gone through enough lately." Jamie and Thomas agreed. They got dressed, then led the nudists through the bar to the pool. Walter and Marion were sitting with Jonesy. When they realized their new guests were completely nude they looked at each other with stunned looks on their faces, choked, laughed, and almost spilled their drinks.

"I guess we're a nudist colony." Walter said gravely to Marion.

"It's nothing we haven't seen before and we're all adults, so why worry?" Marion said.

"Hey Lindo, drinks on the house, I hope no one spills anything on their clothes or drops a cigarette in their lap." Walter said with a laugh. Within an hour the newcomers had been given their room keys and registered. Several were playing volleyball, others were swimming and sunbathing. The humor of the situation had eased the tension between Marion and Walter.

THE LEASE

It was time for Walter and Marion to see Juan Martinez. They gathered together all the records of income and expenses since they had taken possession. There were also inventory records and any unpaid bills from before they had taken over. They also took the family passports. Juan Martinez was a perfect gentleman. Less than one hour after they walked into his office they had the final figures. Checks were handed over and Juan Martinez handed the Morrison's an official lease with government seals and stamps showing that all transfer taxes and fees had been paid.

"May I now have the honor of buying you drinks at Tijuana?" He asked. At Tijuana Siren Svenson bought the first round, Juan Martinez the second. Within an hour it seemed everyone in Sosúa knew the deal was finalized and were stopping at Tijuana to buy drinks for Walter and Marion. It wasn't until nine at night that two very drunk Morrison's finally weaved their way up Bella Vista Hill to Hibiscus Heights. At the guardhouse Walter stopped the truck and went in. The sereno was snoring loudly, his rifle over his knees, his head down and his chin against his chest.

"Hey Sereno, wake up, wake up." Walter said, giving the mans arm a push.
The man sat up with a start, the rifle fell to the floor. "Que passe?" He asked sleepily.

"You're sleeping, that's what's happening." Walter replied testily.

“No sleep Señor, I’m just thinking with my eyes closed.” The sereno replied Walter shrugged his shoulders. It was too late to argue. They parked, then went to the bar. The nudists were rocking and rolling, no one was wearing so much as a bikini.

BOOK EIGHT
MORE INDISCRETIONS

Jamie was sitting alone at the bar watching the dancers. At a table, Rita sat staring at Jamie, her breasts bulging from a low-cut blouse, her skirt hiked up revealing lacy black panties. Jennifer and Thomas were serving drinks.

"Where's Jonesy? ?"Walter asked Jamie.

"He had a date in town, I think it was with "the Donna", he just left, you probably passed him on the hill," Jamie answered, "he said not to look for him until morning."
Rita came over to Jamie.

"Jamie, I do not have a boy to be with, why not come to my room?" "I will give you a very special massage." She said quietly but loud enough for Marion to hear.

"No Rita, manaña possible seguro." Jamie replied and turned back to his drink.

"It is true, you like men don't you?" She said, angrily and loud enough that everyone within ten feet could hear. She turned from Jamie and stormed out of the bar. Although Jamie was visibly upset and he knew he had turned red, he ignored her, put his head down and studied his drink.

"God is everyone in this town a sex maniac?" Marion whispered to Walter.

"Looks like everyone is except us, and sometimes I'm not so sure about you." Walter answered, his voice had a hint of sarcasm. Marion ignored the crack. "Jamie when I see the bodies on some of these people, I'm glad we're not nudists, and we save it for the bedroom." Walter stood up. He had overheard Marion's remark. "I agree one hundred percent, but now it's time for bed." Walter said heading for the door. Minutes later Marion followed.

The others stayed, enjoying the music and dancing. Jamie danced with his sister and most of the women guests doing his best to forget Rita's stinging remarks which he knew his parents had heard. It was three a.m. when Jennifer and Thomas left. Jamie watched them walking hand in hand down the path towards the annex. He wondered if he would ever feel the love for another woman that he could see Jennifer and Thomas had for each other. He went to bed by himself, wondering if he even Quentin, and ended up doing sleepless night tossing and turning. As he sat in Tijuana having breakfast he saw Jonesy leaving S,0.S. Minutes later Ricardo arrived on a motoconcho and went into S.O.S. Walter waited ten minutes, finished breakfast then crossed to S.O.S. Donna was working at her desk. She got up, locked the door, then welcomed Walter with a wet sloppy kiss on the lips. She steered him into the bedroom. Ricardo was stretched out naked on the bed.

"I want to give you a special treat as a reward for finalizing the deal lover." She said, blowing in his ear. She slipped out of her mumu and pulled Walters shorts to his ankles.

"Donna can't we be alone, I don't want to get into this with Ricardo here." Walter said nervously.

"What the hells the matter with the Morrison men?" She snickered. "That son of yours isn't interested in women any more. It looks like his old man's the same."

"Leave Jamie out of it!" Walter said angrily.

"Walter you're a big boy, you're going to love it, I know Jamie would love it with another man here." She snapped.

"Oh, what the hell, why not?" Walter said. He moved closer to the bed.

"Yeah amigo, come on, you'll like it." Ricardo said. He reached out and pulled Walter down to the bed. Finally, exhausted, they lay in each others arms.

"I told you it would be great, you just needed some encouragement." Donna whispered to Walter.

"Yes you are very good amigo." Ricardo said then pulling Walter closer he embraced him tightly. Before Walter left they showered together, and he promised to return later for another menage a trois. As he drove home he asked himself what had happened to his moral standards since he arrived in Sosúa less than two weeks earlier. When Jonesy arrived back at Hibiscus Heights after spending the night with Donna, he joined Marion on the terrace.

"Hi Jonesy, what's up?" She asked. "I missed you last might."Sometimes, duty calls luv, it was a nasty job but someone had to do it. I missed you too, we'll make up for it today, why don't we take a wild ride in the country?"

"Sounds great, as long as it includes what I missed last night." Marion agreed. They put a bottle of white wine in a cooler, and ten minutes later on a rental passola they were on their way towards Cabarets. Five miles East of Cabaret they took the road up Mocha Mountain. An hour later they stopped at a small clearing over booking Mocha and Santiago. There, under a large tree, Marion spread a blanket on the grass, and it was there that they made tender caring love.

"This is the way it should be Jonesy, any time any where, where have you been all my life anyway?"

"Somewhere else luv, but I'm here now let's not waste the day." For another hour they lay in the grass drinking wine and making love, as they drove back to Hibiscus Heights, Marion wanted to cry.

"Jonesy, 'the donna' was right you're just great in the sack or anywhere else for that matter, I want to be with you every hour, you want me too don't you?"

"Sure do luv, but don't worry I'm here for you whenever you want me."

When Jamie got up Wednesday morning, he was anxious to get to 'Casa Muchacho.' It would be the first time he had played tennis since arriving in Sosúa, and he was also looking forward to seeing his friends. He arrived at "Casa Muchacho" before ten. Fidelito met him at the gate and rode up the lane with him. For the next two hours Jamie and Quentin played tennis with Fidelito scurrying around acting as the ball boy. They played three sets. Quentin won the match, thoroughly trouncing Jamie.

"God you're amazing Quentin." Jamie exclaimed. He couldn't believe how well Quentin played.

"No big deal Jamie, young guys like Fidelito keep me trim." After tennis they swam and lay for hours in the sun. When the sun had gone down Quentin grilled the best steaks Jamie had tasted since leaving Oak Ridge. After dinner, they sat on the newly completed deck drinking liqueurs and looking out to sea.

"Why not stay the night Jamie?" Quentin asked.

"Tomorrow we can do an encore?"

"Yes amigo, say yes, stay with us tonight, please." Fidelito asked. Jamie didn't hesitate. He had no obligations at Hibiscus Heights that evening and he was comfortable with Quentin and Fidelito.

"Sure, I'd like that very much."Jamie replied, grateful for the invitation. After dinner that evening Walter and Marion were sitting on the terrace enjoying their drinks.

"I think I'll go back to town tonight." Walter said.

"There's an all night poker game at one of the guys houses, and you know how I like poker."

"Sure go ahead, I know you'll do well." Marion replied. Walter lost no time, in minutes he was on his way to S.O.S. It took a few minutes of knocking before Donna answered.

"God I didn't expect you quite so soon lover, but that makes it even better." Donna led him

into the bedroom. Ricardo was dozing, naked as always, on the unmade bed. He got up quickly and reached out to shake Walter's hand.

"I knew you enjoyed it amigo, welcome back, tonight we'll do things you never even dreamed of." He winked seductively at Walter. Ricardo wasn't exaggerating . Walter spent the night engaged in every variation of three way sex that Donna and Ricardo could dream up. When they finished in the predawn hours. Walter was exhausted and amazed by the insatiability of"the Donna" and the sexual acrobatics of Ricardo. He was also secretly pleased with his own performance and knew he wanted to do it again.

"Don't forget to pick up the bags tomorrow about eleven lover, my clients want to get to the airport on time, They'll get the boarding passes from you in the lounge or better still Jonesy can bring them down to the departure area •" No sooner was Walter out of the parking lot than Marion went to Jonesy's room. She looked around, made sure no one was coming, then dropped her robe to the floor and knocked. Jonesy opened the door. When he saw the naked Marion he did a double take.

"Come on in before you catch your death of cold." He said pulling her into the room.

"He's gone Jonesy, let's have some fun, Walters at an all night poker game, he won't be back till morning."

"I'll just bet it's all night poker game." Jonesy said under his breath. Marion didn't hear the remark.

"We've got the whole night to have fun luv, let's make it a great one."

"Jonesy, I just can't take this anymore," Marion said, "I'm leaving Walter, my sister Nancy has lined up a job for me running a small hotel North of Toronto, I really want you to be with me, we make a great team, will you come with me Jonesy? We can go tomorrow."

"Luv, you have no idea how glad I am to hear that from you, I was leaving tomorrow anyway, Donna arranged for the tickets, with Walter, but he didn't know they were for me." They spent the night together making love and making plans. In the morning, she returned to her apartment and went directly to bed. She was exhausted from the lovemaking and the stress brought on by her, and Walters infidelity. It was eight a.m. before Walter returned home. She didn't bother to ask him how he had made out at the poker game She knew from his bloodshot eyes and mannerisms that he too, was exhausted. They stayed in bed until noon, avoiding physical contact with each other, then kept busy around the hotel. In the morning Jennifer and Thomas made a quick trip to town. At Western Union they picked up the money which had been transferred from Germany to pay for the stolen motorcycle, then stopped and paid Manuel. Thomas was leaving on CONDOR the next day to return to Germany for more training with "Tours in Paradise." and Manuel had made it abundantly clear that he would not permit Thomas to leave until the bike was paid for. When Jamie came home, it was late afternoon and time for the men to go to the airport to try and find new guests. They returned with five German men. After dinner the family spent the evening enjoying Hibiscus Heights and discussing Jennifer and Thomas' wedding which was scheduled for Christmas eve at sundown.

MARION LEAVES

Friday morning, the Morrison's, Jonesy and Thomas drove to Tijuana. Jamie drove alone to "Casa Muchacho" to pick up Quentin and Fidelito. Quentin was dressed in a garish pastel, floral suit complete with a bow tie, and Fidelito was wearing a replica of an R.A.F. uniform. They picked up the others and the cases at S.O.S. then drove to the airport where the Morrison's checked in the bags, received boarding passes and went to the upstairs lounge which overlooked the airstrip. They gave two passes to Quentin. Fidelito was almost giddy with excitement.

"I'm going to fly Jamie, I'm going to see grizzly bears. I'm going to miss you, will you miss me?" He asked. He was clinging to Quentin and hanging onto his hand for dear life.

"Yes I'm going to miss you a lot amigo, don't get eaten by a grizzly bear." Jamie answered. When he saw Fidelito turn white as a ghost, he hugged him and kissed him good-bye.

"Don't worry amigo, I'm only kidding." Jamie said in a reassuring voice. He hugged and kissed Quentin then watched as the two walked hand in hand from the lounge.

"Jamie you shouldn't kiss Quentin in public like that, people will talk." Marion admonished him.

"Mom, Quentin is most likely my very best friend and this is Sosúa, the last place on earth where anyone should worry about anyone else's affairs, and to be perfectly honest I don't give a damn who knows it!" They watched through the window and a few minutes later saw Quentin and Fidelito walk across the tarmac and climb the gangway onto the plane. Before they disappeared into the aircraft they turned and waved back to the lounge. It was only then that Jamie realized that he wouldn't see them for months. He vigorously waved back and wiped a tear from his eye.

"You see a lot of people flying out of here every day with broken dreams mate, but those two don't have that problem, they've got it together." Jonesy said to Walter as they watched a steady stream of people boarding the airplane. Walter nodded in agreement.

"Walter, I've got one heck of a headache, I've got to go to the bathroom, I'll use the one downstairs, there's an attendant there so it's much cleaner than this one, I'll be back in a few minutes." Marion said. She quickly left the lounge. At that time they called the CONDOR flight for Hamburg and after quick hugs and kisses Thomas hustled away to catch his flight.

"Geez mate," Jonesy said to Walter, "I forgot the boarding passes for Donna's clients, give them to me quick I'll run them down to security, they'll be waiting for them!"
Walter found the passes in his pocket and handed them to Jonesy. Jonesy snatched them from Walters hand, turned away, pushed his way through the crowd and disappeared from the lounge."Jennifer and I'll go and try to find some new people at customs." Jamie told his father a few minutes later.

"Good idea, you can take them to Hibiscus Heights in the pickup, When Jonesy and your mother get back we'll take a taxi home." He answered. After they left, Walter continued to watch the people boarding the aircraft. Minutes later Donna rushed up to him.

"Where the hell's Jonesy?" She demanded. "He was supposed to meet me twenty minutes ago in the downstairs bar with the boarding passes."

"What the hell's going on here?" Walter shouted pointing down to the tarmac. Arm in arm, Jonesy and Marion were walking towards the airplane. Walter started pounding furiously on the glass. Others in the lounge turned to stare at him. He was creating such a fuss, a uniformed security guard started towards them.

"That son of a bitch, he never paid the phone bill, and what the hell is Marion doing with him anyway?" He said to Donna.

"Forget it Walter, let them go, I knew I shouldn't have trusted that asshole just because he was great in the sack. Come on lover let's get the hell out of here, we can go back to the office and enjoy ourselves." She pulled Walter away from the window. Speechless, they watched as Marion and Jonesy climbed the gangway. At the top they turned and looked directly at the lounge where Donna and Walter stood staring. Before they entered the plane they gave huge waves then threw kisses directly at Walter and Donna. A shoeshine boy handed Walter a crumpled note.

"A little propina por favor Señor?" The boy asked. Walter handed him Live pesos, He unfolded it and read it aloud.

"Walter, I can't take it anymore, you can have your slut, Sosúa and everything else, I'll phone the kids to let them know what's gone wrong. Good luck you son of a bitch. Marion." Silently, Walter and Donna watched the plane finish boarding, taxi to one end of the runway turn, and in minutes it was gone. They waited a few more minutes then quietly left the lounge and took a taxi back to Sosúa.

In baggage claim Jennifer and Jamie quickly rounded up a few people.

"You go ahead, I'll try for some more." Jamie told Jennifer, She led their people through customs leaving Jamie by himself. As he looked around the crowd, he spotted an extremely attractive woman he guessed to be about his age, sitting alone on two suitcases with AIR ONLY" tags She had an olive complexion and long black hair. She was wearing a white "Calvin Cline' t-shirt, a long black skirt. Sandals and sun glasses completed the outfit. Jamie was awe-struck by her dark exotic beauty. He quickly decided she was the most attractive woman he had seen in Sosúa. He put on his best smile and approached her.

"Hi pretty lady, my name's Jamie, my family has a hotel here, if you haven't got a room, I guarantee you'll have a good time there. It would be my pleasure to personally make sure the price and everything else is right." He held out his hand. She ignored the gesture."No thanks very much, my father lives here, he's supposed to pick me up, but he operates on West Indies time and he's a little late." She replied, her voice icy.

"Look it's just that I'm always willing to help attractive women." Jamie replied in what he thought was his most non-threatening, sweetest and sexiest voice.

"No, you look, you must have misunderstood I'm waiting for my father and I don't like skankys, Dominican, or gringo, for that matter, catch my drift? Now fuck off, it's getting late, I'm going to take a taxi."

"O.K. have it your way." Jamie answered. "At least let me carry your bags out to the cab?"

"No thanks there's porters for that, and I like to help the local economy." Jamie shrugged his shoulders.

"Suit yourself, fuck you too." He said, disgusted with her attitude. He stood back and watched as she waved for a porter. He followed them out of customs and waved as she drove away in a taxi. When it was out of sight he joined Jennifer in the truck.

"God I just met a real bitch, it's no wonder some beautiful women never find husbands." He complained.

"You're just losing your touch, but don't worry, some day when you're old and grey you'll get it back." Jennifer kidded him. They quickly drove back to Hibiscus Heights, talking about that evening's policeman's ball. Neither was fussy about going, but hopefully it would keep peace in the family and keep them on Colonel Diaz' good side, a necessity in Sosúa. Walter and Donna went directly to Sosúa Office Services Ricardo, wearing only a towel, met them at the door. A white woman about twenty years old, peered out from behind the curtain to the

bedroom. waiter could see she was naked.

"I thought you'd be halfway to Canada with Jonesy by now. Ricardo said, his voice showing his surprise.

"Plans change Ricardo, donna said, "now get that bitch out of here and get your ass back to the bedroom, we're going to have some fun, then you and I are moving in with Walter at Hibiscus Heights."

"Ah bueno, Ricardo said, "I like Walter very much." Seconds later the woman ran through the office and out the door, pulling on her clothes as she ran. Ricardo quickly regained his composure, hugged Walter and led them to the bedroom.

THE NEW SEÑORA

An hour later they piled into a taxi with Donna's belongings and drove up to Hibiscus Heights. Francisco met them at reception.

"Francisco, this is the new Señora, take these cases up to the apartment." Walter said. Francisco's jaw dropped. Without a word, he picked up the bags and headed up the stairs. Walter, Donna and Ricardo went directly to the pool bar.

"Where's Mom?" Jamie asked.

"She's on her way to Canada with Jonesy, I'll tell you guys the whole story later," Walter said," but for now, Donna and Ricardo are moving in with me." It was at that moment Donna realized that the guests around the pool were naked.

"God, I heard this place had gone bare-assed naked Walter, that's great, come on Ricardo." She slipped out of her mumu pulled Ricardo's shorts off, and holding his hand jumped into the pool.

"Come on Walter, get with it." She spluttered back to Walter. Walter looked tentatively around the pool.

"Oh what the hell, why not?" He stripped and joined them in the pool. Jamie and Jennifer sat open—mouthed staring at what was happening. Jennifer started to quietly weep.

"Daddy no, this isn't right." She said it so quietly that Walter didn't hear. He kept playing noisily in the water with Donna and Ricardo.

Minutes later Donna heaved herself out of the pool in front of Jennifer.

"Come on sweety, I know you're not shy, get with it." With one hand she pulled off Jennifer's bikini top. Without stopping she reached down and ripped off the bottom, breaking the clasp in doing so.

"Geez, you're really stacked aren't you." Donna said staring at Jennifer's breasts.

"God you're an asshole" Jennifer shouted.

"Come on Donna, leave her alone." Walter called from the pool.

"Spoil sport." Donna said, then she turned her attention to Jamie. "Jamie, it's not as if half of Sosúa hasn't seen it or sampled it all before, get with it." She pulled his shorts off.

"Oh what the hell, come on Jeff, let's get it over with, or this bitch will never stop." He took Jennifer's hand and they jumped into the pool. At dinner that evening, Jennifer and Jamie did their best to distance themselves from Donna. Any conversation they had was icy, and they couldn't hide their disdain for their father. Walter was drunk and kept trying without success to find reasons other than his own infidelity for Marion's leaving him.

"Jamie, you and I will be real amigos now, Si?" Ricardo asked, "we will have fun together like brothers, and with 'the Donna'."

"Jennifer now that you don't have Juanito, and the German boy is not here, I think you would enjoy being with me, si?"

"In your wildest dreams Ricardo." Jennifer's tone of voice left no doubt as to what she thought of Ricardo.

"I don't think I'll go to the policeman's ball, I'll just stay here and look after the place." Jamie said. "I'm really not interested, there'll be all kinds of' putas' there, and I see enough of them around here." He stared directly at Donna.

"It takes one to know one Jamie." She snapped back.

"Come on Jamie, you'll have a good time, I guarantee it." Jennifer told him. She reached over and squeezed his hand.

CASA FIESTA

"Thanks Jeff I know you will." Jamie said, grateful for his sister's understanding. "Excuse me for a few minutes will you?" He said to no one in particular. "A swim will do me good." He got up and dove into the pool. Momentarily, Jennifer joined him. Ten minutes later after many heart felt entreaties, she had convinced Jamie to go with them to the party. Casa Fiesta, a huge cavern of a night club was located two miles East of Sosúa on the road to Cabarets. It was ten o'clock by the time they arrived and the parking lot was packed with vehicles of every description. Sounds of a steel band emanated loudly from the building. A half dozen taxis and motoconchos sat idling as they waited for passengers. Even as they walked towards the front door, several prostitutes emerged from the shadows and accosted the men. One of them, a teenager, groped Jamie and Walter, ignoring the women and Ricardo.

"Hi Jamie, remember me?" She cooed seductively. "Lisa, from El Diablo."

"No, I don't remember you." Jamie said, pushing her away.

"Sure you do, we were in the movies together, we had a good time, let's do it again tonight." Then, she turned to Jennifer. "Maybe your sister wants to join in too? She makes movies with women, I know she does, don't you honey?" She started to squeeze Jennifer's breasts. Jennifer pushed the woman away.

"Come on Jamie, let's go." She said, tugging Jamie's hand, and pulling him towards the doors.

"You've both certainly been busy haven't you?" Donna, who had been watching everything with interest asked sarcastically. "The two of you must know every whore in Sosúa."

"Yeah, especially the biggest ones." Jamie replied. He stared at Donna. The girl lost interest in them and faded back into the shadows.

"Geez isn't that a treat, there's a steel band not just meringue." Donna said to Walter as they

neared the door.

"Give it a few minutes, this won't last long." He replied. Sure enough, right at that moment, the steel band stopped and a meringue group started. Colonel Diaz, resplendent in full dress uniform with gold braid greeted them at the door. There were big handshakes and smiles. If anyone didn't have a ticket he collected 300 pesos from the locals and 500 from the tourists which he promptly stuffed into a large, leather, shoulder bag. With him was a grossly overweight perspiring, mustached woman in her twenties who he introduced as his daughter Elena. Inside, half of the building was open to the stars, the other half covered, strobe lights were flashing, and despite the open roof the smoke and heat was suffocating. Jamie was right, the place was crawling with prostitutes and skankys. Shoe shine boys and flower boys were working a crowd, which appeared to be evenly divided between ex Pats and tourists. They found a table and Walter ordered "Dominican service" for everyone.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER

"Isn't she a work?" Jamie said to Jennifer nodding towards the Colonel and his daughter.

"Shh, don't say that too loud, you might end up in jail." She replied. At that moment Colonel Diaz looked over and saw them watching. He led his daughter to their table.

"Jamie, Elena doesn't have a boy friend, but she is an excellent dancer, and she thinks you are very handsome. She's very shy, but I know she would like to dance with you, I would also like it very much!" Jamie took the hint and escorted her to the dance floor. The Colonel was wrong, his daughter was a terrible dancer, a fact Jamie quickly learned. During a slow dance he did his best to keep her at arms length, despite her attempts to hold him tightly to her ample, sweating body. After five minutes of anguish, Jennifer rescued Jamie by cutting in. Elena gave her a disdainful sneer.

"Thanks Jeff, you saved my life." Jamie said after they returned to their table. "There ought to be a law against that kind of thing."

"There is, she answered, "but, in Sosúa when your fathers the Commandant the laws are different." A few minutes later David Hayes and Siren Svenson joined the table.

"I thought you were bringing your daughter." Walter said.

"I was but unfortunately she isn't feeling very well, she went directly to bed after she arrived, I think it's the flue. David said. "Where's Marion?"

"It's a long story, David, but I'm afraid she took off with Jonesy, although I don't know how he left the country, I was hanging on to his passport as security for a huge phone bill he ran up, and it's still in my safe."

"Walter, I'm surprised you're so naive, like a lot of the riff—raff in Sosúa, Jonesy had joint citizenship. He used his British passport, that's all." David replied.

"Well, maybe it's for the better, I don't really think Sosúa was the right place for her, but aside from that, why don't you bring Debbie up to Hibiscus Heights next Friday for dinner? Thomas will be back by then, and we could have a nice evening, Sven, we'd certainly like to see you too." Walter said.For most of the evening Jamie danced with Jennifer. At one point, Donna wouldn't take no for an answer and dragged him to the dance floor where for several minutes she clutched and groped him.

"Come on Jamie, let's go out back, just the two of us,you can make a quick fifty, just like the last time." She whispered, flicking her tongue in and out of his ear. He pushed her away and returned to the table. Late in the evening, the Colonel ushered Jennifer to the dance floor.

"You're one "puta' I haven't bedded yet." He said. "You need a real Dominican man, not your German boys and skankis. Now that we've closed El Diablo are you just looking after the boys at Hibiscus Heights? Look, I'll pay for it here's 500 pesos, that's the going rate." He pushed some bills down the front of Jennifer's ample top.
"You're an asshole!" Jennifer shouted. She pulled the money from her blouse, threw the money at him, then slapped his face.

"You're going to regret that bitch!" Diaz said. Jennifer ran from the dance floor back to the table.

"God that man is such a pig Jamie, he keeps coming on to me, he just offered me 500 pesos to go to bed with him, he keeps bringing up about El Diablo." She said when she got back to the table. "Can't we go?"

"Oh, give it a little longer Jeff, it's still early, Siren and David are good guys, we can ignore the idiots." He said. As they sat, they were well aware of the baleful looks they were getting from Colonel Diaz and Elena. Trying to make a bad evening better Jennifer also danced with David and Siren enjoying their company immensely. Late in the evening Ricardo asked her to dance. His hands were all over her.

"You like young, strong Dominican men don't you Jennifer? like to feel your body, you can feel mine." Abruptly he pushed her hand down to his crotch, where she could feel he had an erection.

"When we go home we will get to know each other better, si?"No, I don't like any Dominican men, they're all "maricons" (queers) and they tink!" She yelled in his ear. Again she returned to the table. Throughout the evening Walter had been getting drunker and drunker. He danced with Donna and talked to David and Sven, but for the most part he ignored Jennifer and Jamie who he knew were totally upset with the new living arrangements. Late in the evening Jamie was standing at a urinal and a big hand clamped down on his shoulder. He turned around to find Colonel Diaz inches from his face.

"My daughter has been crying all evening, I asked you nicely to dance with her, don't you understand what that means?" Jamie pushed the Colonel's hand firmly off his shoulder.

"Look Colonel, with all due respect," Jamie replied, "I'm sure Elena is a very nice girl, but I'm afraid she just isn't my type!" He pulled away, left the washroom and returned to the table where Walter and Donna were preparing to leave. Colonel Diaz followed Jamie back to the table.

"Open my usual room for me when you get to Hibiscus Heights Walter, and the adjoining one too," Colonel Diaz said, "I've got a few days vacation. Elena and I will spend it at Hibiscus Heights with you and your children, we enjoy their company immensely, and want to get to know them better. You go ahead, I'll drive Jennifer and Jamie home."

"Sounds great Colonel, it'll take a taxi, Dona and I have a few things to discuss in private." Walter agreed. He gave Jamie a knowing wink.
He didn't see the look of alarm on Jennifer's face, and he was in a rush to return home for a full night of sex with his new room mates. Ten minutes later, Jamie and Jennifer joined Diaz and his daughter in the police van. Jennifer sat in the front seat with the Colonel who drove with one hand on the wheel, the other was creeping higher and higher up Jennifer's bare thigh. In the back, Elena pulled Jamie as close as she could and wetly kissed him, her tongue pushing down his throat. He pushed her away. Immediately, she reached for his crotch.

"Oh Jamie," She said, "ever since I first saw you in Sosúa, I wanted to be with you. Papa said just to be patient, and now, it 's going to happen."

"Don't count on it baby." Jamie said, angrily pushing her away again. Ten minutes later the Colonel pulled up to a small house in Sosúa Abajo.

“Elena,” Colonel Diaz barked, get some clothes together, I have police business to conduct with Jennifer and Jamie, I’ll be back to pick you up in the morning.”

“But papa, you promised.” Elena said.

“I know I did, but it can wait, depending on what happens tonight you are going to be very happy or very sad.” Elena finally released Jamie, got out of the truck, and stormed into the house. With tires spinning Diaz pulled away from the house and drove quickly to the police station where he parked about fifty feet from the front door.

SOSÚA JAIL

“I’m going to show you something so you’ll never forget who I am, and what I can do.” He said angrily. “Come with me!” Several policemen carrying sub—machine guns snapped to attention and saluted Colonel Diaz as Jennifer and Jamie got out of the truck and followed Diaz into the jail.

They followed him along a concrete hallway. He stopped at a solid steel door. About five feet up was a small barred window. From the other side they could here screams and moans. He removed a large padlock, then flung open the door.

The stench of urine and unwashed bodies almost knocked them over. From the doorway they could see into a small dimly lit cell packed full of men, most of them in rags or naked. A solitary light bulb screwed into a ceiling socket cast a grim light on the sweating bodies of the prisoners. The heat was stifling.

A little boy about twelve years old who Jamie recognized to as a shoeshine boy from Tijuana sat on the concrete floor, head down, his knees pulled up to his chest, sobbing.

When the door opened he looked up. Recognizing Jamie, he called out.

“Señor Jarnie, help me please.” He begged.

“He can’t help anyone.” Colonel Diaz said. “It was here, and in my office where you boyfriend Ramirez spent his last night, he was very popular with his cell mates, now, come with me!” They followed him down the hall and through a door with the sign.“Commandante”, into a large office. There was an old desk, a battered sofa and two steel chairs. A strong single light bulb hung from the ceiling providing light In one corner of the room on a table was a television set and a v.c.r.

Diaz pulled out the two chairs placed them side by side in front of the desk and turned to Jennifer and Jamie. You are both under arrest for drug trafficking and prostitution. Jennifer and Jamie gasped.

“We’re not drug dealers or prostitutes.” Jennifer protested. She started to sob.

“I say you are, and here you’re guilty when I say you are,

“You are nothing but two whore’s.” He said, then spat on the floor. “Sit!” He ordered, pointing to the chairs. Jennifer and Jamie quietly sat down facing Colonel Diaz. He now took a video tape from the shoulder bag, inserted it in the v.c.r. and pushed play. The first segment showed Jennifer having sex with the black woman, then with Juanito and the two bouncers.

“Oh no.” Jennifer gasped. She put her head down to her knees, covered her eyes and started sobbing uncontrollably. Next on the tape was Jamie having sex with Beverly, then, Beverly confessing to drug possession.

"She came in to report the theft of her necklace and watch," Diaz said, "then we discovered cocaine and marijuana in her purse. after a night in jail she readily told us how you were all involved in the drug trade. She is now awaiting trial in Santiago. I am sure that sometime in the next two or three years she will appear in court and be sentenced to another ten years in prison."

Next on the tape was Jamie with Juanito and the other men at the house in the country.

"How nice, brother and sister sharing the same lover, very thoughtful, I must say." Then there was tape of the men, beaten and bloody incriminating Jamie with Juanito in drug dealing. The last part of the tape was of Jennifer and Jamie dancing nude, Jennifer with the black girl and Jamie with Juanito. Diaz walked over to Jamie, and ripped the gold chain and medallion Juanito had given him from his neck. He slowly turned the medallion over, reading the inscription.

"To Beverly with love." Now your name is Beverly he said sarcastically. He now yanked the gold watch from Jennifer's wrist, turned it over and read the inscription.

"So you're now the "Beverly twins, one a maricon, the other a maricona (lesbian), both with the same lover, how wonderful, I"ll bet Pop will be proud of the two of you, some family, both prostitutes and drug traffickers, to boot

"As you have seen, I have more than enough evidence to convict you both of drug trafficking, and prostitution.

"We're not drug dealers." Jamie protested.

"Quiet maricon!" Diaz shouted.

"My father won't put up with this Colonel." Jennifer said quietly. Colonel Diaz laughed.

"He can do nothing, if you create a problem I'll]. press charges; somehow I doubt he would be thrilled to be told that his only children are both prostitutes and drug dealers. However, I have a compromise which I think you will both find very agreeable. It will save you from a long term in prison, and, let me assure you, the penitentiaries in this country are very unpleasant especially for foreigners."

THE COLONEL'S PROPOSAL

"Jennifer, you will marry me and Jamie, you and Elena will wed, we'll be brothers in—law and you will also be my son, I think you will like her much, and Jennifer I am sure you too, will be happy. Being related to the Commandant of Sosua, can, let me say, be very rewarding financially and in other ways."

"I will give you the night to think this over, or you can go to jail right now, do we understand each other? Don't you think my suggestion is a good one? No, don't answer now, you have until morning to decide on jail, most likely for life, or a life which will be very pleasant. Jamie and Jennifer nodded their heads.

"Tonight," he continued, "I want some variety with younger people who haven't had your experience." Now, "puto" (male prostitute) and "puta" (Prostitute) since we have nothing more to discuss tonight we will go." he took the tape from the machine and returned it to the shoulder bag. Without a word Jennifer and Jamie followed Diaz, heads bowed, back to the truck, sighing with relief once they were out of the police station. Diaz started the truck and drove directly to"el Diablo." Several young prostitutes of both sexes in their early teens were

standing at the door. A new sign announced :“El Diablo”, rooms, girls, boys, dancing, opening soon under new management.

“You two, come here!” Diaz ordered a boy and a girl, both of whom appeared to be about fifteen years old. Obediently, the young prostitutes joined them in the truck. Minutes later they were back at Hibiscus Heights.

“Hasta manana, my *love.”* Diaz said to Jennifer, giving her a little kiss on the cheek, for her after they got out of the truck. Jennifer and Jamie watched in silence as Colonel Diaz and the young prostitutes walked down the path towards the annex, then they quietly climbed the stairs to the apartment. After arriving at Hibiscus Heights Walter and his friends undressed each other, then, for the next hour they chased each other around the apartment before collapsing in the large bed, where for another hour they engaged in group sex.

“God I never thought sex could be do much fun. Marion would never have done this.” Walter exclaimed as they lay in bed together.

“There’s lots more coming Walter.” Donna sai1 enthusiastically.

“Yes amigo, we’re going to have fun every day, as many times and as many ways as you want it.” Ricardo added. They all quickly fell asleep. In the apartment, Jamie and Jennifer they tip—toed past the open door of Walter’s bedroom. They could see the three inhabitants lying naked on the bed, passed out in each other’s arms.

“Christ what a household.” Jamie said quietly.
They sat down side by side on her bed.

“Jamie ,what are we going to do?” Jennifer asked, tears rolling down her cheeks. “I will never marry that fat pig”

“Jeff as soon as we can, we’re getting out of this hell hole,” he whispered,”Diaz was right, we are “putas”, we’ve both been paid for sex, and, had sex with who knows how many people ? You know something though, I really don’t care anymore, if I have to I’ll marry Elena to stay out of jail, but as. soon as I can make enough money, I’m out of this sewer. If that means being a prostitute, that’s fine, I’ll have sex with anyone who pays for lt”

“For you Jeff, it’s a little different, tomorrow, when Diaz goes for Elena we’ll move you out to “Casa Muchacho”.You can stay there until Thomas gets back and then probably go with Thomas to Germany and get married there.” At least you’ve got Thomas, I’ve got nothing. I think I’ll go to Toronto, Quentin’s got a house there, I’m sure he’ll make room for me •“

“But Jamie, he’s gay.”

“So what, he’s the only one I’ve met down here that’s treated me decently.”

“What about Daddy?”

“Shit Jennifer all he’s interested in is “The donna”, all his brains are in his crotch. and look what he did to Mom.”

THE “DONNA” AND RICARDO GO

Jennifer pulled the bed clothes up over her head and started crying softly. Minutes later she dozed off into a troubled sleep. Jamie crept back to his room, taking care not to waken anyone. He stripped off his clothes and lay naked on top of the sheets. Five minutes later, Donna got into bed beside him.

“I’ve been waiting for you.” He said casually, “I thought you might have brought Ricardo, let’s see fifty bucks, right now, payable in advance.”

"Yeah, tomorrow I'll bring Ricardo, but for now, here's fifty bucks, you better make it worthwhile." A half hour later, Donna left Jamie and returned to the master bedroom. Jamie was just dozing off, when he heard Jennifer scream and Maxwell barking loudly. He jumped from the bed and ran, still naked into Jennifer's room. Ricardo was cowering naked in a corner his hands covering his crotch. Maxwell was barking, snapping and lunging at him. Jennifer lay in bed, holding the sheet up to her chin. Jamie grabbed Ricardo, pulled him to the middle of the room, threw him violently to the floor, straddled him and started punching him in the face.

"You son of a bitch, you dirty rotten son of a bitch, I'll kill you, you bastard!" Jamie shouted. Ricardo screamed. Then, Walter and Donna were at the door.

"Walter stop that crazy son of yours, he's going to kill Ricardo!" Donna yelled.

"That rotten son of a bitch tried to rape me!" Jennifer shouted.

"No, no, she wanted me, I know she did." Ricardo mumbled, through bloody lips. Walter pulled Jamie off Ricardo, then, without stopping, he hauled Ricardo to his feet, pushed him down the hail and through the door onto the balcony. Without hesitating he picked up the screaming and flailing Ricardo, raised him high over his head, then hurled him over the side into the pool below.

"He can't swim, you asshole." Donna yelled at Walter.

"Then let the little asshole drown." Jennifer said from behind everyone, as she held a blanket around her.

"Jamie you better save that tea bag, he isn't worth going to jail *over."* Walter said. Jamie quickly jumped from the balcony into the pool and momentarily surfaced with a sodden Ricardo.

"You get your ass out of here now!" Walter shouted at Donna, "and take your little buddy with you."

"You must be joking, you'd throw us out, and keep these two whores." Donna screamed in Walter's ear.

"If they are, this town has done it!" Walter answered, his face beet red. "Now get the hell out of here now! I don't ever want to see you at Hibiscus Heights again, I'll drop off your junk at Tijuana tomorrow, as of now we are finished!"

"You are an asshole Walter, and you know something Ricardo's twice the man you'll ever be in bed!" Donna shot back.

"Well good for Ricardo, now out, or you'll be joining him in the pool!" Walter said, pointing to the door. Donna quickly pulled on her mumu and ran down the stairs They followed her out to the pool where she pulled Ricardo to his feet, sneered at Jamie, then helped Ricardo through the hotel and out to the lane. The Morrison's quietly watched "the Donna" and Ricardo walking slowly up the lane towards the main road which would take them down Bella Vista Hill to Sosúa.

"God I've been such a fool." Walter said holding Jennifer and Jamie tightly.

"Pop, we can talk about it mañana, let's just get to bed, and relax." Jamie said.

"Yeah daddy we've got an awful lot to talk about, but right now, let's get some sleep." Jennifer said. Quietly they made their way back up the stairs and to bed. Around ten the next morning Diaz and the two prostitutes walked up to Jennifer and Jamie who were enjoying breakfast at their regular table on the terrace. Walter had not as yet joined them. Wrapped tightly around Diaz' mid section, was a colorful Santa Claus towel, his fat gut hanging over, his arms wrapped around the two prostitutes, who were also wearing towels. Jamie stifled a laugh when he saw how ludicrous Diaz looked. Several of the guests were snickering loudly.

"Buenos Dias Jennifer." Diaz said. He leaned over to kiss her. "Hang on to our room key please." He handed her the key, turned, dropped the towel, revealing his naked body then,

followed by the two prostitutes strode down to the pool area and, doing a huge cannonball jumped in. Jennifer ignored him, preferring to look stonily at her coffee. After several minutes of dominating the pool with obscene games and most of the guests who had been enjoying a quiet swim had exited the area, they climbed from the pool and joined Jennifer and Jamie. Minutes later there were loud noises and shouts from the bar. Several armed soldiers and a man wearing a general's gold bars burst through the door onto the terrace. He led the soldiers up to Colonel Diaz.

"You are Colonel Diaz?" He asked.

"Si, Si, general." Diaz replied, his voice trembling.

"Arrest this man!" the general ordered the soldiers.

"There must be some mistake, you cannot arrest me, I am the Commandant of Sosúa!" Diaz protested.

"You are no longer the Commandant of Sosúa, I am General Gonzalez, your replacement. You are under arrest for the murder of Juanito Ramirez." General Gonzalez said.

"This is ridiculous," Diaz answered," Ramirez was nothing but a common "puto".

"That common "puto" as you put it, was also the governor's favorite cousin! We have witnesses who will testify that you shot him In the back. Hand cuff him!" He ordered the men. The soldiers quickly hand-cuffed Diaz' wrists behind his back.

"But," Diaz said, his voice rising several octaves, "I am here on official police business Investigating these two prostitutes for drug trafficking." He nodded at Jennifer and Jamie.

"I am not Interested In drug dealers Diaz, It's murder I am concerned about." The general replied curtly.

"What about my pants, and my clothes? I need my pants." Diaz asked, his voice rising, and trembling even more. He was standing, totally naked, open—mouthed.

"Where you are going in Santiago to await trial Diaz, you won't have any use for clothes, once your fellow prisoners realize you were a policeman." The soldiers led a protesting Colonel Diaz through the bar and out to the parking lot where he was unceremoniously hoisted into the back of a police wagon. Jennifer and Jamie and the two young prostitutes followed, watching in amazement the events taking place.

"He owes us a thousand pesos general." The young boy said.

"You're out of luck, or do you want to go with him?"

"No General." The boy and the girl replied, then quickly disappeared. The general turned to Jamie and Jennifer. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Nothing General." They answered in unison.

"Then, be on your way!" General Gonzalez ordered. They returned to the hotel entrance and momentarily, the truck with spinning tires and siren wailing left the parking lot towards Sosúa.

"Jamie come quick." Jennifer shouted. She took his hand and ran, half dragging him to Colonel Diaz' room. Hanging on a chair were Diaz' clothes and the brown leather bag. Jennifer pulled out the video tape and fistfuls of pesos. She pulled the cassette apart, and lit a match to the tape. They sat on the bed counting the money.

"Geez Jamie there's over 150,000 pesos here!" Jennifer exclaimed.

"Yeah, I guess the Morrison twins are the highest paid whores in Sosúa, but we sure earned it, didn't we?" Jamie replied.

BOOK NINE
BUSINESS AS USUAL

Jamie and Jennifer stored their unexpected treasure in the apartment, then returned to the terrace. Twenty minutes later, Walter, red-eyed and unshaven, joined them.

"What was all the excitement?" He asked, his voice subdued. "I heard sirens and a commotion."

"Just another example of the Dominican justice system at work, pop," Jamie said, "Colonel Diaz was arrested by a General Gonzalez for murdering Juanito and they're taking him to Santiago."

"That's nice, he'll probably join Juanito and turn up dead in a cane-field." Walter said in a matter of fact voice.

"God," he said, "1 hate that type of thing, but he really deserves all he's going to get, doesn't he? Geez, I miss your mother already, I didn't sleep at all after we got rid of Donna."

"Look daddy, I don't really want to talk about it." Jennifer said.

"Jennifer's right pop," Jamie said, "I don't want to discuss it either, maybe mom will come back, I hope so, but for now we've got to try and operate Hibiscus Heights on our own." His voice was consoling.

"Jamie's right daddy." Jennifer agreed.

"Come on, it's a new day, let's get on with it." She got up and went down to the pool where her 'Huffers and Puffers" had congregated. Mechanically, Jennifer put them through their paces.

Jamie and Walter sat pool—side, watching Jennifer, and handling the usual morning business. In the early afternoon the Morrison's left Lindo in charge and drove to Tijuana. From their table along the sidewalk they watched the tourists and locals coming and going. About three o'clock a van stopped in front of Sosúa Office Services. The driver went into the office. Five minutes later, Donna and Ricardo, with the driver's assistance, left the office carrying office equipment and furniture which they loaded in the rain.

"Adios assholes." Donna shouted at the Morrison's, then she gave them the finger. Nothing further was said. The three got into the van and quickly drove away. Sven who had wintered everything sat down with the Morrison's.

"Geez what the hell happened at Hibiscus Heights after the party last night Walter?" He asked.

"The Donna" told me this morning they were going to the capital for a few days and then she might go back to Toronto, and, there's word on the street that Diaz got arrested at Hibiscus Heights this morning, not that either of them is any great loss, that's seguro."

"Yeah, I'm afraid Donna just wasn't my type, and I think maybe Colonel Diaz murdered the wrong guy." Walter agreed. About nine that evening, the Morrison's were sitting at their table on the terrace when General Gonzalez walked from the bar onto the terrace. He stood at the edge of the terrace, hands on his hips, surveying the guests and prostitutes who were finishing their dinners or dancing on the pool deck. When the prostitutes saw him, several of them started heading for the annex, their clients following behind. His gaze stopped at Jennifer and Jamie. They looked at each other apprehensively.

''Oh geez, what now?" Jennifer said quietly to Jamie, "I hope he isn't going to give us a hassle." The general shifted his gaze to Walter. He stared at Walter for a few minutes then walked up to him and stood at his side.

“Are you Señor Morrison, the owner of this hotel” He asked. “I am General Gonzalez,” he said,” the new commandant of Sosúa, I did not meet you when I was here this morning and I saw these prostitutes.” He motioned to the prostitutes who were still in the area. “Prostitution is illegal in the Dominican Republic, If you wish to continue in business, it will be necessito for a monthly propina of, shall we say $100.00 U.S. then, I am quite certain we will get along very well, do you not agree Señor?”

“Walter stood up and turned to shake Gonzalez’ hand. “Of course general,” he said, “I am sure that is appropriate.” Walter went to the bar and quickly returned with a fifty dollar bill which he discreetly passed to the general. “Muchos gracias Señor.” The general said. He slid the money into his pocket.

“Tell me General will Colonel Diaz be returning in the near future?” Jamie asked.

“I can assure you, Señor, he will not be returning in the future, near or distant.” The General said, his voice harsh. He saluted Walter, turned, and quickly left through the bar.

“What a nice man,” Jennifer said, “I like him.” Over the next few days, except for Marion’s absence, life at Hibiscus Heights returned to normal. A new SCUBA instructor, a German, who, although lacking in Juanito’s physical attributes, took over the Wednesday class, and Pablo, with Walter’s supervision showed himself to be quite capable of running the kitchen. Jamie and Jennifer made daily trips to the airport looking for new guests and they also met the “Tours in Paradise” group. None of the Morrison’s showed any interest in sexual affairs, although several times each day, Rita tried to interest Jamie and Walter into using her services.

“No charge of course, you know that Señor.” Was her usual come—on. They both politely refused her offers, and Lindo used every opportunity that presented itself to try and interest Jennifer. The following Friday Jennifer and Jamie were waiting in the baggage area at the airport when Thomas arrived. The moment Jennifer caught sight of Thomas she let out a holler and ran to him, jumping into his arms, kissing and hugging him tightly.

“I’d go away more often, If I could get this kind of reception, where do we go, your place or mine?” He said, letting her back down to the floor.

“any place, any time, let’s go home.” Jennifer said. They found Thomas’ bags and en route to the hotel, Jennifer explained some of the past week’s events. At Hibiscus Heights they sat with Walter on the terrace.

“I’ve got some good news and some bad news.” Thomas said, gravely.

“First the bad news,” Thomas said, “the “putas” have to go, my company will not send any more guests to a hotel that caters to prostitutes.”

“Yeah but Thomas,” Walter said, “without them we can’t make the hotel pay.”
Thomas’ face broke into an ear to ear grin. “Sure you can Walter, the good news is, get rid of the putas and “Tours in Paradise” will make you a deal to take thirty—five rooms all year, in season or not.”

“It’s a deal Thomas, they’re out of here. Starting now, Hibiscus Heights is going respectable.” Walter said, grinning broadly. The Morrison’s were quickly on their feet slapping Thomas on the back and shaking his hand. Within the next hour Walter had given notice to all the “putas” that they had one week to remove themselves, bag and baggage from Hibiscus Heights.

DEBBIE

Since it was Friday evening, and Walter had invited David, Siren and Debbie for dinner, the family was anxious to make a good impression. Soft music drifted through the terrace. Hurricane lanterns ,in brass holders hung on the walls giving a soft romantic glow to the terrace. Torches were lit at pool side and the pool shimmered from the under—water lights. Waiters were immaculate in white shirts ,black slacks, and bow ties. On every table were floral centerpieces and candles. Walter had supervised every detail. When he did a final inspection a few minutes prior to his guest's arrival, he was proud of himself, his family, and his hotel. Promptly at eight, David and his party arrived at the front entrance. Elias and Francisco, attired in the same outfits as the waiters greeted them. Elias opened the doors, then parked the car. Francisco ushered the guests to the Morrison table. The Morrison's stood to welcome their guests. When Jamie and Debbie saw each other they both did double takes then started to giggle.

Debbie was the girl he had tried to pick up at the airport the day of the policeman's ball. David made the introductions.

"We've already met." Jamie said trying not to appear over—anxious."No we haven't, at least not officially." Debbie said. "A gringo Skanky bearing a faint resemblance to Jamie came on to me at the airport, but that didn't count."

"You guys can talk about that later," Jennifer said with a smile, happy to see that Jamie and Debbie were making a good connection. "for now, let's eat, I'm starved." Dinner, and the evening after, was a great success, particularly for Jamie and Debbie.

"Come on skanky, let's dance." Debbie said as they sat with coffee after dinner.

"Sure," he answered, "but why do you keep calling me a Skanky?"

"Christ some of you yanks are so dense, come on, you're good enough looking to be a Skanky, and I mean that as a compliment. I bet you've got the body to go with it; hopefully I'll find that out later." She answered, a big grin on her face They danced, they laughed, they joked, then danced and joked some more. Debbie was a whirlwind of activity. She danced with Walter, her father, Siren and Thomas, but mostly she danced with Jamie. When she held him tightly to her body he pulled her even closer.

"Who's for a swim?" Jennifer asked. it was the middle of the night, the bar was closed and all the guests had disappeared to their rooms.

"No thanks," David answered, "we've got a long day tomorrow, so Siren and I will pass, but maybe Debbie would like to stay?"

"Sure, the night is but a pup." She quickly agreed.

"I'll pass too," Walter said, "I'll see you guys to your car, then it's lights out for this cowboy."
The three men stood, then followed each other through the bar towards the parking lot, leaving the younger set alone. Except for the soft night lights on the terrace, Hibiscus Heights was in darkness. Jennifer put new music on the stereo and the four relaxed, enjoying the solitude.

"Jeff, can you loan Debbie one of your bikinis?" Jamie asked. Debbie looked at Jamie, her facial expression, one of disbelief.

"Come on silly, get with it, why on earth would you wear a swim suit at 3a.m. especially in Sosua? After dancing with you all evening, I know you haven't got anything to be embarrassed about!"

"It's just I don't like to rush a woman I'm crazy about." Jamie replied.

"Rush me Jamie, please rush me!" Debbie said. She leaned over to Jamie and kissed him deeply. Then, without another word, she peeled off her clothes, ran to the pool, and dove in. The others followed her lead and in minutes all four were skinny dipping together. About five in the morning Jamie and Debbie sat alone on the terrace, holding hands, and watching the sunrise

"Want to hang out tomorrow?" Jamie asked

"You're not too swift at telling time Jamie, it is tomorrow, we're already hanging out." She answered.

JAMIE IN LOVE

"Never on the first date with the man I'm going to marry, second date O.K., first date never, do you think you can wait that long?" She answered, breaking into a smile.

"Second date is about two hours away, right?" Jamie said, a glint in his eye. They sat holding hands until well after the sun came up.

"Well another shitty day in paradise." Jamie said, standing and looking out to sea.

"Don't ever say that around me Jamie, I've always detested that expression, it's not true and it never will be with us!" Debbie said, her voice very determined. When the kitchen opened they enjoyed breakfast and then drove on a 125 to Sea View Cabanas. David insisted that they join him for another breakfast. Jamie noticed, the same as his mother had a few days earlier that all the couples were same sex but said nothing to Debbie.

"I'm house sitting, want to go with me?" Jamie asked after breakfast.

"Sure, there's nothing in my day timer." She answered. They rode out to "Casa Muchacho" where the dogs greeted them at the gate, then barking and snarling, chased them up the lane. When Jamie gave the command they quieted down.

"This is Quentin Graham's home isn't it?" She asked as Jamie showed her through the house.
Straight people don't have sculptures and paintings of men and boys making love." She replied in a matter of fact tone. "Have you had sex with him?" Jamie turned white. He instantly wished he hadn't brought Debbie to "Casa Muchacho".

"Hey, don't worry," she quickly added," every good looking young guy that shows up in Sosúa runs into Quentin, years ago it was my father, he's bi—sexual you know, Sven and daddy are partners, anyway, my mother found out and to spite him, she left him for another woman."

“So good old Jamie got a typical Sosúa welcome.” Jamie said quietly. “You hit the nail on the head.”

“Wait, let me finish,” she continued, “The reason you see so many same sex couples at Sea View Cabanas is because Quentin has thousands of contacts in the gay community and he sends them to daddy from all over the world, so for me it’s no big deal if you’ve had a relationship with Quentin, I like him very much!”

“Thanks Debbie you just made me feel like a million bucks, and I like Quentin very much too, now, how about the beach?” He kissed her gently on the lips. They finished feeding the dogs and drove to the same beach at Cabarets where Juanito had taken Jamie.

“Beautiful here, isn’t it?” Jamie asked. They walked slowly hand in hand, along the water, watching the wind surfers off shore. They rounded the point to the secluded area.

“I came here with a friend one time.” Jamie said, remembering that day less than two weeks earlier when he had first spent time with Juanito.

“Was it?” She didn’t finish, but flexed each biceps in turn then gave each a little kiss the same way Juanito had done at the pool.

“How did you know?” Jamie asked. Debbie laughed. “He brings everyone here that he wants to use or have sex with, I hate to admit it but just so there’s no secrets, five years ago when I was a fourteen year old virgin, he brought me here. He raped me right over there behind those bushes, then, he wanted me to be a prostitute and dance for him at El Diablo.” When I complained to Colonel Diaz, He said it was my own fault, that I shouldn’t lead on a hot blooded Dominican man, then, Jamie, and promise me you’ll never tell anyone, Diaz raped me too! The only good thing is that Juanito got me pregnant and I’m the mother of the most beautiful little boy in the world. I know Juanito is his father, Johnny’s so good looking .” She started to cry.

“I’ll tell you something too, Debbie, Juanito raped Jennifer too, and he and some of his pals raped me, they video taped it all, then, Diaz threatened to put us in jail on some trumped up drug charges!” Jamie pulled Debbie closer. “You know Juanito’s dead, and Diaz is in jail?” He asked.

“Yeah, my daddy told me and I’m glad, they hurt a lot of people.”

“It’s none of my business, but were you a virgin before you came to Sosúa Jamie?” Jamie nodded yes. “Yeah, weren’t we all, but not for long, one of the”putas” at the hotel put an end to that real fast.” Debbie laughed.

“Ah hell,” She said, “that’s enough of the heavy talk, it’s time for a swim.” Jamie watched, open—mouthed as she pushed her shorts to her ankles, pulled off her tee shirt and dashed naked into the surf.

“God it’s broad daylight, you’ll going to get us arrested, are you crazy?” Jamie called after her“Geez you’re such a suck, don’t just stand there like a dork, come on, get naked, the waters great.” She called back. Jamie pulled down his shorts and joined her in the water. For the next hour, they played on the beach and in the ocean. Finally, wrapped in each others arms, they lay at the waters edge, the surf washing against them.

“This is the second date Jamie, you know what that means?” Debbie quietly asked.

“Geez, you Canadians are so subtle.” Jamie answered.

“And, like most Yanks, you’re awful easy.” Debbie said with a giggle. On that secluded beach they made gentle and passionate love. It was the first time Jamie had truly made love, not just had sex. When they finished they lay in each others arms enjoying the closeness. They were jolted back to reality when they heard a little laugh. They looked up into the face of a giggling boy about twelve years old.

“Would you like “pollo” (chicken) Señor, my mother she can make you lunch?” He asked.

"Si, por favor and four beers very cold." Jamie answered. He reached into his pocket and gave the boy one hundred pesos. The boy ran off. Twenty minutes later he was back with their lunch.

After lunch they built a huge bonfire on the beach. The little boy ran for more beer and when he left for supper they again made love.

"Why don't you stay in Sosúa and move in with me at Hibiscus Heights?" Jamie asked.

"You can forget the shack up Señor Studly, I'm staying, that's seguro, but with my daddy. Today, you got a slice, you get the whole loaf when we get married." Debbie laughed.

"When, pray tell, will that be?" Jamie asked.

"You're no rocket scientist are you? That doesn't take much thought," Debbie said, "Jennifer told me that they're getting married Christmas eve, we could have a double ceremony, of course we can get in lots of practice before then.""What do you think your parents will say about us getting married when we've just got to know each other?" Jamie asked.

"Daddy trusts me, and I know he likes you, he faxed me a few weeks ago raving about a great new guy in town that he wanted me to meet, as for my mother, I'll cross that bridge when I have to. Not only that, it's a few months away, we can always change our minds, what about your parents?"

"Pop thinks you're great, and so does Jeff. To them, and me, you're just perfect; as far as for my mother, I don't know if she'll ever be back, so I guess it doesn't really matter!" They lay on the beach, holding each other, and quietly discussing their future. After a glorious sunset and darkness fell, they returned to Sosúa.

ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT

Their first stop was Sea View Cabanas. Debbie led Jamie by the hand to the dining room where David and Siren were finishing their dinner.

"What would you think about Jamie as your son—in—law daddy?" Debbie asked excitedly.

"I don't think I would have a problem with that if it's five years down the road Deb." David said cautiously.

"How about three months?" Debbie replied.

"Sit down," David said calmly, "we've got to talk." For the next two hours they discussed the future. Debbie had been right. David, and Siren, who Debbie referred to as Uncle Siren, showed no hesitation in offering their complete support. It was almost eleven o'clock when they left Sea View Cabanas and motored up the hill to Hibiscus Heights. Jennifer, Thomas and Walter were sitting on the terrace. When told of the plans, they jumped to their feet hugging, kissing and offering congratulations. For the next few weeks plans were made on a daily basis for the weddings, which were rapidly turning into the ex-patriot social event of the winter season in Sosúa. Hibiscus Heights functioned efficiently, although Walter was depressed over Marion's departure which had brought his married life to a halt. For the first two weeks after Marion left, Walter telephoned Nancy on a daily basis trying to talk to Marion. His calls were politely, but coolly refused. He then started faxing every day. These too were ignored.

One afternoon in October a group of ten Americans arrived. They announced that it was their intention to spend a month at Hibiscus Heights, then showed Walter deeds to rooms which, they explained, they had purchased from Tuba Taylor and Johnny Honda.

Walter sent them to Juan Martinez, who informed them, that unfortunately, the deeds had not been registered and were, therefore, invalid. He suggested that they "sue Tuba Taylor and Johnny Honda in Sosúa." The Americans left, cursing Sosúa and Dominican lawyers. On another day four well-dressed men and a woman arrived in the back of a pickup truck. They produced identification that they were representatives of the Department of Tourism and they were authorized to inspect the rooms and collect a $20.OOU.S. per room tax. Walter showed them a few rooms then sent then to Juan Martinez. After their meeting, they disappeared from Sosúa, and nothing more was said about the tax. During the weeks leading up to the weddings, the twins and their fiancees were leading hectic social and business lives. They were all participating in the operation of Hibiscus Heights, and Debbie was also working with her father at Sea View Cabanas.

WEDDING DAY

They still found time for water sports, tennis at "Casa Muchacho", picnics, and parties at various Sosúa hotels and bars. In November, word reached Sosúa that Jonesy was living with "the Donna" somewhere in Santo Domingo although no-one knew exactly where, but no—one had any knowledge of his relationship with Marion. On Christmas eve afternoon about three o'clock, Jamie and Thomas arrived at the airport in the Tourismo bus. It was the busiest Jamie had ever seen. The road from the highway into the airport was bumper to bumper with honking cars, motorcycles and trucks. Hordes of Dominicans from new born infants in their mother's arms, to elderly women dressed in black, and men, some carrying machetes, were there to meet their friends and family returning home for Christmas. Little boys, their black hair oiled back and in their Sunday best, were chasing each other through the crowd. Girls were wearing frilly dresses and skirts with ribbons in their hair, on their shoes, and around their ankles.

Shoeshine boys and food vendors offering hot dogs and "empanadas" (meat and cheese filled pastries were doing a non—stop business. Trucks and vehicles of all types from garbage packers to Mercedes were lined up, picking up returning relatives and friends. Jamie and Thomas were meeting CONDOR from Frankfort with Thomas' friends and relatives and the CANAIR flight from Toronto which would be carrying the Morrison family friends. When they pulled into the parking lot both aircraft had

already landed and were sitting on the tarmac waiting to unload.
When the policeman recognized Jamie and Thomas he waved them to a reserved V.I.P. parking place right beside the customs doors. As soon as Jamie got off the bus, he pulled out his pesos and started to count out the usual “propina”.

“No Jamie no “propina” is necessito on your wedding day.” The policeman said with a big smile. They walked to the customs door. Again, Jamie pulled out his pesos.

“No amigo, no “propina” today.” The guard said. He opened the door and waved them through. In the baggage area they could see that neither the bags nor the passengers had as yet been unloaded. An immigration official approached them.

“Come with me Jamie.” He said. He led them past the immigration counters down a hail to the edge of the tarmac. Twenty yards away, the CANAIR plane opened its doors. At the top of the gangway they could see Fidelito and Quentin. Seconds later Fidelito spotted them. He gave a loud whoop, charged down the gangway, then ran to Jamie, his arms outstretched and jumped into Jamie’s open arms.

“Oh amigo I am so glad to see you, I missed you very much.” He blurted out.

“I missed you too amigo, welcome back, how do you like Canada?” Jamie asked.

“I love it, I speak English now, I’m Peter Pan on the stage, and I go to school, but Jamie it is too cold.” He grimaced and made his teeth chatter.
Next, Quentin Graham, immaculately attired and twirling a swagger stick descended the gangway. Jamie and Quentin exchanged warm handshakes, and hugs. Following Quentin were forty members of the Horsy set with Ernie in the lead.

“Who is that guy with the little boy?” Ernie asked Jamie. “He kept us rolling in the aisles with all his stories during the flight.”

“He’s my best man and the little boy is the star of the Peter Pan production now playing in Toronto to rave reviews.” Jamie said proudly.

“I knew I had seen that kid somewhere, it was in the t.v. ads for that play, my wife saw it, and said he was terrific.” Ernie said. Next the CONDOR flight unloaded. All the men who were there for Thomas’ wedding were dressed in leiderhosen and Bavarian—style hunting caps; the women were in German traditional dress, and there were more introductions. Jamie met Thomas’ parents and friends. Carsten was back to act as Thomas’ best man. Finally, everyone was hustled through customs to the waiting bus. As they boarded the bus, the customs security guard ran out and handed Jamie and Thomas two beautifully wrapped packages.

“Is amber from your Dominican amigos at the airport.” He said with a big smile. The ride to Hibiscus Heights was a raucous few minutes of American and German singing. Pitchers of Cuba libres and ice cold Presidente were passed throughout the bus.

First stop was Club Bella Vista. Since Hibiscus Heights was well over-booked, the surplus would stay there. The bus sat idling in the parking lot while the over-flow received their keys and had their bags unloaded. After they re-boarded, the bus headed down to Hibiscus Heights. When they started up the lane to the hotel, everyone on the bus broke into applause. The lane was bordered by flag poles every ten feet flying alternately American, Canadian, German and Dominican flags. At the hotel entrance Walter greeted the guests. Behind him hung a banner with the words,”Welcome friends and relatives From Everywhere.” The bar, reception, the terrace and pool area were festooned with flags and flowers. The new arrivals were quickly checked in, and within an hour everyone, guests and staff alike were congregated on the terrace overlooking the pool patio.

“Where the hell are Debbie and Jennifer?” Walter asked at five o’clock. He was anxiously pacing the length of the terrace, shaking hands and welcoming old and new friends.

"Yeah, where the hell are they?" Jamie said, "Oh I know, they're still at Sea View Cabanas getting dressed."

"I'll go get them." Cyrano Guzman said. He hurried from the terrace. Fifteen minutes later he was back with the two very excited brides, and a smiling David.

"Now, where the hell is the fiscal?" (Justice of the peace) Jamie asked nervously.

"He was supposed to be here an hour ago," Walter answered, "he better not be working on Dominican time!"

"I'll get him here real fast." General Gonzalez said. He ran out to the parking lot. They could here the police wagon starting and spinning gravel as it raced away, then the wail of a siren. Ten minutes later they heard the siren again and the general ushered in an apologetic "fiscal".

"Excuse me, oh please excuse me?" The red—faced fiscal asked contritely. The service started with the"wedding march." Walter and David ushered their daughters up to Jamie and Thomas who were standing pool—side with the fiscal, then returned to the terrace. Quentin was Jamie's best man and Fidelito was ring—bearer for both couples. The service was simple and quickly performed. Over 150 people, invited guests, hotel guests, and staff watched the ceremony. The two couples had just kissed at the end of the service, when Maxwell started barking excitedly behind them on the terrace.

REUNION TIME

They turned to see what was going on. Jennifer gave a shriek. She ran back onto the terrace pulling Thomas behind her. Jamie and Debbie quickly joined them. Standing beside Walter was Marion and her sister Nancy.

"Oh Mommy, I knew you'd come!" Jennifer said, throwing her arms around Marion.

"I would never have missed this for my two babies." Marion said, tears running down her cheeks.

"Oh Mommy are you going to stay?" Jennifer asked.

"I sure am, as long as your father will have me back." She answered, looking at Walter.

"You better honey, I need you more than ever." Walter said. He wiped away a tear, then pulled Marion close and kissed her on the lips. Seconds later, Debbie gave a little shout. "Oh geez I don't believe it." She said excitedly to Jamie. "Come on honey, there's some people I want you to meet." She pulled Jamie further along the terrace to where two women and a handsome dark-skinned little boy were standing with David. The boy shook hands with Jamie.

"This is my mother Norma, her friend Christine, and this, is my son Johnny." Debbie said. She knelt to kiss the boy. "Mommy, I knew you'd come, I just knew you would."

"Honey, years ago I swore I would never come back to Sosúa, but nothing could keep me away from your special day. We took American Eagle from Miami, CANAIR was sold out, and just got in an hour ago. We met Marion and Nancy on the flight. Quentin has told us all about you Jamie, I know that if Debbie loves you I will too." Norma said. She hugged Jamie and kissed him.

"Are you going to be my new daddy?" The boy asked. He looked up at Jamie and tugged on Jamie's shirt tail.

"You bet," Jamie said, kneeling to give him a kiss,"and you know something Johnny, pretty soon you're going to be a big brother too!" He patted Debbie's stomach.

"And an uncle too." Jennifer said with a big smile, patting her own stomach. Then, everyone

from both families was together, congratulating, getting introduced, hugging, kissing, and crying. The dinner was a feast of Caribbean lobster and North American turkey. The dancing was rock and roll, and easy listening to the live music of a steel band. There was also merengue and German music. After three hours of toasts, singing and dancing everyone stood under a sky, lit by a million stars and a full moon and joined together in singing Silent Night and other Christmas carols.

"Walter, I hope our usual room is available tonight, we'll go to "Casa Muchacho" tomorrow." Quentin said.

"No problem Quentin, I figured you'd want to stay, here's the key, it's on the house." He handed him the key and watched as Fidelito and Quentin walked hand in hand down the path to their room. Late in the evening when Marion was unpacking, Ernie put his arm on Walter's shoulder and they took a little walk around Hibiscus Heights.

"Geez you've got an easy touch here Walter, let me know if you hear of anything that's available, I'd love to get rid of the "Horse and Hound" and settle down here, we could be neighbors again just like in Oak Ridge."

"Sure Ernie, it's the easiest money I ever made." Walter replied. They had arrived at the front gate.

"What gives with your night watchman?" Ernie asked. "he's got his head down, it looks like he's asleep."

"No Ernie, he's just thinking with his eyes closed, it's the Dominican way." Walter said.

"I guess I'd have a lot to learn down here, wouldn't I old bud?" Ernie asked. Walter only nodded in agreement. The party lasted all night. It was almost sunrise before all the guests had drifted off to bed, leaving only the Morrison family on the terrace.

"Well Mrs. Morrison it's another beautiful day in paradise." Jamie said, as the sun started to climb in the sky. He hugged Debbie.

"Everyday with you is a beautiful day in paradise." She answered.

"Now, let's get some practice making more little Morrison's." Jennifer and Thomas watched Jamie and his bride disappear.

"Honey I Know what they're up to, don't you think we should be too?" Jennifer asked Thomas.

"I'm away ahead of you, I reserved a room at a very special West Indies hotel just for the two of us, and we don't even need to take a plane." He said, taking Jennifer's arm and steering her towards their room. Walter and Marion watched the newlyweds leave. Hibiscus Heights was in darkness. They sat for a few minutes at pool—side, arms around each other looking up at the stars and the moon.

"Well, what now Mrs. Morrison?" Walter asked.

"I want to make love to the sexiest man in Sosúa, the only man I ever loved, and I don't want any of this mañana possible seguro stuff, what about you?" Marion asked in her sexiest *1rni~P*

"I'm going to make wild passionate love to the only woman I've ever loved, the one I almost lost because of stupidity." Walter replied. Holding each other closely, they left the terrace and retired to their apartment. Maxwell followed behind, his tail wagging.

-END-

November 25, 1997.

Although this novel is a work of fiction, it is based on the author's true life experiences in the hotel business in Sosúa. Although the characters and experiences are based on real people and events, names may have been changed to protect the guilty. It should not be assumed that the vast majority of Dominicans and exPats in Sosúa of whom I have very fond memories are anything other than honest and helpful. It is the author's opinion that although The Dominican Republic may be a third world country the majority of residents are first class.

Dedicated to Miss Elinor McRoberts, grade two and grade three, St. Georges Public School, London Ontario. 1950 to 1951, who believed that creativity was more important than neatness.